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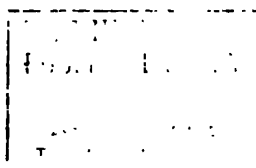
JOHN LOMA

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1. Spain. - Description, etc., 1908

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A PEASANT OF AVILA IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE

IN SPAIN

BY

JOHN LOMAS

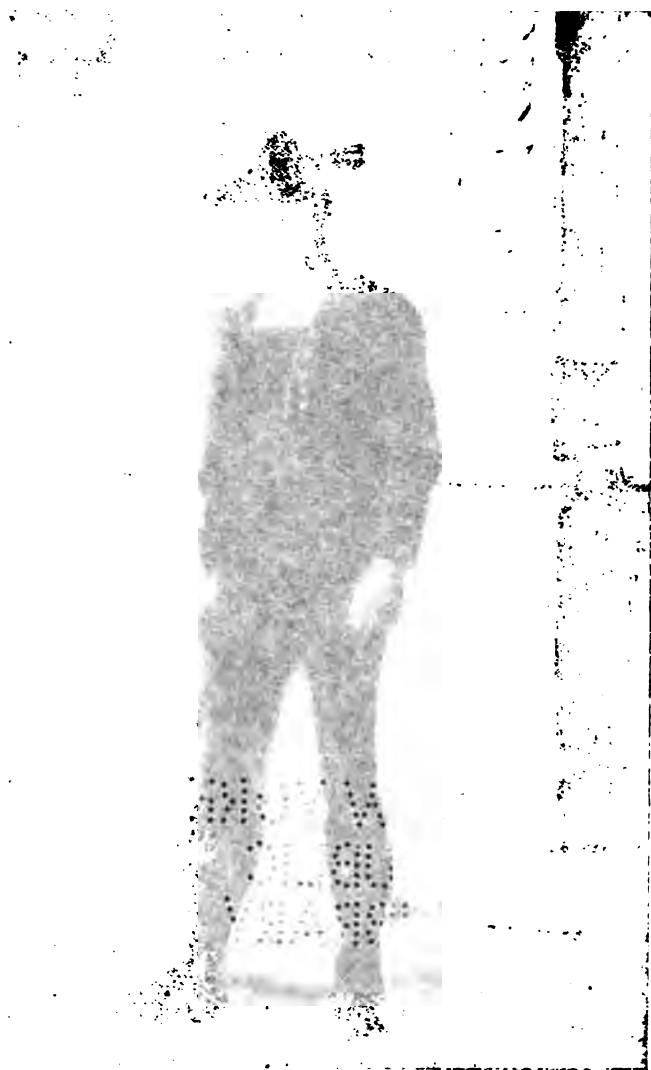


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OLD FAY ATTIRE

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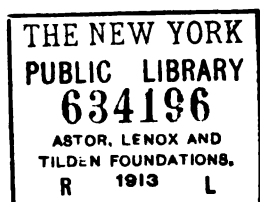
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FOREWORD

I HAVE been repeatedly urged, during the last ten years, to reproduce my 'Sketches in Spain, from Nature, Art, and Life,' a work which, dating from 1884, has now been out of print for some long time. Hitherto I have refrained from doing so, notwithstanding the singularly favourable reception accorded to the book upon its first appearance; partly because I have felt that an entire reconstruction was called for, owing to the sweeping changes effected in Spain during a period of twenty-five years, and, too, the changes in one's own judgment of Art matters; and partly because there has been such an output of Spanish travellers' 'tales' that an addition to the number seemed hardly called for.

Fresh developments, however, have caused me to reconsider the position. While the Peninsula is far more accessible, and the ways of the sojourner therein far more smooth than was formerly the case, the traveller's natural friend and protector, the professed Guide-book, is no longer instinct with that careful, ungrudging personal observation which constitutes its chief *raison d'être*; while it is bound to cover, in ever-increasing and almost necessarily confused detail, an extent of ground far beyond the desire or reach of the tourist. There are, it is true, a number of slighter descriptions of Spain and her ways; but these I find to be, for the most part, merely records—more or less hysterical—of individual experiences and

Review, N.Y. 15/13 2/3

unsupported criticism, of little value save to the authors and their friends, and rather a hindrance than a help to the traveller with any high purpose.

For these reasons I have undertaken the rewriting of my old work ; and, in doing so, I have so far adapted it to the requirements of the ordinary traveller that I believe he may take it in his hand as his sole guide and counsellor, and find in it all the information, other than that of local and ever-varying character, which he will need in his journeyings.

I take this opportunity of recording the debt of gratitude that I owe to my friend Mrs. William Smith, of East Kilda, Melbourne, who has allowed me to reproduce a valuable set of photographs specially taken in illustration of my work.

JOHN LOMAS.

January, 1908.

WILLIAM SMITH
OF
EAST KILDA

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IN SPAIN

INTRODUCTION

It is comforting to note that, if it be of prime importance to consult the seasons in planning a journey through Spain, owing at once to extremes and local irregularities of temperature, it is easy so to shape one's course, with a little forethought, as to visit all the worthy spots in enduring and delightful agreement with climatic conditions.

Herein, really, is a covert plea for an extended tour, without which leisurely going an inquiring traveller cannot be said to have rounded off, in any direction, his acquaintance with a land where art and life and nature alike present unique and kaleidoscopic features. It is possible, indeed, and eminently laudable, if days and hours are pressing in their requirements, to pass quickly by Port Bou, Barcelona, Monserrat, Tarragona, and Valencia during the early days of March; spend a fortnight in visiting Cordova, Sevilla, Ronda, Gibraltar, Tangier, and Granada; and return to Paris or London *via* Toledo, Madrid, Avila, Segovia, and Burgos, well within the two months, enriched with a vast amount of pleasurable and profitable experience, gained in none of that undue haste which is ever thriftless. But that is not to learn Spain by heart. Let us take a more leisurely

course, even though it involve six months. We will enter the country by Irun, at the close of October, when the heat and stuffiness of a long summer have been tempered by cool nights and wholesome breezes ; proceed by way of Burgos and Valladolid and the cities of Old Castile to Madrid ; from thence to Sevilla and the south for Christmas and the short days of winter ; back by the Mediterranean coast in early spring ; and home by way of Zaragoza, Asturias, and Leon before the hot, early summer sets in. This will give us the clear, rich autumn days for the plain, when the colouring of its old cities is at its best, and when there is no heat, no wind, and little dust ; we shall face the treacherous climate of Madrid when it is just cold enough to encourage wraps and caution ; we shall have the indescribably lovely southern winter, with its golden distances, deep blue sky, and crisp air ; we shall see the Mediterranean coast—Valencia, Tarragona, Barcelona, Monserrat—in all the beauty of spring ; and we shall be able to take Oviedo, Leon, and Santiago before the freshness and verdure of the north-west have given way to a summer sun, and when they are not dominated by the cold mists and rains of autumn and winter.

As for preparation, it will not be necessary to provide aught more than for any other long journey, except, perhaps, a little extra stock of patience, and, as the Spaniard acutely puts it, *simpatia*, which in our characteristically cold translation runs usually as ‘ politeness.’ For in nearly all our wanderings—it is well to assert and reassert this, in face of sturdy, long-lived traditions concerning the ‘ impossibilities ’ of Spanish travel—every needful comfort, and, indeed, not a little luxury and up-to-date fruits of science, will be met with ; and if, here and there, something be lacking, there will be shown such an amount of goodwill and helpfulness, such honesty

and laborious striving to make up for defects, that the want will call only for a laugh.

But, always — that *simpatia* ! There still lingers amongst us a class of inveterate tourists, men and women, who, apparently unable to stay quietly at home, set forth on their travels hide-bound in prejudices, narrow, insular notions, and unkind globe-trotters' tales. They are citizens of some particular little country first, and everything else afterwards, allowing only to fashion-crowned Italy, and nowhere else outside of London, New York, or Washington, some worthy products of Time and Art, and woe would seem to be laid upon them if they preach not such a gospel. They refuse to understand that a passport is asked for at *postes restantes* chiefly in their own interests, and not from a mere desire to harry and persecute. They conceive that a simple assurance as to name and native country should have some 'open sesame' in it. They are indignant because their own particular gold coinage is not known everywhere, and everywhere appreciated. They exhibit in all their bearing a living exposition of the parable concerning the rich man who was a Pharisee, and, making no secret of their conviction that those who surround them are bent upon fleecing them, naturally get paid off occasionally by their own standard. They seem unable to appreciate what is good in religious beliefs other than their own, and so take a sort of fierce pleasure in showing a contempt for forms and ceremonies and sacred spots which even their own Church honours. And all this, too, when *Spain* is in the question, in the midst of a nation which honours ceremony and ceremonial more than is the custom in our slightly careless country, and where a few grains of brotherly feeling should teach the stranger to accommodate himself, at any rate in non-essential matters, to the flow of life and thought around him.

As for the sinews of war, which nowadays, alas ! must be stronger than of yore, they should be of circular notes or letters of credit, or—wherever length of sojourn permit—in the form of cheques, gold being unmanageable, and, in a now prosperous country, but lightly esteemed. The old days when one paid all hotel charges out of a high premium are gone by ; but good paper, changed in the greater commercial centres, still commands a substantial profit.

And now, before we set out, and with the aid of some former experience and knowledge, let us endeavour to form a fresh and definite conception of the condition and character of the people among whom we may be dwelling for some months. It should quicken sympathy, help understanding, correct inevitable misconceptions, and, in all these ways, not only be useful, but enormously enhance the interest of our journeyings.

One has only to read such a book as, say, Butler Clarke's 'Modern Spain,' and to rake over personal experiences of a quarter of a century ago, when the *pronunciamiento* was still a handy weapon, to be always kept within reach, in order to be convinced of the extraordinary progress which the country has made towards a really high national standing—indeed, to wonder that Spain exists at all as a fairly homogeneous, fairly united political entity. It is something more intimate than hap and hazard that has enabled a constitutional, liberal, enlightened monarchy to create the Spain of to-day out of the volcanic passions and jealousies and party strivings which, only a generation ago, seemed bound to split up the land into a congerie of helpless, headless, incapable States. With all his faults, very much on the surface, the Spaniard is honest above the average of the Latin races ; he is sober withal, and thrifty ; a lover of the family, and at the bottom a patriot. It is the people, to

a great extent themselves the creators and creatures of ages of self-seeking, who have joined in the work of reformation, urged forward, perhaps, by a wonderful natural receptivity. Twenty years ago the doors to speculation and corruption stood wide open, and most of the men in authority, from Governments which never lost an election to the meanest official whose tiny 'appointments' were liable to an arbitrary withholding, passed in and out. Education was in the hands of those who substituted Church lore and the futile gropings of the dead antique for the invigorating light and ever-increasing knowledge that beat upon them from without. Popular representation was a farce, leaving the *pronunciamiento* as the only avenue to the ear and attention of the Government; while the clergy were drawn mostly from the ranks of the people, and filled up the ample leisure hours carved out for them by their ignorance, with active engagement in the various courses of indulgence to which untaught human nature is prone.

To-day sees a wondrous change in all this. No longer does one meet with the continually repeated cry, 'Oh for some better form of Government! Let Alfonso pack up his traps and go!' Even in Republican and Carlist districts the Throne and Constitution have their staunch and strong upholders, and the royal family is spoken of with respect and admiration. A marriage alliance with England is acclaimed, not just because two royal personages love one another and are popular, but because it brings fresh blood and life and development into channels acknowledged to be anæmic and cramped. If protectionist Cataluña still cares too exclusively for Catalanian interests, and is apt to forget that she forms part of Spain, and if free-trade Bilbao distrusts and hates the narrower ways of the south and east, the private ambitions at stake no longer go down

into social life, to check natural intercourse, or induce a supreme indifference to foreign ideas and a wider than national culture. If the private citizen still pins his chief faith in himself, and objects to make the personal sacrifices which must be forthcoming before his country can do or become the great things to which she aspires, it no longer blinds him to the fact that honesty, liberality, and a respect for the life and property of his neighbour, combine to form his best policy in the long-run, or makes him callous to the feelings and sufferings of his fellows. So it has become possible to pass and to uphold laws ensuring security of life and property. So the almost unrivalled natural resources of the country are being rapidly developed; liberal institutions are being set on foot; the national indebtedness has shrunk into manageable proportions, and the foreign creditor is content, if not yet happy; while the figures which speak of home and international trade bulk into worthy proportions. So, as the Church, on the one hand, has set her house in order, and her clergy are finding the respect to which a finer scholarship and more dignified rule of conduct entitle them, on the other hand notable efforts are being made to free the land from the tyranny of priestcraft—as witness the oncoming separation of Church and State, the curbing of the powers and privileges of religious Orders, the agitation upon civil marriage and divorce, the tolerance which is being accorded to Protestant movements and exercises. So, if education have not yet grown up into a fair secondary training, the *escribano* of a short generation ago has disappeared, and, in their more elementary forms, science and learning have permeated the lower orders of the people. Like many an ancient building, the house of selfishness, ignorance, and corruption is so firmly cemented together that it is harder to raze than to erect it; but we may note every-

where in our travels evidences of a national submission to principles of truth, justice, and enlightenment, with a wide embracing of liberal views and a reorganization of institution and life, which must, one of these days, entitle - Spain to her coveted position as a Great Power. It would be easy to give accepted records and figures to prove these positions; but even if they be but pious opinions, they are worth bearing in mind if we are to come rightly into touch with novel conditions and the diverse characters which crave and create them. And they connote the rapid fulfilment of optimistic words written twenty-five years ago.

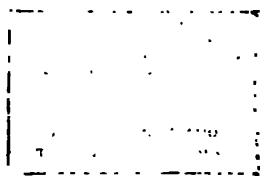
SAN SEBASTIAN AND AZPEITIA

It will be well, passing the frontier at Irun, instead of plunging on towards Burgos and Madrid, to turn aside for a couple of quiet days at the half-French, half-Spanish, and altogether enjoyable little town of San Sebastian, the favourite summer residence of the Court; for it is hardly fair to face those new conditions we have been speaking of with one's temper on edge through a night's journey, and one's notions of cleanliness and order in a state of rebellious discontent at the change from French to Spanish ways. That would be to approach Burgos with a blurring cloud of prejudice before our eyes—the unthinkingly harsh judging which is prejudice—and we should not be really in a fit frame of mind for dispassionate observation until Andalusia had wooed us into a happier sympathy with the life around us.

Not that Irun itself provides any very disagreeable ordeal. The whole arrangement formerly—station, buffet, and *douane*—was a fine type of the usual Continental dinginess, discomfort, and *hauteur*. Nowadays the traveller is welcomed—actually welcomed—to a bright and commodious erection of brick, iron, and glass that would satisfy the cravings of any upstart manufacturing or seaside town in England, anxious to obtain trade or travellers upon credit. There is no disorder, and



SAN SEBASTIAN : PASEO DE LAS CURAS



wonderfully little delay. The buffet—Spanish buffets are, with hardly an exception, excellent—is well served; and the custom-house official, who puts on spotless gloves before he presumes to turn over one's portmanteau—does he sport clean gloves for every train?—is as honest and agreeable an individual as his responsibilities will allow.

San Sebastian is something more than a convenient resting-place, or preparation for the lower platform of life one must face in Spain. With its well-built streets, its shady Alameda and Avenida, and the really beautiful Plaza de Guipúzcoa, where the birds still sing among the tamarisks, and the geranium and heliotrope are blooming into November; with its quaint bit of old town, and its bright double beach, upon which roll in unbroken line the magnificent billows of the Atlantic—billows indeed, carrying themselves majestically to the moment when they curl over to their death—the grumpiest of travellers must acknowledge that it is a place to be desired.

It would be difficult to find a lovelier saunter than the Paseo de las Curas, winding round the Monte Orgullo, which guards the bay on the east, and, with its Castillo de la Mota, can tell tales of British prowess—if of the guerilla order—during the first Carlist War of 1834-1839, and, before that, during the War of Liberation in 1813. Let real Spanish sunlight come glinting through the trees, lie hot on the white horse-shoe of glistening sand that runs round, past the Santa Clara Island, to the grim, opposing Igueldo, and light up the waves that, even on a still day, dash fiercely on the rocks beneath us, and it would be hard to say what is lacking to make a perfect landscape. If anything, perhaps that touch of home life which the English soul must always have in order to be quite content. Well, here it is—though, perhaps,

not just in the shape of *life*—on the grassy slope under La Mota :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF POOR

COURT,

WHO FELL UNDER HIS COLOURS

IN THE BATTLE OF AYETE,

5TH MAY, 1886.

Beauty and Friendship truly mourn him.

Who but an Englishman would have stayed, in time of stress, to mark thus the death and merit of a regimental dog ? Probably the poor beast, from his point of view, had the better time of it.

We may take one more of the many walks around San Sebastian, though now away from the trees and flowers that can make even late autumn perfectly lovely. And yet not far away, at first, for, after passing the fine granite bridge over the Urumea, just below the station, the bare, somewhat dismal, high road may be abandoned, and the shady Paseo de Ategorrita taken for a mile or so, eschewing the twentieth-century tram which dogs our footsteps in these degenerate days. Emerging from the Paseo, there is only a bit of uninteresting stone-walled road to be traversed to the crest of the hill, and such a double panorama will be secured as must dwell long in one's memory. Down away in front Los Pasajes nestles white upon its inland sea, in the encircling arms of the burnt brown mountains which shut in the landscape right and left, and trend away to the general Pyrenean chain ; and then, turning round, we get an even lovelier peep of San Sebastian, with the bare outlines of Igueldo and Santa Clara in the background, bending round over the sea as if they would meet the wooded height of El Orgullo, which rises to the right out of the little bay. The walk may be continued round by Los Pasajes and the Bidassoa,



Hanser y Menet

LOS PASAJES ON ITS INLAND SEA (page 10)



and back to San Sebastian by the cliffs where the old castle of Santa Isabel guards the narrow cleft which lets in the Atlantic ; but it is really only for the sake of the wonderful double view that we have come up here. Beyond, on all sides, there lie tempting records and scenes of beauty that must be left if we would not weary ourselves.

Two walks : and now just two churches. To find them we must leave the new open plazas, and strike off from the prettily laid out Alameda, with its picturesque groups of loungers, down the narrow old streets that lie almost under the hill. Here we are at once in Spain, unadulterated and unadorned, save by blessed southern light and southern love of colour. These old streets are dingy enough, in good sooth, in November, with their uneven lines of barrack-like houses, that seem almost to meet overhead ; but there is interesting life in everything, and bits of flashing colour.

And the churches are dingy too, though not so dark as the ordinary type of Spanish churches. French light-someness, and the fairly general craving to see and to be seen, have not been quite left behind us at Irun ; so we may enter without stumbling over straying chairs, or falling foul of some black-robed, kneeling penitent. There are two churches within a few minutes' walk of one another—Santa Maria and San Vicente. The former, until the great new Gothic Buen Pastor was erected in the fashionable West End, at the head of the Calle Loyola, was the principal, though not the most interesting, church of San Sebastian. It dates from the *baroque* age, and has a great entrance on the south side overloaded with decorative work, and surmounted by two decidedly elegant towers, which perhaps owe more to strong sea air and winter storms than to merit. The interior is striking, at first sight, by reason of noble proportions, but all detail is poor, and the shallow apse, all unpierced, is completely blocked up by a huge overgilt retablo. There is not much

to detain us in Santa Maria, but it is the first of many similar churches we shall have to visit.

San Vicente is better in every respect. It has a fine western porch, with evidences of an older, fourteenth-century foundation, and the interior would be really very satisfying, from its graceful lines and impressively simple detail, if only the abominable and all-pervading buff-wash could be got rid of. The design is similar to that of Santa Maria—nave and aisles, transepts and apse, *coro* in a western gallery. The immensely lofty octagonal columns of the nave, of wonderfully severe work, considering that the church was built or rebuilt early in the sixteenth century, and the groining are good; while the apsidal termination, deeper than that in Santa Maria, has a retablo of dim and subdued colouring and harmonious lines. Rather notable, too, in its detail is this retablo, a good piece of carving in walnut wood, and particularly effective when lit up at vespers with its twinkling lights. A somewhat similar piece of work—a Holy Family, in high relief—forms the retablo of the chapel heading the south aisle, and deserves more than a passing glance. The *misa cantada* here is very much above the Spanish average, musically speaking, and the services generally are performed, both by priests and people, with a reverence that one does not often find, though, to ears unaccustomed to the absurd florid accompaniment of plain-song in Spain and Italy, the organ—a fine Cavaillé-Coll, by the way—will sound obtrusive and out of keeping with the rest. It may be noted here that in Spain, as in Italy, no effort need be made to hear Church music. This is no random assertion, proceeding merely from individual tastes, or from prejudice in the direction of certain solemn forms, but is the outcome of such universally recognized and broad canons as those of pitch, tone, voice cultivation, colour, and of a careful observation of the almost un-

failing outrages committed thereupon. There is some consolation in the fact that uncomfortably early risings and general disturbance of the even tenor of one's ways need never be exacted by the tempting Church programmes that will be met with.

So much for San Sebastian : unless one goes to the Island for a picnic, or contrives to get a peep at the Miramar—the Palacio Real, as it is now called—the villa designed for the royal family in the early nineties by an English architect, Mr. S. Wornum. It is a charming spot from April to November, and singularly useful, too, as an introduction to novel experiences.

The scenery up the fruitful Urumea valley, upon which we enter when leaving the coast, has a wonderfully English look about it. It is just sufficiently wooded, and dotted here and there with white villages, comfortable-looking country houses, and picturesque old churches. Presently, however, it becomes grander, and infinitely lovely. The train seems to crawl up endless and interlacing mountain ranges—the last spurs of the Pyrenees—which crumple up the face of Nature in every direction, and which, for the most part beautifully wooded, run up into undefined and indefinable peaks, around which the autumnal mists wreath in fantastic and ever-shifting forms. Home-like Hernani, the unwonted stage of a British disaster in arms during the first Carlist War ; Andoain, with its huge Romanesque church crowning a knoll close to the line ; Tolosa, with its rushing streams, its paper-mills, and busy, bustling life, are all passed, and still there seems no end to the veritable hill-country over which one creeps.

‘Crawl,’ ‘creep’ :—even in these days of *rapides* and *trenes de lujo*, progress over these slopes is apt to become wearisomely slow ; and all over the country, even by night, stoppages are made with the most irritating frequency

and jarring noise. It is well to fall back early upon that reserve stock of patience which was to form an essential part of the baggage, and strive to extract, from the slow progression through new scenes, that pleasure in contemplation which always waits upon the appreciative soul escaped from the absorbing whirl and worry of strong northern existence. So, if a halt be called at some wayside station for no apparent purpose or reason, instead of getting out of temper over the delay, let us look curiously at the new types of humanity, the new customs and costumes that surround us, and inhale the soft, balmy, sunlit air which comes fresh and fresh down the mountain slopes. There is a great deal in the life that is not pretty : in what life is there not ? Perhaps in Spain more than in any other European country—Spain, where there is not the excuse of poverty or barbarism—there are ways opposed to one's preconceived notions of order and cleanliness which are offensive. But there is always counterbalancing amusement or interest or instruction to be had. There is a bullock-cart just coming along the road that runs on the other side of the station fence, its weeness and emptiness in strong contrast with the huge fulness of the oxen on either side of the shaft, which plod along about as slowly as they can put one foot before another. The driver, in short, rusty-black velveteen breeches, white shirt, blue *faja*, and red cap, not nearly so sensible-looking as his beasts, yet with a pleasant twinkle in his dark eyes, walks about ten paces ahead of his team, turning round every few moments to point a long wand at the foreheads of the oxen, and utter a sharp '*Arré ! arré !*' with not a shadow of effect. The whole is a perfect study, typical of the life of the country—the disproportion between the means and the end, the absence of any apparent ambition save for an easeful existence, the unheeding of ill-success in spasmodic efforts after reform.

And the military element is represented, of course. By favourable specimens, too, in the shape of a couple of the far-famed civil guards,* who are striding along to the station in fine contrast with all the sleepy life around. One meets these men everywhere—at every station, on every high road or hill-side, in the villages—and always in pairs; for, the terror of evil-doers, they often hold their lives in their hand. They are soldiers, and yet not quite soldiers; policemen, and something more than policemen, and—a necessary consequence of evil government—no light burden to the country; and yet one cannot help admiring them. Their fine physique, soldierly bearing, and known perfection of *morale*, always impart a pleasant sense of order and security, and guarantee the omnipotence of authority.

But Tolosa and all the grand mountain country that lies to the immediate south are passed; Ormastegui, too, with its ancient palace and notable viaduct. And now the huge Romanesque church of Zumarraga comes into view—Zumarraga, with its memories of a man than whom, all self-effacing as he was, the world has seen few greater, before whose name and influence obeisance has been made for over three hundred years, and who here fittingly learned, in his soldier youth, that disregard of difficulty and that perfect submission to authority which have been the keystones of an undying ecclesiastical system. It is but a short six miles up the valley to Ignacio Loyola's home and convent, and to pass them by would be to miss one of the many unappreciated gems of Spanish travel. The little trip need only take twenty-four hours, taking the diligence from and back to Zumarraga.

* The *Guardia Civil*, a constabulary consisting of picked men, armed with carbine or rifle, sword and revolver, was organized by Gonzalez Bravo, one of the worst of Spanish statesmen, in the early forties, to stamp out brigandage.

Only six miles, but of what exquisite loveliness !—loveliness of a sort with which Spain is not usually credited. The diligence road hugs the course of the rapid Urola, shut in on both sides by the Asturian ramifications of the Pyrenees. So closely do these grip road and river, and so tortuous is the course, that it seems at every turn as if there could be no egress ; and one has to cling to the faith that the water will find an outlet, and that, somehow, the road will be able to bear it company. Every now and then the river is spanned by picturesque, high-backed bridges, which appear to be of no particular value, save to enhance the beauty of the scenery, since only the barest signs of life or civilization are present, and the few houses that do put in a claim to notice are so perched up on inaccessible ridges that such inconsiderable trifles as bridges seem of no avail.

Presently softer and more sylvan scenery comes in. The mountains retire ; signs of active life appear, and the diligence rattles through the little town of Azcoitia. For, however slowly one may be dragged along the lonely road, the driver of a Spanish diligence, like the rest of his craft, will always valorously uphold the dignity of the order by a cleverly executed career through the haunts of critical mankind.

Beyond Azcoitia stretch a couple of miles of level road through the rich valley of Loyola, past the very door of the convent, and then a final halt is made in the tiny town of Azpeitia, and at the door of the Fonda de Arteche. It is but a rough lodging, by no means equal to its reputation, but sufficiently comfortable for a night, and welcome to weary bones that have been rattled over a road that makes one marvel where the coach-springs are made which can stand the daily ordeal. A walk back to Zumarraga, to catch the afternoon up-train, will be preferable, consigning the baggage only to the diligence.



By kind permission of Señor José Peña

MONASTERY OF SAN IGNACIO DE LOYOLA

A very pleasantly situated place is this time-worn Azpeitia, on the turbulent Urola, and surrounded by glorious hill-slopes, some bare and rocky, some well clothed, and shining golden in their autumn colouring. A busy, thriving spot, too, with four or five thousand souls ready to give the lie to the sweeping assertion that *dejar que hacer* rules in all Spanish life and ways, and yet with records on every side of a respectable old age that might be ample excuse for idleness and alms-craving. An hour in the early morning may very well be spent in sauntering through the arcaded market-place, and noting the quaint old houses and dim churches—records and relics of a yesterday that the Azpeitia of to-day cares refreshingly little about. No idlers or beggars lie here in wait for the unwary traveller, or obtrude an officious and noisy ciceroneship. He may linger undisturbed over the first view of a real Moorish façade—relic of the days of Moorish occupation; over the carved *armarios* of the *parróquia*, with their quaintly wrought brass furniture; over the grotesque, four-hundred-years-old tomb to good Bishop Zúrbano—which, after all, *may* have some efficacy in making happy mothers—or the font wherein San Ignacio himself was dipped, and which, like so many precious things in Spain, suffered bad treatment at the hands of the French soldiery—or rather their leaders—during the War of Liberation, and bade a long adieu to its fine silver casing. At every turn there is something to reward an inquisitive spirit, and, luckily, most of the somethings have to be looked for, and so will be enjoyed all the more.

But it is the house and convent of San Ignacio that have brought us to Azpeitia, and to reach them the way to Zumarraga must be taken again for a mile or so. The approach to them is very fine. The long, bare line of an unfinished southern wing is partially veiled by a mass of autumn-tinted foliage, over which rises the dome of the

church, backed by an undulating stretch of coppice-covered mountain against a blue sky. In the foreground, between road and convent, flashes along the restless Urola stream, now lying for a moment still in its hollowed-out pools, now dancing merrily over pebbly shallows and under the graceful twin-necked bridge over which we must turn aside. The buildings, indeed, need count only as accessories ; but one pauses again involuntarily on the broad steps of the church to look back upon the lovely valley, with the cloud shadows flitting across the slopes of Isarraiz and Araunza, and is prepared to face with gentle judgment the efforts of latter-day architects to cover up poverty of conception with gilding and tinsel.

Yet there is a certain effectiveness about the pile, begotten, as is so often the case in Spain, of sheer vastness. The imposing flight of steps upon which we have been standing to admire the view ; the circular portico ; the huge dome of a church, with its black marble base—to all of these may be allowed a note of admiration. And over the rest we may hasten, for deeper interests than any of art await us beyond.

The house adjoins the church on the north side, and over the portal is written :

Aquí nació S. IGNACIO en 1491
Aquí visitado por S. Pedro y la SS. Virgen
Se entregó á Dios en 1521.

His birth and his second birth !

What the building was like three hundred years ago it is impossible to say, for it is now little else than a series of chapels. It must, however, have been a substantial enough *casa solar*—a *palazzo*, in Italy—with a fine staircase, and large, though exceedingly low, rooms. Indeed, it may have been something more, almost a fortress, judging from the massiveness of the granite walls and the slits pierced in the basement.



By kind permission of Senor José Peña

THE CASA SOLAR

At the head of two or three broad flights of stairs, then, we find a grand *sala*, the heavily timbered ceiling of which is panelled with scenes, in low relief, from the saint's life. Here, upon the right-hand wall as we enter, is Loyola's portrait as a handsome young soldier, and at the opposite end of the room stands the altar which is the focus of the veneration of devotees. For on this spot lay Ignacio in 1521—then no saint—for long, weary days, recovering from sore wounds received at the siege of Pamplona. Thirty years of age, and a soldier in stirring times, the hours naturally hung heavily upon his hands. Even reading was better than doing nothing, and though the household was a moral, even a God-fearing one, and eschewed the kind of literature he craved, in the *Lives of the Saints* there might be novelty and distraction. Novelty there was, truly, for Ignacio Loyola, and enlightenment too: in these saintly records Rome has always found her strongest appeal. Then St. Peter and the Blessed Virgin came and visited him, and—*se entregó á Dios* and to His work.

To the left of this *sala*-chapel are two dwelling-rooms, distressingly altered from their ancient condition indeed, but full of interesting relics. Here are all sorts of curious old things—the canopy of his bed, his *faja*, or girdle, cleverly worked into an I.H.S., ancient mirrors, and, better still, letters of Ignacio himself, of Francisco de Borja, and Pedro Fabro ('El Beato'), first Companions of the Order of Jesus.

For the slightly sceptical and generally careless heretic, however, the rooms below these, on the ground floor, are richest in interest. Here, in the first grand *sala*, is the striking mask of San Francisco, and, a few steps to the left, the oratory of the Loyola family, preserved, amidst all other painful rearrangements of the house, exactly as it was when little Ignacio was taught by his mother to

bend his knee to a God whom, in after-life, he was to serve so jealously. The smallest, rudest of little chapels, with a shattered altar and just a few quaint old family portraits, it perhaps owes to insignificance and bareness a delightful immunity from transformation and decoration. Anyway, it is full of touching associations, and has, moreover, one perfect gem in the shape of a delicate panel of the Annunciation, now forming the centre of the retablo, but of old in the bed-chamber of Isabel 'La Católica,' who herself presented it to a sister-in-law of Ignacio upon her marriage. One cannot be sufficiently thankful that this corner has not been deemed worthy of the gorgeous altar and retablo—with the saint's first finger by way of a pretty relic!—which adorn the grand *sala* above.

Of the adjoining monastery—seminary—little need be said, except that, so far from being closed, as is stated in the rare books of guidance which bestow a few lines to a spot so full of historical and religious moment, it never more vigorously carried on its work of sending forth recruits of the Jesuit Order. Founded by Doña Mariana of Austria, Philip IV.'s wife, in 1681—in which year the Loyola family made over their possessions to the Order—the college has now a staff of twelve fathers, besides the rector, and provides a home and training for something over one hundred students. The buildings close in the Santa Casa on the north, as the church does on the south, and for perfection of ordering and arrangement are well worth a visit. The staircase, library, refectory and ante-refectory are really fine specimens of conventual or collegiate buildings, and several of the paintings—the portraits of the Cardinals of the Order, of Fathers Mariana, Suarez, Sanchez, Lugo of Toledo, and others, and, notably, a picture-portrait of Ribera's in one of the corridors—are of high merit.

But after the Santa Casa one cares little for aught else.

II

BURGOS AND VALLADOLID

THE afternoon up-train from Zumarraga is admirably timed for the traveller, just affording light for the grand scenery as far as Alsasua, and then taking him in merciful darkness over the dreary Castilian plains.

Except that one misses the grand gorge of Pancorbo. It is really worth while to sleep at Miranda—where, besides an excellent railway buffet, there is a quite good hotel, and a fine church to visit betimes in the morning, to say nothing of a first peep at the great Ebro river—just for the sake of seeing Pancorbo in broad daylight. The pass is entered almost immediately upon leaving the junction, and simply baffles description. The road winds over, under, and round infinite masses of rock, piled up—crystallized, as it were—to mountain height, twisted into all fantastic shapes, and destitute of greenery. Circling troops of birds aloft, and the rushing torrent of the Oroncillo below, are the only signs of life and movement, a ruined castle now, or anon a church, seeming to mark rather the impotence than the conquering, abiding presence of man. It is Nature in one of her grandest and sternest moods.

The prevailing idea of Burgos is that it is a dismal old place, with a marvellous cathedral—usually pronounced off-hand to be *the* cathedral of Spain—to which one is bound to pay court for a few hours *en passant*, at the

cost of much discomfort. Nothing can be further from the truth—on both sides of the assertion. With its glorious *vega*, its bright, clean streets—rendered still brighter by the prevalence of pretty double windows—its quaint arcaded Plaza Mayor, its comfortable hotels, its shady and beflowered promenades, and its handsome new residential Ensanche, Burgos looks the present bravely in the face, and, even if it had no cathedral at all, it would be a spot to visit, and rejoice in. The cathedral, indeed, if such high expectations have been raised, will prove a disappointment, for while it is at once apparent that there is an infinite amount of detail, both in exterior and interior, which will abundantly repay examination, one's preconceived goodwill and artistic sensibilities are outraged by the mean setting of the building and by the poor west front, and then by the obtrusive *coro*, the mixture of styles, and the over-decoration of the interior. Toledo, the *Catedral vieja* at Salamanca, Sevilla, Tarragona, Barcelona, Santiago, are on a far higher level than Burgos.

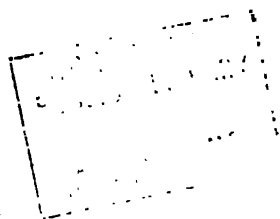
It is a building, however, not to be taken at first sight, or grasped in an hour. The best plan is to walk through it, just taking in general outlines, and then, after seeing something more of Burgos—coming into closer touch with the story, life, and art of the place—to return to a careful study of what is really a very fine specimen of Gothic work.

So, as at San Sebastian, let us take a couple of walks : they shall be pleasant enough, and full of interest, if of a very different sort from anything the bright seaside resort can show. And first let us go along the narrow, winding street leading right away from the west front of the cathedral. The old church we pass almost immediately, on the right, is St. Agueda, or Gadea, a notable ecclesiastical home for religious Burgalese long before



J. Laurent y Cia

BURGOS CATHEDRAL : THE WEST FRONT



Ferdinand *El Santo* and Bishop Maurice thought of their Santa Maria la Mayor. It is one of the ancient sanctuaries wherein purgation by adjuration was wont to be made. Here Rodrigo Diaz—more commonly known as the Cid—made Alfonso VI. take oath that he was innocent of the murder of his brother Sanchez, before the nobles of Leon and Castile would do him homage. The building has lately been restored, and has lost a good deal of its ancient interest ; but there are some fine monuments, and a quaintly carved retablo in the domed side-chapel on the left of the high altar, with a fiery inscription on the wall reviling the ‘ infiel Musulman.’

Proceeding onwards, up the Calle Alta, we come to a spot of special antiquarian and historical interest. First, there is the arch raised by Philip II. in honour of Fernan Gonzalez, first Count of Castile, founder, in some sort, of the Castilian throne, by shaking off the yoke of Leon, and rival of the immortal Cid himself in the admiration and homage of the old *romancistas*. We may see this hero's sword presently, preserved in the Colombina Library at Sevilla, and bearing the proud inscription :

Soy la octava maravilla.
En cortar moras gargantas
Non sabré io decir cuantas
Mas sé que gané á Sevilla.

A hundred yards farther on three particularly ugly columns mark the house where the Cid was born, in 1026. And then there is something better than any mere memorial : there is a bit of the life itself, in a seemingly imperishable line of old wall, tower, and arched gateway. It is worth while pausing for a moment when we have passed under the wall, and descended the steps leading towards San Pedro del Fuente, to look back and note how jealously and solidly, with what splendid workmanship, the old city guarded its approaches and privileges.

From here, crossing the prettily laid out gardens of La Isla, with their great clumps of pampas grass, that would make the soul of an English gardener small with envy, crossing the river by the significantly named Puente de los Malatos, and skirting the shady parterre which shuts in the Hospital del Rey, we approach a long, low line of buildings which have been conspicuously in view all the way from San Pedro—the famous convent and church of Las Huelgas, a ‘pleasure-ground,’ of the Cistercian Order. ‘Not much of pleasure-ground now!’ is the inward comment, as one passes the girdle of desolate-looking habitations which cling around the walls, and enters the convent enclosure by one of the old Early Pointed arches which late additions and a generally sordid surrounding seem to have put out of joint. But all external wreck and forlornness only make an admirable foil for the lovely interior, of purest Gothic. The transepts, transept chapels, and apsidal chancel are alone to be visited, the nave, or *coro de las hermanas*, being rigorously cut off by an iron and glass screen. But these are so perfect in their harmonious and serenely simple lines, and exquisite detail that we do not seem to miss much. And every stone has its story. In the blocked-up north aisle are interred thirteen Kings and Infantes; in the corresponding aisle on the south an almost equal number of Queens and Infantas. Looking through the iron screen into the *coro de las hermanas*—where, perhaps, the white-robed Sisters will be chanting a curiously wailing, dirge-like Office—one is faced by the tombs of the founders, Alfonso VIII. and his wife Eleanor, daughter of our Henry II. To the left of these lie Doña Blanca and the Queen Costanza; to the right the two Berenguelas, mother and daughter of St. Ferdinand; at the extreme west the Doña Ana, or Mariana, of Austria, whose handiwork we met with at Azpeitia.

A wonderful history has the place—of royal pomp in life and death. The mark of 'pleasure' comes down from the days when there was here a summer residence (*Huelgas*, from *holgar*, to rest) of the Castilian Kings. Then, turned into a convent by Alfonso, for many a generation its head possessed rights and privileges equal to—nay, higher than—those of a Queen, and was herself usually of royal blood. Even now, shorn of most of its ancient wealth and all its most coveted privileges, none but noble ladies may enter it, and all must bring a fitting dowry. The grand entrance, with its winding staircase for the nuns, and a bricked-up royal doorway, is at the western end of the church; and running along the north side there is a fine pointed cloister, reached from the transept porch—itsself a thing of perfect beauty—by a covered passage, with odd fourteenth-century tombs set against the walls.

Returning to the city by the direct way, across the Santa Maria bridge, in order to have a more careful look at the quaint, Flemish-style Arco, one gets the finest view of the cathedral, from the open bit of ground in front of the Instituto Provincial. The western towers, the lantern, and the tower of the Condestable chapel are caught from here just in due order, each beautiful in itself, and the three making up an almost faultless group. Some just conception, too, can be formed of the vast size of the pile, which is impossible at close quarters, because of the barnacle-like houses that cling to it. And there is sufficient distance to destroy the somewhat fantastic, unrestful effect of an over-decorated exterior.

Our second walk will be a longer one—a field—and we must start betimes if it is to be really a walk. If fourteen miles, however, seem too long, we may take a carriage—for the first section at any rate. Crossing the Arlanzon by the Espolon Nuevo, our way lies along the lovely Quinta, with its long avenues of trees now golden in the

autumn sunshine. Then a sharp turn to the right, over the railway, half a mile or so of the somewhat dull road which skirts the *huerta* of a Madrid magnate, and, at the crest of the hill, the long line of the church of La Cartuja de Miraflores rises before us. There is nothing particularly inviting about the exterior. The bare roof line, the upstart pinnacles, the poor buttresses, the debased, florid style, and the paltry west front are repelling, after Las Huelgas, reminding one forcibly of King's Chapel, Cambridge, and the famous likeness of it to a kitchen table turned upside down. Juan de Colonia can show us finer work elsewhere. But the western doorway itself, with the huge lions upholding the arms of Castile and Leon on the one side, and those of Aragon on the other, is good, and the interior is beautiful, and full of beautiful things. It has the usual Carthusian arrangement of three divisions: an outer, western one for the people, separated by a wrought-iron screen from the central *coro de los legos* (lay brethren), and this again separated from the *coro de los hermanos* and the sacarium. In both the centre and eastern sections we shall find works of rare merit. There are the walnut-wood stalls, with their rich continuous canopy, the fifteenth-century, Flemish stained glass, the exquisite stall of the Prior, and the elaborately carved retablo of Gil de Siloé and Diego de la Cruz—both notable workers of the latter half of the fifteenth century, who have left their marks behind them in many corners of Burgos.

Far surpassing all else, however, in merit and interest, arresting one's attention immediately upon passing into the eastern *coro*, are the alabaster tombs of Juan II. and his wife, Isabel of Portugal, and of their son, the Infante Alonso. The former occupies nearly the whole space before the high altar, and is one of the finest products of chisel-work extant. It takes the peculiar form of two squares,

one laid diagonally upon the other. The recumbent figures of the King and Queen, wrought with infinite delicacy, lie under rich canopies, the former holding a sceptre, the latter a book. Round the sides are figures and foliage, in great variety, sculpted in high and low relief, together with the inevitable royal arms, and, in the panels, Abraham, Joseph, Samson, Esdras, Jeremiah, Daniel, Esther, and the Virtues—Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice, Courage (*fortaleza*), Temperance, and Piety.

The Infante's monument occupies a niche in the north wall, close to the tomb of his parents. The figure of the Prince is in high relief, and represents him kneeling at *a prie-Dieu*, underneath an ogee arch edged with a delicate and lace-like fringe of fine foliage. The design suffers somewhat from over-elaboration, even lines of construction being interfered with by decoration, but is, again, a splendid specimen of late fifteenth-century chisel-work.

There are several good things to notice here—*e.g.*, a wonderfully lifelike San Bruno, in a chapel on the north side of the *coro de los legos*, by a Portuguese sculptor, which “cannot speak only because he was a Carthusian,” and some old paintings upon wood. Also parts of the monastery itself; some good windows; the cloisters, with fine, simple groining; and a bit of passage, which is the sole remnant of the royal palace which stood here prior to A.D. 1440. But we must resume our way, if San Pedro de Cardeña is to be reached by midday, and the walk back over the *vega* as the sun is setting duly appreciated.

Dull, unredeemably dull, is this great Castilian plain for a railway journey, or even for carriage folk. But to put under one's feet it is just delicious, especially here, on the uplands, with the sharply defined distances, the undulating sweep of hill-side like a Sussex ‘down,’ and the ever-changing lights and shadows that move athwart the landscape. Then the flocks of sheep, with their tinkling

bells ; the birds, not yet hushed into silence by winter ; the little groups of shepherds, with fluttering *mantas* and picturesque broad-brimmed hats, give just the contrasting life and cheerfulness that one wants.

Right across the *vega*, due south-east, up the hill-side, and through a stretch of stiff oak coppice, lies the road—if road it may be called. Then half an hour's plod over a stony tract of desert, and the great, bare San Pedro de Cardeña convent rises up among its yellow-hued poplar-trees.

Not a lovely spot, by any means ! One cannot help wondering why the Cid should have such a desire to be brought across these barren wastes—as brought he was, a stiffened, upright corpse, upon his beloved steed, Babieca—to sleep his last sleep in such a dreary home. Was it sheer bravado, or love of home, or hatred of the Moors ? Perhaps all three combined. But if love of home, he paid home a poor compliment by choosing out Cardeña. Anyway, here he lies—or, rather, here is, now, his monument, his empty tomb ; for he himself and his faithful Ximena have been carried away two generations ago, to glorify some new upholstery in Burgos Town Hall. And here is his epitaph, simple, graphic, truthful :

Belliger, invictus, famosus Marte triumphis,
Clanditur hoc tumulto magnus Didaci Rodericus.

Around his tomb, and in a peace denied to himself, rest his son, his daughters, and several of his warrior comrades. And here rest, too—save when the anniversary of their massacre rouses them to make a solemn protest against their murderers—the bodies of two holy men martyred by the Moors a century and a half before the Cid came home.

Of the original foundations, dating back to the sixth century, and the establishing here of the first Benedictine

colony in Spain, nothing remains save the two arches of the passage leading from the cloisters. The pantheon of the Cid is a twelfth-century addition, and all the rest of the great ungainly pile is a monument to the defunct art of the eighteenth century. The place has been closed since 1836, save when, in the early eighties, an enterprising band of French Trappists invaded its solitudes, and tried to find the home which was forbidden them in their own country. But even in Spain one cannot live on nothing ; so after a few months the great courtyard was left again to the undisturbed dominion of grass and rank greenery.

We have, however, one other spot to visit here before turning our faces Burgos-ways. Deep under the old archway near the chapel, with no mark or monument, and yet with undying fame, lies another friend of the Cid, who was at his bedside when he died, who bore him all the way from Valencia here, and concerning whom the Cid commanded, " When ye bury Babieca, dig deep, for it would be a sin if he were eaten by dogs who hath trampled underfoot so many dogs of Moors."

People say that, after Burgos and the Cartuja, Cardeña is not worth seeing. Perhaps not, from either an ecclesiastical or æsthetic point of view. But, thank Heaven ! life is not all art ; and in a place like Burgos it is specially good to get away for a few hours from anything so limited and conventional as art must ever be. There are wonderful life records here—records that take us straight into touch with the past ; and the walk is worth the labour for its own sake. If it was good coming in the brilliant noonday light, it is even finer to walk back as the sun is going down, and the towers and pinnacles of Burgos begin to silhouette themselves black upon the horizon. Sunset over such a scene as this is so peculiarly eloquent of satisfaction and peace ! In colder, northern regions His Majesty of the day hastens to cover himself

up in mist and smudge, as if he had something to be ashamed of, or as if he hated and was weary of the scenes he has been looking upon all day ; and then a chill, deadening shroud of grey overlies everything. But here he departs slowly, reluctantly, leaving a long-lined train of light behind him. It is all brilliant and yet delicate *painting*—no heavy clouds to daub and make gross, no wind to harry and ruffle. And then, as the flaky lines of fire die out in the west, there comes into ever-deepening evidence the broad band of violet that edges the eastern horizon, melting through varied hues of rose and amber, and finally into the black-blue vault overhead. And the light seems only transformed, not gone.

Just a peep into two more churches, and another, more careful, walk through the cathedral before we bid farewell to Burgos. It will be said, with a good-natured laugh, that we spend a fearsome amount of time in church. So it is ; so it must be. Until a generation ago, life in Spain, from the Court downwards, has ever flowed and fluctuated between religious observances—even extremes of devotion—and questionable intrigues, also extreme ; and to understand the spirit or story or art of the country we are bound to take into chiefest account the places around and upon which these spent themselves. It is the ignoring of these special features, and the consequent attempt to create an interest where little or none exists, that has produced so many poor, ephemeral, unsympathetic records of tourist travel and observance.

First, then, turning sharply up the hill to the right, after leaving the west door of the cathedral, let us spend a few minutes in San Estéban.

St. Stephen's Church was being built at the same time as the earlier portions of the cathedral, and stands at the foot of the gravelly hill, which, in 1812, with all its squalid nakedness and insignificance, was able to give *El Lor*

Wellington a singularly disagreeable repulse. The church is full of interest, and a delightfully pure Gothic spirit too, from its splendid western doorway, through the delicately wrought stone pulpit that stands against one of the pillars of the nave, down—or rather up, for the *coro*, as is often the case in these fourteenth-century churches, is in a western gallery—to the lovely little lectern in the choir. It would be difficult to put a more delicately beautiful study in light and lines before one than the view from the steps of the high altar (the gilt retablo is hideous) looking down the nave away to the cleverly ordered west end—that *pons asinorum* of ecclesiastical designers—with its exquisite plateresque gallery and fine rose window.

Not so beautiful, perhaps, but in some ways more interesting, is San Gil, the ancient fourteenth—perhaps thirteenth—century building we may see from the sacristy window of San Estéban, lying a little farther away from the cathedral. It is the attraction of its interest—its dead life—that brings us here, for from end to end it is full of the most wondrous old monuments. ‘Ghastly,’ some folk call them—especially ghastly the alabaster hands and feet on a groundwork of black marble which we find in a chapel of the south aisle, again before the altar at the east end of the same aisle, and in the Capilla Mayor. ‘Stupid,’ say others, and most people ‘rude.’ But surely such memorials as these are eminently desirable possessions for a church—only somewhat less desirable than a noble army of living members. And they make so much more potent an appeal than the ordinary flat stone, with its careful record of virtues, life duration, and family pedigree. There is an impress of living thought upon them, as if they were the outcome of the best knowledge and aspirations of the dead—at any rate, of their friends, who are also dead; while they seem to set forth, through all their

absurd conventionality, and perhaps rudeness of design, the quiet strength and purity which we would fain think were objects of desire and striving, even while one knows that the stormy lives of those old days were driven far in other directions.

As we seem to start always from the cathedral, it may be implied that all this time we have been going again and again through it, familiarizing ourselves with its main lines, learning to appreciate its real beauty, and to look over—or through—its defects. Let us take up one or two special points of interesting detail before setting out for Valladolid. And, first, let it be noted that the finest near view of the exterior is that of the façade of the south transept, with its effective flight of steps leading up to a very noble doorway, and with its delicate rose window and rich open screen surmounting all. In the upper part of the portal Christ is represented enthroned, surrounded by the four beasts and four Evangelists, and with the twelve Apostles at His feet. Below are figures of saints and prophets, and on the archivolts angels and kings, the latter carrying various musical instruments.

Entering by this south transept, and turning immediately to the right, we pass, through a pointed doorway sculptured with infinite power and beauty, into the cloisters. These, no doubt, have been very fine in their time, and some of the detail is excellent; but their effect, both from below and from above—mounting to the upper story—is terribly spoiled by the filling-in of the delicate pointed arches. Opening out of the cloisters, on the east, is the old sacristy, a very grand room in its architectural detail, and more valuable still for all it contains. It is hung round with portraits of all the Bishops who have ever held sway in Burgos—a very noteworthy array of men indeed. To the left, on entering, hangs an evidently characteristic likeness of Bishop Pablo, who held the see

for twenty years—from 1415 to 1535. A Jew was this Bishop Pablo, and a native of Burgos—a married man, with a family of sons and daughters. When he was forty years of age he forsook the faith of his fathers, obtained a dissolution of his marriage—though his wife seems to have kept up friendly relations with him, and lies buried by his side in San Pablo, hard by—was ordained priest, and eventually became Bishop. His son Alonso was Bishop after him, and it is chiefly with Bishop Alonso that our interest for the moment lies. For he brought from Bâle a very wonderful set of vestments, a sight of which we must secure. They are over four hundred years old, and are withal almost as fresh-looking—quite as beautiful—as ever, in their exquisite embroidering of gold upon a ground of dark, mulberry-coloured velvet. There are other vestments here even more gorgeous, but none to approach these twenty *capas* of Bishop Alonso's.

With a glance at the Sala Capitular, at its Moorish ceiling, and—for Domenichino, *El Greco*—wonderfully fine *Crucifixion*; at the ante-sala, too, with its strange Cofre del Cid and its fine Flemish tapestries, let us obtain admittance—not always an easy task, as it is still the private property of the Duca de Frias, descendant of the original founders—to the Condestable chapel, lying at the extreme east of the cathedral. The chapel was designed and built for Don Pedro Fernandez de Velasco, hereditary Constable of Castile, by the same Juan de Colonia of whose workmanship we have seen a not very favourable specimen in La Cartuja de Miraflores, and to whom also are due the western towers and spires of the cathedral. Irregularly octagonal in plan—for the east end is square—vast to an almost seeming infinity in its loftiness, with arcading and vaulting of the most perfect grace and finish, this chapel would be well worth a careful study for the simple sake of its architectural detail; but

beyond that it is such a storehouse of artistic things as is rarely to be met with. The famous tomb of the Constable and his wife has, indeed, been overpraised, attempting as it does the impossible in realism. The great red bed of porphyry, too, lying alongside of, and originally intended for the reception of, the recumbent figures, detracts from the harmony of the surroundings. But the two side altars, the great retablo by Juan de Borgoña, Andino's superb *reja*, the old Flemish paintings, and a set of wonderfully embroidered Gothic and Renaissance frontals, are entirely satisfactory. So is the carved door leading into the quaint little sacristy at the south-east angle of the chapel; so, too, the priceless pieces of church plate, the chasubles and the dalmaticas, over which the really intelligent attendant will wax amusingly enthusiastic if he have visitors who show signs of interest in such things.

Fourteen chapels are clustered round this great pile. None, indeed, so fine as the Condestable, but each with some peculiar merit and interest of its own, and each containing artistic or historic treasures that cry out for recognition. There is La Presentacion, with its fine Renaissance work, with Borgoña's admirable monument to Canon Lerma, and Sebastian del Piombo's *Virgin and Child*. There is the Santísimo Cristo, with its wonder-working crucifix, carved—*se dice*—by Nicodemus, its quaint monuments, and its *Descent from the Cross*, by Ribera. There is Santa Ana, too, with its fifteenth-century retablo, its tombs of Canon Fernando Diez Pelayo—perhaps the finest in the cathedral—and Bishop Acuña, and its *Virgin* of Andrea del Sarto. To come and see all these things in an hour or so, as is the way with five travellers out of seven, is an absurdity.

And so with all the rest of Burgos, with its quaint old buildings and patios confronting one at all sorts of odd

corners, all eloquent of a past grandeur that no latter-day carelessness has been able to choke down. A month would not suffice to make it all one's own, nor need three months pall. Creature comforts may be noted, too, with gratitude when we recall the experiences of twenty years ago. In few places in Spain have greater improvements been made in this direction than at Burgos, and in no place is the sympathetic tourist made more welcome.

All of which is more than can be said of Valladolid. Save that it is a place one ought to visit, as the ancient capital of Spain, until Felipe Segundo removed the Court to Madrid—hence endowed with a wonderful historic import and life—and also as possessing the finest *Museo* of wood sculpture in the land, it might very well be passed by altogether. Its public walks and promenades are a delusion and a dusty snare ; its streets and houses boast of all the disadvantages of modern toiling and worryful ways, and none of their hardly won advantages ; its cathedral is an abomination, only to be walked through for the sake of getting a good idea of size ; and such of its old buildings as are really worth examination are either jealously kept by lock and key against the inquisitive visitor, or have been hideously defaced.

But the sweeping condemnations that have been passed upon the Museo, with its great collection of works by Berruguete and his fellow-craftsmen—for instance, by Street, in his *Gothic Architecture in Spain*—are in no way deserved. Remembering the source from whence the statues and other carvings were derived—the provincial convents, when they were suppressed—the work should be judged with a reference to its aim and purposes. One need not look for the academic correctness of later days, or even for free Gothic, or yet for the energy and life which form a great charm of Romanesque detail. Judged by canons of taste such as these, where is the value of

early Christian work, or, say, of Botticelli? There is a deep religious expression to be found in nearly all this wood sculpture, limited, as it must necessarily be, by itself and by the medium employed; and every now and then we may note that when the trammels of ecclesiasticism have been thrown aside, there is real skill of technique and splendid artistic feeling.

Let us note carefully, for instance, the fine series of carvings by Berruguete in the cloister, before entering the Museo proper, brought hither from Henry II.'s monastery of San Benito; and another set, in the second cloister—SS. Agustin, Benito, Pablo, and Francisco, and an *Abraham's Sacrifice*, by the same hand. Let us note, too, in the same cloister a crucifix, a *Santa Teresa*, a *Pietà*, etc., by Hernandez; a splendid *Burial of Christ*, by Juni, with figures of the Magdalen and the Blessed Virgin, somewhat attitudinarian, certainly, but full of expression and vigour, the whole work broad in composition and good in anatomical detail; a *San Bruno* and *Christ bearing the Cross*, by Hernandez; and a skeleton in wood, all from this same San Benito Monastery. Then, opening out of this cloister, there is a room where, among a long array of Semana Santa figures, crucifixes and other not particularly interesting things, we must not fail to find upon a little table, by itself, a wonderful head of St. Paul, by Villabrille, a later work (1707) and *une belle horreur*, but a model of fine craftsmanship.

We may detail these things because, as we say, the world in general and the guide-books in particular will probably persist in ignoring the value of this Valladolid Museo; and we have by no means exhausted the survey. In the big room—the *salon grande*—there are three wonderful series of choir-stalls, from San Francisco and from San Benito, the 'Passion' scenes carved above the seats being Berruguete's handiwork. There are some bronze

effigies of the Duke and Duchess of Lerma, too, wrought at a cost of £10,000, by Pompeo Leoni, for the San Pablo Convent, founded by the Duke. Expression, pose, and details are all good. And there are paintings, but not worth spending much time over. The best are modern : Jover's *Reposicion de Colon*, Manila's *Jovenes Christianas*, and Barras's *Antonio Perez receiving his Family after his Torture*. The Rubens, Palominos, and other old pictures are of doubtful parentage, and no great value.

The Museo is open only in the morning, from ten o'clock, so one must arrive from Burgos by an evening train, and devote just a fairly full day to Valladolid. We shall pass through the Plaza Mayor on our way to the cathedral, and, if we get up betimes, one or two churches which are worth seeing, but which close at noon for the rest of the day. Here, in this Plaza Mayor, was the first playground of the Great Inquisition in 1559 ; renewing then a blood-stained past which dated from a hundred years earlier, when Don Alonso de Luna, whose name is interwoven with so much of Castile's early history, was executed by order of the King whom he had served so well. No *plaza* in Spain can yield up a more sorry or more magnificent story, or look with a more smiling face upon the bright and picturesque life of to-day. After walking through Herrera's blank cathedral, peeping into the eleventh-century Santa Maria de l'Antigua close by, and spending a couple of hours in the Museo, we may come back to its eastern corner, and, mounting any of the tortuous streets leading away north, shall land in another *plaza*, that of San Pablo, around which lie a number of interesting buildings. The first item to arrest attention here will naturally be the wonderful façade of San Pablo, with its numberless statues, its armorial bearings, and its intricate tracery. It is really a famous piece of work, but in no way deserves its reputation, for there is none of the

substance and restfulness of true art about it. If it were not thought the correct thing to admire it—the first question an educated Spaniard puts to one, in discoursing of artistic matters, is, ‘Have you seen the San Pablo façade at Valladolid?’—or if it did not take by storm the careless fancy of ordinary sightseers, the world would hear less of it. For those who can appreciate clever manipulation there is far better food for study in the really lovely patio of San Gregorio, just behind this San Pablo foundation.

But there are other interests for us here. This same college of San Gregorio was a foundation of Cardinal Ximenez, and was once a great power in the land. And the large, heavy building behind, again, is the Casa del Sol, sometime the residence of the Count de Gondomar, Spanish Ambassador to the Court of our first James. Then, as one stands in front of San Pablo and looks across the *plaza*, the house at the left-hand corner, with the quaint angle window, is where that most religious barbarian Felipe Segundo first saw the light, upon May 21, 1527. The house is still private property, and is well kept up, with a pretty patio—only rather too spick and span—and some fine *salas*, into which an entrance may be obtained. Twenty-one years before that, in May, 1506, a great man was being borne up the wide street leading past this corner house, from his more modest dwelling a little lower down, just opposite La Magdalena. For Christopher Columbus had gone to explore a second New World, and would not again mix with the gay throng on the fashionable Plaza de San Pablo. The church was in its halcyon days then, for one Torquemada, the adored of all good Catholics, had occupied a cell in the monastery sixty or seventy years before, and, becoming a Cardinal after a while, had rebuilt the old place at his own expense, just at the time when, having fairly entered upon the



Hauscr y Menet

FAÇADE OF SAN PABLO

1875

great work of his life—the extirpation of Protestantism—he was burning heretics in the Plaza Mayor.

What memories cling around the spot ! What a veritable epoch-making bit of the earth it has been !

And how altered now ! The church, indeed, has been restored and garnished anew ; and if in the old days it was at all like its boasted façade, it is perhaps more comely now, with its finely groined roof and comparatively unadorned massiveness, than in times gone by. Better worth a visit, too, than some of the sought-after ‘ bits ’ of the lower town. But its glory, like that of Valladolid, has departed.

III

SALAMANCA AND ZAMORA

UNTIL it shall have seemed good to the railway authorities to grant for Zamora more than two trains *per diem*, running at unearthly hours, it will be advisable to go through from Valladolid to Salamanca by the direct international line—on the Sud express—and then retrace one's steps northward, along the Plasencia-Astorga route.

Salamanca is a disappointing place, if the traveller expect from it the present justification of a great repute. It abounds, indeed, in beautiful and interesting bits and records, and its general appearance is as imposing as fine buildings and a noble situation can make it. Yet the three or four days that one ought to spend here—and it is a place that must not be missed, however it may seem to lie out of the way—will be days of sorrow and humiliation, from an artistic point of view, rather than of delight—days chiefly spent in the contemplation of faults and sordid achievement. There are just two things that unfailingly please and satisfy: the old cathedral (*la vieja*) for glorious workmanship, and the Plaza Mayor for interest and beguilement.

What a past the old place has had! Dominated—generally ravaged—by Romans, Goths, Berbers, Spaniards, and, finally, by neighbourly French, who half ruined the city only ninety years ago, each successive master has

left his footmarks behind him, and Salamanca lies to-day a city spent by the storms that have devastated her. As far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century the first seat of Spanish learning was here, and under the special patronage of that Alonso, El Sabio, who, like our own King James I., never said a foolish thing or did a wise one, students flocked to the colleges from all parts of the civilized world. In the fourteenth century over 10,000 names were upon the books of the University, while the city was of such importance that she represented in Cortes 500 other towns and 1,400 villages. Then came the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, that were to all the rest of Europe pre-eminently the time of awakening—of getting hold of truth, power, light—but to Spain, in her invulnerable pride and fanaticism, one long blight. So the life ebbed away slowly but surely from her great teaching and literary centre. By the close of the fifteenth century Salamanca could boast of but 5,000 students, and though she held her own during the next 200 years, the numbers fell to 2,500 in the eighteenth century, while the scathing war of the early days of the nineteenth finally sealed her ruin. By 1812 the number of students had dwindled to 35, and though, under an enlightened and fostering Government, the total is now about 700, the sun of Salamanca has probably set for ever, owing to the rivalry of the provincial colleges—degrees of which are of equal value to those of the mother University—and to the withdrawal of revenues and endowments by a series of impecunious Governments.

With the exception, then, of the University proper, the Jesuitas, and the Irish College, all the splendid groups of buildings which once formed the home of the world's best science are either devoted to other purposes or are going straight to rack and ruin. The

first-named naturally forms the great attraction of Salamanca. It consists of a great mass of Renaissance and plateresque buildings lying to the north-west of the cathedral, and forming one side of the little Plaza del Colegio Viejo, but with its finer façade in the Libreros, behind. The decorative work of this façade—late fifteenth-century—is certainly wonderful, though too elaborate and too much given over to heraldic vice to be really satisfactory. The ingenious and far-fetched inscription is worth reproducing: *οἱ βασιλεῖς τῇ ἐγκυκλοπαιδείᾳ αὐτῇ τοῖς βασιλεῦσι* (the Kings to the University, this to the Kings). The first patio, or 'quad,' is decidedly poor, though picturesque enough when enlivened by groups of students pacing up and down between lecture-hours, or passing from class-room to class-room. At the south side of this patio, however, there is one of the finest Renaissance staircases conceivable—finer, even, than the delightful staircase in the old Vera Cruz Hospital at Toledo, a restoration of which we may see presently. It leads to the upper story of the range of buildings—particularly to the great University library—and, splendid as it is, must yield the palm of beauty to the portal of the library itself, so appropriately set off by the rich *artesonado* ceiling of the corridor.

Within this portal there is something better than chisel-work. The library is really an admirable one, containing some 80,000 volumes and 1,200 *incunables* and manuscripts, many of them of priceless value. There is the *Libro de las Mugeres célebres del Antiquo y Nuevo Testamento*, by Alvaro de Luna, that Wolsey of the fifteenth century; a Hebrew Bible of the same period, interleaved and annotated by Padre Ciruelo, sometime Catedrático of the University; a Vulgate of the thirteenth century, with the most exquisite initial letters; a breviary of the fourteenth century; the absurd old



Lacoste

SALAMANCA UNIVERSITY: THE RENAISSANCE STAIRCASE

Libros de la Providencia; a fifteenth-century manuscript translation of Seneca; *Varias obras inéditas de Alfonso Ortiz, abogado de los Reyes Católicos, con appuntos acirca de la muerte del Principe don Juan*, 1496; Aristophanes' *Comedias*, 1498. All these and a host of other rarities—ancient letters and quaint records of all sorts—are willingly shown to the inquiring visitor who has the tact to insinuate himself into the good graces of the pleasant chief librarian. The noble reading-room, free to all comers, is not the least gratifying part of this right royal establishment, and bears testimony to the quickened life of the University.

The chapel, in the corridor hard by, is worth a visit, though sadly modernized, for there is a very lovely fourteenth-century *sagrario*, with delicate *pedra de avatar* columns, to be seen here, and an authentic letter from St. Ferdinand, dated April 7, 1280. Then, in a recess on the south side, there is an urn containing the precious remains of the Fray Luis whose statue occupies the place of honour in the *plaza* outside, and concerning whom we shall meet with a strange record down below, in the patio. Both here, too, and in the neighbouring *salas* the curious may inspect a wonderful amount of gorgeousness in the way of marble floors and embroidered benches, rich curtains, and delicately carved furniture—so much so that it is a positive relief to descend from the succession of magnificent things to the cell-like classrooms of the older University buildings. Cell-like indeed, and all the more so from sharp contrast; but good work was done in these dingy places in company with bare boards and rough walls. Here is the 'Deciamos ayer,' the old lecture-room of the above-mentioned Fray Luis de Leon, whose writings, by the way, we may have come across in the library. The good brother was a notable man of his day, a foremost professor

in the University when it was still a Mecca to the learned world—a man, too, who held strong views concerning the iniquities of some of the ‘powers that were,’ and did not hesitate to use strong language in denouncing them. Naturally, he was enormously beloved by all his following; and when, after being imprisoned sixteen years by the Inquisition, he resumed his work in the schools, all Salamanca flocked to hear him, in the morbid expectation that he would call down fire from heaven upon the heads of his persecutors. But Fray Luis was not a man of that small stamp. He ascended the rostrum—that same old rickety pulpit now standing against the wall—from which, sixteen years before, he had been dragged off to prison, looked round quietly upon his eager audience, and, beginning ‘Deciamos ayer’ (We were saying yesterday), proceeded with the old interrupted lecture, as if he had merely been called out of the room for a short time, and had been obliged to defer a portion of his remarks till the following day.

It is but a step from these old class-rooms to the ‘new’ cathedral, but, in one sense, just about as long a step as could be taken. Most sore, indeed, are the revulsions of feeling caused by this wonderful erection! At first sight one is amazed by the infinite delicacy of some of its florid Gothic and Renaissance work—for example, in the sculptures about the great west and north doorways. Then, as one walks round the exterior, the unfailingly poor carrying-out of great ideas, the bungling of fine lines, and the trumpery character of the ornamentation, administer a severe blow to all really artistic notions, with a final result of nausea and the most unchristian feelings when one lands down upon the open plaza in front of San Estéban—from whence alone a good view westwards can be obtained—and looks up at the great staring eastern façade and bald, mill-like windows.

Presently one enters the west door, and is infinitely impressed and solemnized by the splendid proportions of the interior, the grace and harmony of the lines, and the unity of Gothic style. Impressed, too, by the excellence of some of the detail—the fine stained glass, for example, and the delicate lace-work of the double plateresque gallery that runs round in front of the windows. And thenceforward there is naught but disappointment in store. Nearly all the detail is just about as bad as it could be, from the blue-and-gold capitals and the rosette-studded roof, down to such boasted pieces of gingerbread as the *Capilla dorada*, with its lovely array of little sinners on gilt pedestals, picked out, again, in blue and gold. One is constantly haunted, too, by the lack of vista round the east end, in just the grand church—grand in conception and grand in the lavish sums of money poured out upon it—that, perhaps above all others in Spain, would have repaid this piece of foresight. Finally, the side chapels fail to fulfil certain promises of interesting and beautiful things, and the services are as excruciating as they are persistent—overridden by an organist who declines, save for a moment now and again, to lose sight of the fact that he has practically unlimited free reed-power at his command. Upon the whole, Salamanca's 'Great' Cathedral must be pronounced *par excellence* the barren fig-tree of the country. Just at the corner of the *Capilla del Carmen*, at the east end—where, by the way, are the remains of Bishop Gerónimo, whose work we shall see presently, and again at Zamora—is a sublimely ugly and rude crucifix, which used to be carried at the Cid's side in battle. There is a savage delight in looking at this monstrosity, and noting the way in which the figure upon the cross is turning up its nose at all the tawdriness around it, and wrapping itself up in complacent contemplation of a great past.

But what a legitimate and comforting relief, turning down the broad flight of steps which lead out of the south aisle, to enter that grandest monument of Bishop Gerónimo, his *Catedral Vieja*! It is a sudden and complete transition from unrest to peace, from a wrangle with self-assertive weakness into the commanding, quickening presence of silent omnipotence. Small in actual dimensions, simply noble in plan and proportion, instinct with truest art down to the smallest detail, the Old Cathedral of Salamanca is very nearly outside the pale of either praise or carping criticism. In it the student of historical record or human vicissitude on the one hand, of artful design or delicate, loving handicraft on the other, may spend hour after hour, day after day, with ever-increasing satisfaction and healthful experience.

Beyond the main general effect of this noble work—as difficult to define as is the effect produced by Sevilla Cathedral—and a study of its broader details, some careful notice should be taken of its accessories, which are both beautiful in themselves and full of touching record. First, there is a great fourteenth-century retablo, fitted to, instead of disfiguring or concealing, the lines of the nave and the curve of the apse, and panelled with fifty-five Scriptural subjects, devotional in treatment, sober and rich in colouring. The delicate architectural framework surrounding each panel is only a shade less noteworthy than the subject-matter itself. Then, turning aside into the chapel to the right of the apse, one is faced by a tiny old organ, still in occasional use, of the rudest possible construction, but with a remarkably fine ‘Assumption’ upon its carved and gilded front, the figures full of life and vigour. No less worthy of study are the tombs surrounding the south transept and in the cloister opening out of it. The cloister itself



CRUCIFIXES OF THE CID AND BISHOP GERÓNIMO

is modernized to a regrettable extent, but there is some good old work left in it, and its chapels mostly retain their ancient features. In the first of these chapels, on the left, the Capilla de Talavera—an oddly constructed square room with octagonal roof and Moorish dome—the time-honoured Muzarabic rite is still occasionally performed. This Muzarabic, or ‘mixed with the Arabic,’ Mass, not at all interesting from a musical point of view, is nevertheless a very wonderful echo of the old days, and the struggles between Christian and Berber. Its home and chief story, however, are not here, but in the cathedral and market-place of Toledo. There, in that old Zocodover, it was that the people wrung from their conquerors the permission to use their ancient ritual unmolested, and there it bears a daily testimony to a noble tolerance and faithful observance of pledges to which the Christian Church has so miserably failed to attain.

Next to the Capilla Mozárabe is the chapel of Santa Barbara, built by Bishop Juan Lucero about the middle of the fourteenth century. Here, up to 1842, was held the Convocation Day of Salamanca University; and in this dismallest of cells the student who was about to ‘dispute’ in the schools was shut up for four-and-twenty hours, with a sentinel at the door, to think out his subject in certainly cold blood!

Turning out of Santa Barbara, and keeping to the left, we come, first, upon the old Sala Capitular, with its quaint and lovely furnishing, especially old *silleria*—from which, among many other evil dicta, was pronounced null and void the marriage of Pedro the Cruel with the ill-fated Blanche of Bourbon—and then upon the Sala de Consilios y Canto, rich in delicate Gothic work. And then comes what is usually considered the gem of all—the chapel of San Bartolomé—very much overpraised, surely. There are fine points about it, no doubt, but it is too diminutive

for its ambitious design—its square west end and eastern apse, and its cathedral-like roof. The tombs of the Anaya family, too, by which the chapel is literally occupied, are chiefly obtrusive, and in no way noteworthy, save one—one that is awful in its solemnity. In a dark corner lie Costanza de Anaya, represented in simple nun's dress, and her husband, Gutierrez de Monray. Nothing could be more impressive than the very presence of death stamped upon these wonderful faces. Standing here, one loses sight of everything trivial or objectionable in the surroundings, and can even look with equanimity at the horrible monument to the lady's brother, the archiepiscopal founder of the chapel, which takes up something more than the place of honour in front of the high altar. The lady's *brother*, be it noted, not *son*, as the guide-books say.

Close by the Catedral Vieja, not three minutes' walk in an easterly direction, stands the better-known church of San Estéban, noteworthy alike for its faults and its excellences. The great western portal is a fine specimen of the decorative artist's work, and there is no lack of life in the manifold figures wherewith it is enriched. The interior, too, as seen from under the dark elliptical western arch, with a strong light cunningly concentrated eastwards, is most impressive and dignified, particularly if we happen to go in during some musical performance, and can appreciate the wonderful sonority of the building—resonance without echo—so that even voices out of tune and a harmonium badly played can have a strange, sweet, *ad captandum* effect. After a time, however, the over-elaboration and over-decoration of the place pall dreadfully, especially the great Churriguresque retablos, though about these hovers the pretty tradition that their blazing gold was a grateful offering made by Christopher Columbus, the first-fruits of his New World discoveries.

His memory, too, lends interest to the neighbouring convent and cloisters ; for here he made his home from 1484 to 1486, when he was fighting for a royal patronage of his schemes, and received the support and countenance of the Salamanca Dominicans.

There is little else to be seen in Salamanca, let the books say what they will—nothing, that is to say, but a few vexatiously isolated things. There is Ribera's wonderfully lovely *Concepcion* in the otherwise disappointing church of the Agustinas Recoletas—beyond all comparison, the finest example in Spain of this usually forbidding master, and, indeed, in its soft and tender beauty, altogether unlike Ribera. There are the fair portal and choir roof of Santi Spiritu—an establishment of the Third Order of Santiago, and refuge for noble women whose husbands were absent upon the country's service. There is the little Romanesque church of San Marcos ; the Casa de la Conchas, with its delicate *refajas* and wonderful shell-studded façade ; and, again, the Casa Salinas, with the gallery of its patio supported upon bold and finely carved projecting figures of the Italian school.

And there is always the picturesque Plaza Mayor, not yet, strange to say, turned into a ' Plaza de la Constitucion.' It is really absurd how one comes back to this central bit of Salamanca life with pleasure and relief. There is nothing in it distinctively worthy of praise, and yet it forms about as pleasant a promenade as can be found anywhere. The perfection of its shape, the warm, creamy tint of its uniform houses, its broad, comfortable pavement—an exquisite relief to feet tortured by the simply diabolical paving of the streets—its unfailing greenery and flowers, and its picturesque groups of happy, animated country-folk and students, altogether make it a sort of *home*, a place of comfort and relaxation, which is as welcome as it is needed.

One spot, however, outside of the city, we must visit, if fancy lead us—as fancy ought to lead us—that way. The so-called Battle of Salamanca, which, as Thiers declares, ‘*procura une victoire inespérée pour l’armée anglaise, au lieu d’une retraite, et commença la ruine de nos affaires d’Espagne,*’ was fought at Arapiles, six miles out, on the great plain that stretches away southwards from the city. The Allies were hopelessly outnumbered, 50,000 English and Spaniards facing some 80,000 French ; and yet in one short hour—surely the sharpest pitched combat on record!—a blow was struck which echoed backwards and forwards over Europe until, three years later, Waterloo imposed its final silence upon the mightiest tyrant of modern days.

Zamora, save for the ecclesiologist, possesses but slight attractions. He ought to visit it, however, and be content, for the sake of its curious monuments, to spend, perhaps, the most uncomfortable night and day he will be called upon to pass in Spain. A flying visit, indeed, may be undertaken from Salamanca, leaving early in the morning, and landing late at night at Medina ; but if only three short afternoon hours are to be devoted to the business, it were better left alone.

And if we have wider than architectural interests to serve and cater for, we may find a good deal in Zamora to compensate for the journey. Its situation, and the views of the surrounding landscape which are to be obtained from its rocky eminences, are both striking and beautiful. The city covers the crest of a long, tongue-shaped hill, almost girdled by the lordly Douro, approached on the south side by a picturesque old bridge of sixteen finely pointed arches. Just at the tongue’s tip rises the mosque-like cathedral, cresting and dominating and dwarfing the town, even



ZAMORA : GENERAL VIEW

as the latter seems to dominate the flat surrounding country.

Zamora, '*la bien cercada*,' the old Ocellum Dueri—calyx of the Douro—has a story dating from time almost without date. Then, in later days, from its commanding position, it was a coveted spot during the endless wars that raged over these plains from the seventh to the tenth century, taken and retaken by Moor and Christian, added finally to the Crown of Castile and Leon by the Cid, some twenty-seven years before his death, and entrusted presently to the episcopal jurisdiction of his faithful follower and confessor, Gerónimo, of whose work we have seen something at Salamanca. This Gerónimo, or Gerónimo Visquio, was a Frenchman, a native of Périgord, and to some very strongly developed warlike characteristics—such as we might expect to find in a devoted follower of the Cid—would seem to have joined an equal ardour in ecclesiastical building, with, naturally, a predilection for French forms. He had already begun his great cathedral, the *Vieja*, at Salamanca, and no sooner had he well entered upon his functions in the resuscitated See of Zamora, than he set about endowing that little city with a like worthy Mother church.

And both here and, as we have seen, at Salamanca, he did right good work, though at Zamora the hand of time, and the more cruel hand of the restorer, have gone far to destroy perfection. The cathedral consists of nave, aisles, apsidal *capilla mayor*, and shallow transepts, with a domed lantern over the crossing. The nave, transepts, and *cimborio*, with the Romanesque steeple at the north-west angle, are the only portions of the old foundation left. All the rest—the choir, the cloisters, the chapels, the hideous north entrance—is either restoration or late addition.

Small in actual dimension, the interior is remarkably

satisfactory from its fineness of proportion and simple, massive work. The choir is placed in the usual blocking-up position west of the crossing, but considerable pains seem to have been taken, by lightening the west screen with two graceful elliptical doorways, and enriching it with very delicate and good work, to make these always unsightly elements as unobjectionable as possible. Perhaps the most beautiful point of all is the noble treatment of the central dome. The common faults of flatness, baldness, poverty of design, and ill-judged admission of light, are one and all perfectly overcome by the exquisite dormer windows on the cardinal sides, and the richly worked angle-turrets which give at once needed strength and relief.

The chapels at the west end, all late additions, contain some sufficiently noteworthy objects. In that of San Juan is a most curious tomb of one of the early Canons—Juan de Grado. More curious, perhaps, than beautiful; for while the recumbent figure of the Canon is thoroughly excellent, the richly decorated canopy and the genealogical tree of the Blessed Virgin, with effigies of various royal personages, betray that leaning to heraldic design and over-elaboration of work which invaded and spoiled so much good work in Spain during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—after which it did not matter much. In the next chapel to the north—*del Cardenal*—there is an exceedingly fine retablo by Gallegos, painted towards the end of the fifteenth century, and representing, in its six divisions, the baptism and crucifixion of our Lord, the death of St. John, the descent of the Virgin to endow San Ildefonso with the miraculous chasuble, the discovery of the remains of the Toledan saint Leocadia, and their adoration. In the sacristy opening out of this chapel are some curious old paintings—half-length figures of the Apostles, some battle-field studies, interesting for

detail and costume, and full, too, of power ; and, finally, a very sweet and dignified Virgin and Child.

Some of the interior fittings of this noble church will repay careful attention, notably the *illeria* in the choir. The thirty-eight half-length figures of Old Testament worthies carved upon the panels of the lower range of stalls, with scrolls in their hands, connecting them with the New Testament story, if somewhat rude in execution, and not quite true to character, are nevertheless most interesting as an example of careful, high-souled art, and as affording an insight into the ingenious and scholarly research of the times. Of finer design and finish are the full-length figures of bishops, saints, and martyrs on the panels of the upper tier of stalls ; while the lectern hard by, the delicately wrought iron ambons at the north-west and south-west angles of the *capilla mayor*, and the fine fifteenth-century *rejas*, are hardly less notable.

It is not the least pleasant feature of Zamora cathedral that one's quiet investigations may be pursued without the disturbance of any ear-torturing musical performance. Both Mass and Vespers are carefully and reverently sung, and the organ accompaniment, though, of course, of the usual florid style prevalent throughout Spain and Italy, is really good—is organ-playing.

The exterior of the cathedral is, frankly, bad. The exterior of most Spanish cathedrals is poor—bald—but this is positively repelling in its patchwork of styles and handicraft. Only the grand Romanesque tower is worth looking at, and the rich façade of the south transept. The latter is particularly delightful, with its triple bold jamb-shafts carrying a four-ordered arch, which, for simple, massive, and withal delicate, treatment is almost unique. At the sides are two smaller blank doorways, with some good sculpture in archivolt and

tympanum ; while over all runs a bold arcade of five recessed arches.

The chief object of interest in Zamora, after the cathedral, is the old Templars' Church of La Magdalena, now unused, and fast falling into disrepair. The exterior, of ornate Romanesque, is perhaps the best part of the building. The general effect of the bare interior, after the beautiful south portal, the fine rose window, and the promising eastern apses, will hardly fail to be disappointing. But there is a good stone pulpit against the north wall, very elegantly poised upon a single pedestal, and there are two remarkable chapels at the entrance to the chancel, in the form of canopied tombs, enclosed by a set of columns finely carved and moulded ; and, above all, there is a strange piece of thirteenth-century work near the afore-mentioned pulpit—the tomb of some unknown Marquesa. It needed, indeed, thirteenth-century devotion, strong in its simplicity, to carry out in sober earnestness the representation of a dear departed lying in bed, while angels are carrying up the soul to heaven ! And it is perhaps as well that inevitable rudeness of workmanship, and a not-to-be-misunderstood undercurrent of power and religious fervour, should place the main subject beyond the reach of criticism. The rest of the work—the twisted shafts and the carving of the capitals and canopy—is not at all rude, but shows very remarkably how much can be done upon absurdly limited ground.

La Magdalena stands back in the main street running up from the eastern gate of the city to the cathedral. Almost opposite, and also standing back somewhat from the road, is the cruelly restored church of San Ildefonso, called also San Pedro, from the crown and keys over the northern entrance. It is chiefly remarkable for the enormous width of its vaulted span and for the recessed

chamber over the high altar, wherein are deposited the much venerated remains of San Ildefonso and San Atilaon. We are not left in much doubt as to their whereabouts, for over the arch, in letters of gold upon a blue ground, runs the inscription : '*Aquí se elevaron los cuerpos de S. Ildefonso y S. Atilaon a 26 de Mayo 1496.*'

And now, if there be an hour to spare, coming out of San Pedro, we may descend to the river-side, peeping into the two fine Romanesque churches of Santa Maria de la Horta and San Leonardo as we go. Standing here, by the picturesque bridge and the shallows over which the spread-out Douro rushes impetuously to the sea, looking over the stony plain and back to the city, one realizes painfully—as so often in Spain, as in Toledo, in Tarragona, in Saguntum—the supreme *nothingness* that results from merely human effort. Think of the striving, the passion, the blood, that have been spent, apparently wasted, here, to end in a heap of stones, a few memories, a decaying monument or two. Not a footstep but has a history, not a corner but shows some trace of archaeological interest ; and yet all so exhausted and wasted and decayed that to conjure up the old life one is thrown back upon imagination. Zamora has had a pauper's funeral.

A propos of this desolateness, this grim sense of ruined hopes and ambitions, we may look into the tiny church of San Claudio, which stands here—the oldest of Zamora's churches, and yet without the walls—and note its quaintly carved capitals and *abaci*, no doubt regarded by some one, sometime, as masterpieces, and admire its choice collection of human skulls and cross-bones. And then the hill must be faced again, by the ruined palace of Doña Urraca, St. Ferdinand's ill-fated daughter, and by the rose-planted Paseo de San Martin, to the Plaza Mayor,

with its seemingly always wrangling—but only in seeming—groups of brightly dressed peasant-folk, and its pretty tower of San Vicente standing out clear and purely out against the darkening blue sky. These, at any rate, yield some compensation.

And so back to that ‘Mugbiest’ of junctions, Medina del Campo, where, if—as usual—trains do *not* meet, we may take a turn round by the sixteenth-century Gothic St. Antholin and the great bare castle of La Mota, where Isabel la Católica died.

IV

AVILA

It is, indeed, intensely difficult—almost impossible—for a denizen of the busy world, surrounded by all the lightfulness and cocksure knowledge which are calculated to deliver him from prejudice, passion, and, alas ! faith, to compass any real sympathy with days long gone by, with the lives and aims of the old world-changers to whom he really owes a great, if unrecognized, debt. It is a help, however, if one wishes to attain to such an experience, to sojourn for a while, not, perhaps, in such a desolated spot as Zamora, but in some place where the wheels of progress move so slowly that yesterday is only just receding into twilight, so that both its lights and shadows are still determinable.

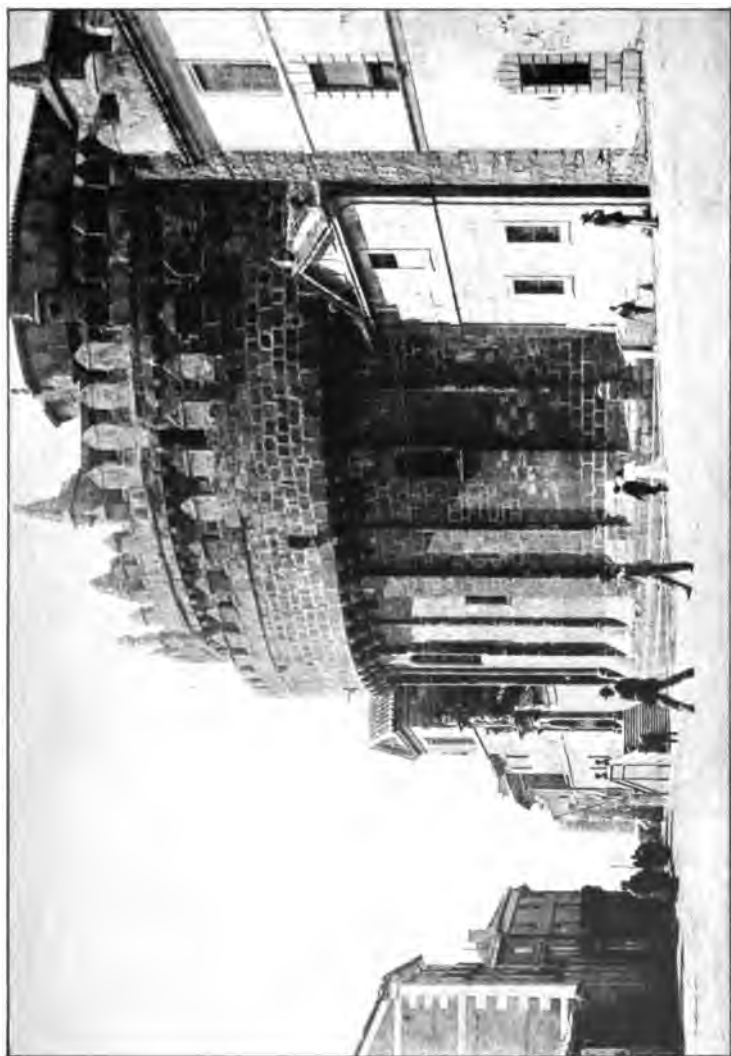
Such places are not difficult to find in Spain, but none, surely, will answer the purpose so well as Avila, the home of the at-any-rate-saint-like Teresa, Spain's Lady patroness, and the home, too, even now, of just some such admixture of dense ignorance of the world and world-wide learning, of brutality and gentle ways, of carelessness of one's own life and yet supremest selfishness, as in the old times tended to personify ideas and to idealize persons to a degree hardly comprehensible nowadays.

The approach to, and appearance of the city, contrary to the usual run of Spanish towns, are strikingly grand—strikingly in accord, too, with Avila's story and character-

istics. Before any sign of habitation comes into sight, the railway runs mile after mile among granite rocks—sometimes bare, sometimes covered with small ilex coppice—that look like the city of a titanic dead. Here and there massive stone crosses speak of the religious fervour that for so long found a fitting home in these vast wastes; and then, with a sharp turn of the road, the city itself, the highest point of all this wind-swept plain, suddenly frowns down upon the traveller from behind its singularly forbidding and singularly well-preserved ramparts.

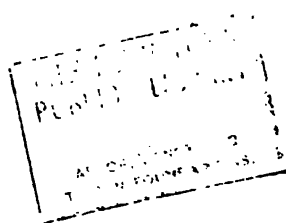
Hard, stern life, armed fear, separatedness from all beauty, graciousness, luxury—these seem to form the atmosphere of this strange district. It is an atmosphere, too, that seems to thicken rather than to clear, as we drive close under the massive walls, skirt the east end of the cathedral—itsself a stronghold, and forming one of the old city towers—and jolt up and down the narrow, crooked ways, in quest of the one bare inn. The Avila of to-day is manifestly very much the Avila of 750 years ago, when Ramon of Burgundy had just completed its circumvallation, and the quaint half-church, half-fortress of San Salvador—or such portion of it as had then been erected—was newly dedicated to that Prince of Peace with whose reign the grim old city had so very little to do.

The old ‘Dos de Mayo,’ which has retaken unto its poor self its ancient name of ‘Hotel del Inglés,’ without recovering anything of its whilom comfort, lies within a stone’s throw of the cathedral, and right opposite the great western entrance and principal façade. In natural order, therefore, the cathedral claims our first attention, and, it must be confessed, does not worthily repay it. One understands, at the first glance around—and here be it noted that on entering a building of this sort it is



Hauser y Menet

THE CATHEDRAL, ITSELF A STRONGHOLD



well always to take a stand, and grasp the scheme and lines of the whole before turning to detail—that there is a vast amount of good work before us. At the same time the curious assortment of red and brown tints, the hideous velvet draperies—contrasting so oddly with a flat clerestory and the bald six-light windows—and some patch-work restoration about the west end, impart an unpleasant sickly flavour to the building. And so, all through this undoubtedly splendid church, blemishes tread on the heels of excellences to a degree only surpassed, perhaps, in the world-venerated cathedral of Sevilla. There is really hardly a corner where one is not almost as much repelled as attracted. The gem of the whole is the skilful treatment of the east end, where wonderful strength is so happily wedded to exquisite grace, and the sturdy old church, with its fortress-like exterior, is endowed with an interior as delicate, rich, and fine as one could dream of. Yet here, turning away from the satisfying vista of the double aisle round the apse, we are confronted by work in the chapels opening out north and south as poor as the rest is praiseworthy. Anything worse than the chapel of San Segundo, with its dreadful baldachin, and the shrine wherein are preserved the bones of the saint, it would be difficult to meet with.

Of similarly unequal merit are the monuments and fittings of the church. Two exceedingly pretty wrought-iron pulpits—*ambones*—wrought as only skilful hands 300 years ago could work—stand at the angles of the Capilla Mayor and the Crossing; and close to that on the south side is a singularly beautiful Renaissance monument—an alabaster altar—to San Segundo, contrasting refreshingly, in its pure workmanship, with the dreadful surroundings of his tomb. And then, upon the north side, there is a corresponding monument to Santa

Catalina, just as devoid of art in design and work as that of San Segundo is full of it.

There is a very wonderful specimen of Juan de Borgoña's craftsmanship here—the great retablo. Not altogether his, however, though he usually gets the lion's share of the credit, for with him were associated Pedro Berruguete, whose best work we have seen at Valladolid, and Santos Cruz. The solitary figures of SS. Peter and Paul, with the four evangelists and four doctors of the Church, which occupy the lowest stage, are full of life and vigorous execution. The more ambitious compositions above—first, the *Annunciation*, *Nativity*, *Transfiguration*, *Adoration of the Magi*, and the *Presentation in the Temple*, and then the *Scourging*, the *Agony in the Garden*, the *Crucifixion*, the *Descent into Hades*, and the *Resurrection*—are not nearly so satisfactory.

Avila is endowed with several churches besides San Salvador—the cathedral—which repay careful study. Above all, San Vicente. The church stands just without the gate of the same name, upon the road to the station, and is at once one of the oldest foundations of the city, and one of the most beautiful legacies of the Romanesque period in the world, even its latest restoration failing to destroy its interest. There is a certain charm about the church at the outset, from the traditions hanging over its erection. San Vicente was put to death at the beginning of the fourth century, by command of the Emperor Dacian, because he had desecrated an altar of Jupiter. His body, and those of two companions who were martyred with him, were left to the vultures upon the scene of execution. Presently there passed by a rich Jew, who, beginning to mock at the three corpses, was promptly attacked by a serpent which issued from a hole hard by. Thereupon he vowed that, if he escaped, he would build a church to the martyrs' God. The vow was

heard, and over the rock and the serpent's hole—still to be seen in the crypt below the Capilla Mayor—arose the first church of San Vicente. As a matter of fact, not simply tradition, this same serpent's hole was used for centuries as a place of adjuration, it being supposed that the long-lived snake would bite anyone who, putting his hand into the hole, should swear falsely.

The old church has, of course, disappeared long ago, and its successor, dating mainly from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, but with portions of both earlier and later work, is now in course of renovation. It is of the usual cruciform plan, with nave and aisles—each ending in a well-proportioned apse—transepts, and raised lantern (*cimborio*) over the Crossing. The disposition and work throughout are almost beyond praise; to do anything like justice to such a building within narrow limits would be impossible. But three remarkable points may be noticed: the admirable way, in both exterior and interior treatment, in which the difficulties presented by a sloping site are met; the noble west end, which, with its grandly lofty double porch and double portal, seems to solve perfectly that problem of how to make a west end dignified and at the same time useful, against which architects to-day so vainly tilt; and the curious open cloister, which is carried along the southern wall to a point, unfortunately, a little beyond the line of the western porch. These open cloisters, usually bearing distinct evidence of being later additions, form a peculiar—upon the whole, praiseworthy—feature in the architectural work of North-Western Spain. They are to be met with at Valladolid (Santa Maria l'Antigua), at Burgos, and especially at Segovia, where they are comparatively common, and in excellent preservation.

But it is difficult to bestow even a passing word upon this lovely church without referring to the remarkable

thirteenth-century monument to the three martyrs which stands to the right of the Crossing. Remarkable both for excellence of workmanship and carelessly allowed predominance of fault, the exquisite inner shrine being covered up by the poor, late baldachin. Remarkable above all else, alike of wise and foolish work, for the glorious *life*—the inconceivable intensity of expression—embodied in the subjects descriptive of the martyrdom which are set forth upon the panels of the shrine. It is not too much to say that a loving study of one or two of these wonderful representations—real representations, however rude they may be when judged by some of the finicky, merely academical rules of a weakened art—is worth more than a whole day's ordinary sight-seeing.

When one is weary of poring over subjects such as these, it is a pleasant relaxation to take a quiet walk round the city walls, turning aside here and there to glance at the continually recurring monuments of art and bygone life which are to be met with. For, while Avila herself is so hidden behind her huge defences that comparatively little of the outlying country can be seen by the sojourner within her walls, it is a strange fact that most of her great buildings and chief points of interest lie without.

It is well to start betimes, because, contrary to Spanish custom, nearly all the churches close about half-past nine o'clock. The best point of departure is by the south-eastern gate, opening upon the Plaza del Mercado. A busy scene, indeed, is this plaza upon market-days. Picturesque costume is not so striking a feature in Spain as it is usually supposed to be, but no fault of this kind can be laid at Avila's door. The men are wrapped up these late autumn days in voluminous *capas*—which, like charity, cover a multitude of underlying sins—and sport round beaver hats, of most absurd dimensions, or bright-coloured *gorras*. But the women are the finest. The correct thing is

to have one's sober-coloured gown lined with bright red or green flannel. This is then thrown back over the head—not quite covering up, however, a brilliant kerchief head-dress—so as to present an unimpeded view of a gamboge-coloured petticoat, and a pair of blue or purple stockings. It is rather dreadful to find the 'hush' which the London belle discarded a generation ago attaining here to universal acceptance and enormous development; but it has at least the unwonted merit of acting as a fine block for gorgeous colouring.

Let it be gratefully noted, too, that, as in other Castilian cities, so in Avila, there is an absence of the dialects which sometimes so sorely oppress and trouble the stranger who has laboured to qualify himself in pure Spanish. The speech is a little rapid, indeed—a little clipped, too—but the veriest street imp may be readily understood and questioned.

At the extremity of the plaza stands the Romanesque San Pedro, exhibiting, both in design and execution, much of the grasp and conscientiousness already noted in San Vicente. The work is coarser, however, and the extraordinary massiveness of every portion of the building gives it an unpleasantly cramped character.

Proceeding now along the crest of the hill, and turning gradually to the left, we come upon three of Santa Teresa's foundations for women—'Las Madres,' 'Las Gordillas,' and, nearer the station, 'Santa Ana.' A sharp descent of the northern slope leads, then, past the huge ruined Franciscan convent to the celebrated nunnery of the 'Encarnacion,' where, in November, 1534, and at twenty years of age, the infinitely venerated saint took the veil, and from whence came to her at once her greatest comfort and greatest afflictions. It is a sufficiently wretched pile of buildings now, the chapel decked out with all that gilt and stucco can do, and the

adjoining courtyard—a wilderness of untidy gravel—presenting an eloquent exposition of its inscription, ‘*Sic transit gloria mundi.*’

From this point a very fine view is obtained of the long line of city walls, clinging closely to the sharp undulations of the hill-side, and bristling with their still formidable circular towers. Four hundred and fifty years ago there was enacted here one of the strangest scenes which history can furnish. Henry IV. had, by a course of unbridled licentiousness and folly, driven into rebellion a large section of his nobles, who, headed by Carillo, Archbishop of Toledo, and Juan Pacheco, Marquis of Villena, determined to place the King’s youthful brother, Alonso, upon the throne. The insurgents met here, before the walls of Avila, and proceeded, as a first act of defiance, to a mock deposition of their Sovereign. A platform was erected, and upon a gorgeous throne in the midst was set an effigy of Henry, clad in all his royal robes. A herald then declared *seriatim* all the charges preferred against him, winding up by a demand for his dethronement. Hereupon Carillo advanced, and deprived the King of his crown. The Marquis of Villena followed suit with the sceptre; and then the image, after being stripped of its robes of state, was delivered over to the tender mercies of the soldiery and rabble townsmen, who trampled it under foot, and finally tore it limb from limb. Alonso, who at that time was only eleven years of age, was now carried forward upon a shield by the nobles, amid enthusiastic cries of ‘Long live Alonso, King of Castile!’ and seated upon the empty throne. The oath of allegiance was duly administered to the grandees, the people pressed forward to kiss the royal hand, and the heralds, with a great flourish of trumpets, proclaimed the formal accession of the new monarch.



LA CRUZ DE CUATRO POSTES

Proceeding now up the gentle slope leading to the north-west angle of the city, the uninteresting Campo Santo is left on the right; and just at the corner, overlooking the rapid little river, there stands the tiny church of San Segundo. It is worth looking into, not only for the sake of some excellent Romanesque detail, but also for the fine monument to the patron saint—too good, perhaps, for Berruguete, to whom it is ascribed—which occupies a somewhat odd position just within the chancel rails. The coffin lies underneath, with some relics within, but the body of the Bishop-saint rests, as we have seen, in the cathedral. The church owes its foundation—at any rate, its position—to the able combination of *fortitur in re* with *suaviter in modo* in San Segundo's character, marking the spot where he did to death a recalcitrant Berber by pushing him over from the top of the neighbouring tower.

The view from the door of this little church across the river, bridge, and uprising slope opposite, is very fine. Right in front, some 500 yards along the Salamanca road, stands a canopied cross—the *Cruz de Cuatro Postes*—which marks the spot where Santa Teresa bade farewell to her beloved Avila when she went out, in 1567, to found her first convent at Medina del Campo.

Without crossing the river, the road may now be taken under the walls, and past the ruined San Isidoro—the oldest church in Avila, and still showing signs of excellent work. A few minutes' climb brings us to the Puerta de la Santa Casa, the south-western gate of the city, and from here an exceedingly pretty *alameda*—garden—stretches away past the Puerta del Rastro, the southern gate, to the south-east corner of the city, and so takes us back again into the Plaza del Mercado. The views from this promenade, over the great brown *vega*, the silvery river, and the far-off Sierra de Avila, are im-

pressive in the extreme. The large building just below the Puerta de la Santa Casa is the hospital. Further away, on the outside of a fringe of houses, lies San Nicolas ; away to the right, Santiago ; while the isolated mass of grey buildings to the eastward is the great Santo Tomás monastery and church, of which more anon. In order to see this *alameda* and the landscape at their best, however, one should come here when a full moon is throwing the shadows into black relief, lighting up the whitened houses and the little plaza that lie on the slope, and sleeping on the grey churches and the outlying plain.

This same Santo Tomás calls for an excursion to itself, and something more than a mere glance in passing. It affords a conspicuous example of the excellences and covert interests, so to speak, which reward the really enterprising visitor, and are a sealed book to the ordinary passer-by. The monastery, which, after its restoration, was handed over to the Dominicans for seminary purposes, was one of the many foundations of the Reyes Católicos, and has a peculiar interest attaching to it as the educational home of their idolized son, Prince Juan, and a favourite residence of Ferdinand and Isabella themselves. Founded at the instance of the arch-Inquisitor, Torquemada, it was fitting that this house should be the birthplace of the infinitely great and as infinitely small scheme of blotting out Protestantism in blood. Grimly fitting, too, that when everything which wealth, power, and love could do had been lavished upon Prince Juan, in order to make him, in all ways, a king of men, their Most Imperial Humanities, who had dealt out such abounding measure of life and death to others, should here be awfully taught that the stage upon which they strutted was, after all, small to nothingness. For the marble monument in front of the high altar of the



Lacoste

TOMB OF PRINCE JUAN

chapel is not only a touchingly beautiful memorial to a really beautiful young life, but it marks, too, the burial-place of hopes and labours than which the world has seen few greater, few seemingly more omnipotent. It is inexpressibly good that this monument, the product of a day when the care for nothing but elaboration had already begun to spell disaster to art, should be found, by hap, so thoroughly pure and fine.

Which, by the way, marks off one of the special values of Avila as a place of useful study and pondering. It would be well for all those who cavil at Gothic work to observe truly the conception and much of the detail of the cathedral; for those who can see only rudeness of execution in the Romanesque to come and measure the ability of that martyr's tomb in San Vicente to tell its tale; for him whose affections are set upon the antique, and strives to deny to Renaissance work aught but academic correctness, to stand before this monument to Prince Juan in Santo Tomás, and confess that it is as fine and cunning in design and true sentiment as it is perfect and delicate in workmanship.

It is, too, a noble church. The vista down the fine single nave from the western gallery, with the delicate groining contrasting strongly with the dark stone work below, is very imposing. Better still, perhaps, is the view from the east end, when the afternoon light is coming through the splendid rose window in front, bringing into strong relief the exquisitely carved oak-work of the choir, and throwing into a deeper shade than is wont the dark, elliptical western arch.

Diving into the heart of the city, one comes here and there upon other interesting churches. There is San Juan, in the Plaza de la Constitucion, the scene of Santa Teresa's baptism; there is the strange dodecagonal chapel of Mosen Rubí, with the misshapen stone boars,

the *toros de guisando*, just outside, over the meaning and destination of which so much ingenious speculation has been expended. Wonderful old houses there are here, too—Oñate and Polentinos, and the quaint battle-mented house at the corner of the square where the post-office stands, with its characteristic coat of arms over the gateway, and the twin stone heralds that are just delicious in their conceit and life-likeness. '*Petrus Avila et Maria Cordabensis uxor, MDXLI*,' runs the entirely suitable inscription.

And, finally, there is the Santa Casa itself, source and home of the all-pervading memories of Avila's great saint. To find it we must seek again the south-west gate of the city. Just inside lies a plaza of some size, bounded on the west side by the wandering old palace of the Roca family, with its grass-grown patio and fine old stone staircase, on the east by the low whitewashed Institute, and on the north by a hideous church, with an interior resplendent in blue and gilt, which one might thankfully go a long way round not to be obliged to look at. And yet it is worth braving the terrible surroundings wherewith a blind devotion has endowed the spot, for the sake of visiting the birthplace of one who, for good or evil—certainly more for good than evil—has left broad footmarks behind her upon the world.

'*En esta Capilla nació Nra Seráfica Madre Santa Teresa de Jesus, Doctora mística. A 28 de Marzo año de 1515.*'

So declares the inscription in a small room opening out of the north transept of the church. In 1515 this was no vilely ornamented *capilla*, but a simple apartment in the house of Don Alfonso Sanchez de Cepeda, a citizen of Avila, and occupying an honoured position in his native place. There is small need to repeat the oft-told tale of the strange life of Teresa de Jesus, of her childlike

graciousness and fervent devotion, her innumerable visions and exalted mysticism, her supremely patient work and final triumphing. But the memory of a woman who, in a ceaseless fight of forty-seven years, conquered self, conquered suffering, conquered persecution, and conquered time, is worth lingering over for a moment. The secret alike of her patience and success may best be told in some of her own words—words which, beyond all reasonable doubt, were a far more faithful mirror of her inner life than the manifold mystic declarations to which her devotees cling. ‘I esteem it a greater grace,’ she wrote, ‘to pass one day in humble obedience, putting forth sighs to God from a contrite and afflicted heart, than to spend days in prayer. . . . Lengthy prayers will not raise a soul when it is called rather to obedience.’ And again: ‘I cannot ask of our Lord, or even desire, rest, because I see that He lived altogether in labours, which I beseech Him to give me likewise, bestowing upon me, first, grace to sustain them.’ And, finally: ‘I have learned this by experience, that the true remedy against falling is to lean on the Cross, and to trust in Him who was fastened thereto.’

V

MADRID

IN point of actual distance, Avila is some twenty leagues from Madrid ; in point of time, three hours ; in life, a century. It is the strangest possible transformation, bringing with it at once a sense of confusion and of home-coming, to pass from the sluggish, unlovely ways of the former—rendered still sluggish and unlovely by the persistent lingering of the olden time, with all its work—into the brilliant, eager, modern life of the capital. And, inasmuch as one speedily loses the sense of being dazzled and confused, the remainder of home-coming is pleasant.

Altogether, Madrid must be pronounced a badly used place. It is infinitely better than its reputation. It is a city *à rire* in some ways, a ridiculous city, ridiculously placed, to suit the gross selfishness of a gouty monarch. It is a city of the most absurd contrasts. Its inhabitants are apparently so full of business that they have to turn night into day—the city never sleeps, and never stays its chatter—and yet no one seems to work, and the business arrangements would disgrace a Tartar village. The Madrileño is splendidly tender-hearted in his domestic relations, and yet has no family life. He is intensely religious and intensely patriotic, and yet the prevailing notes struck in *café*, in *cercle*, on promenade, in private life, are mistrustfulness of Church and State, and bad

citizenship. Traces and traditions and treasures of art abound on every side, and yet of all Europe's centres Madrid is surely the least influenced by the spirit of beauty and design. Luxury and display are almost oppressive in their ostentation, and yet there is a minimum of comfort for the traveller, and an English Queen looks out upon gaping ruts in the road leading past her palace.

It is the capital in transition of a country in transition, and as such it must be regarded; for in Madrid, as in no other European metropolis, the life-blood of the country beats to its truest pulse. To appreciate it one must always be looking back over Spanish history and one's own experiences of twenty or thirty years, and noting how things are changed for the better. And, after all, if a brilliant life, propped up by all the thousand and one artificial aids which brilliant life nowadays requires; if fine promenades, drives, streets, shops, houses, and crowds of well-dressed pleasure-seekers, are allowed their current value, there is a vast amount here to entertain and interest one.

There is not much of value for the mere student of art or ancient record, but there is always the glorious Prado picture-gallery, and there is the *Armeria*, and there is the admirable *Biblioteca Nacional*—three things each unique in its kind. In the Museo we have a real home—a home of art. It is all in such deliciously small compass, all so well ordered, nearly all so good, so free from jar, from disappointment, from weariness. One has not to walk miles before coming to favourite spots, or to stare over acres of unresponsive canvas before lighting upon familiar faces, or to command one's temper against officialism and jostling. All is in a few spacious rooms, but that by exclusion of the bad rather than through poverty.

The excellence, too, is so refreshingly its own—of Spain, Spanish—beyond even the somewhat similar excellency of our National Gallery. We may approach the collection, reckoning, perhaps, that there is no due representation of the early Italian and German schools, and under the impression that we have abundantly studied Velasquez and Murillo elsewhere. But all sense of lacking, even as all commonplace resting in former experiences, will be delightfully lost in the wonderful revelation of what the real Velasquez was, of a fresh power in Murillo—a fresh Murillo *sense*, so to speak—and of a whole host of hitherto unknown and yet veritable masters, from sixteenth-century Antonio Moro, Coello, and Pantoja de la Cruz, through Pacheco, Ribera (with, after all, his only too lifelike representations of what the old days and the old saints were), Zúbaran and Alonso Cano, down to Valdés Leal, and the Goya and Lopez of but a generation ago.

Above all, that astonishing revelation—apparition—of Velasquez. The idea usually afloat about him is that he was a man who painted a few stiff, gloomy figures, dressed in stiff, gloomy costumes, in a stiff, gloomy style. But here he comes before us as *facile princeps* in nearly every walk, not just in portrait-painting, but in character and animal studies, in landscape, in historical subjects, trying all, and doing all well. His portraits, of course, all the world knows something of, without, however, in the least realizing how accurately and powerfully he reproduced the men and women among whom he lived. But who, being a stranger here, is prepared for his wonderful studies of character—his *El Primo*, *El Niño de Vallecas*, *El Bobo de Coria*, or *Don Sebastian de Mora*? Or yet the power of composition, the brilliancy, the clever gradation of tone in light and shadow, the masterly delineation of accessories in *Las Meninas*, *Los Borrachos*, *La Rendicion*



Braun Clément, & Cie

LA RENDICION DE BREDA (page 72)

de Breda, Las Hilanderas, or the Vista de la Calle de la Reina en Aranjuez?

One cannot help regretting keenly that this greatest of Spanish artists, so many-sided in his powers, led so busy a life—fortunate courtier as he was!—that he had but short hours left for his work, and often failed to finish what he had begun. For he would never have palled upon one, as Rubens and Murillo do. It is a heretical species of comfort—nevertheless a comfort—to be called upon to face in the Madrid Museo only some twenty-five particularly fleshy studies of Rubens. And even these are not set up in the usual nauseating stream, but are broken up by glorious Tizianos, Tintoretto's, Raphaels, Guidos, and Paul Veroneses, to say nothing of Murillo, who appeals to us here in a refreshingly new light. There is not a solitary example of his impossibly sinless and confiding beggar boys. He stands forth in his Virgins, Conceptions, Saints, and Crucifixions as the great religious painter that he essentially was, devout in purpose and idea, tender and skilled in execution.

It is often asserted that Murillo can be appreciated only in Sevilla, his native city, and it is an assertion that leads to a good deal of disappointment. His *Caridad* and Museo pictures in Sevilla are certainly very grand; but surely he himself would be content to be judged by his two great *Conceptions*, his *Adoration of the Shepherds*, his *Niños de la Concha*, his *Virgen del Rosario*, or the *Tiñoso* (St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, healing the lepers) and *Dream of the Roman Patrician* lately brought here, to the Prado Gallery, from the Academia de San Fernando. These all show, as well as can be shown, both Murillo's perfections and shortcomings: his sunshiny luminosity, lacking depth; his slavery to, not quite mastery of, colour; his pretty conceptions of characters,

divine and human, which he lacked power either to raise to heaven or to make incarnate.

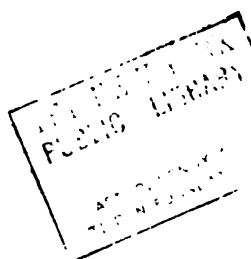
After numberless vicissitudes, the Museo has been finally settled in plan of distribution, and a very admirable plan it is. On entering, to the left lie the best Titians, Raphaels, etc. ; to the right, Tintoretos, Rembrandts, and some more Titians. The great central gallery is entirely given over to the Spanish school : first, the work of some of the successors of the great men—Juanes, etc. ; then some unimportant works of Murillo and Velasquez ; and, at the far end, some splendid Goyas, notably his *Majas*. The finest masterpieces of Velasquez are hung in a special 'Velasquez' *sala*, opening out midway on the left, with an inner room for the *Meninas* ; the finest Murillos (*El Tiñoso* among them) are in a round chamber at the end of the long gallery, with the Ribera *sala* behind. The Rubens and Titians, for which one does not much care here, are relegated to a set of rooms above the Dutch and German *salas*, while there is a separate Goya room at the foot of the stairs leading to the sculpture. The whole ordering has been carried out in a way to bring the special values of the collection under our readiest possible notice.

In order to appreciate the fidelity and beauty of some of the exquisite detail painting in the Prado, notably in Velasquez's historical pictures, a visit—and more than one visit—should be paid concurrently to the Armeria Real, close by the royal palace, and a remnant, perhaps, of the old Alcázar. We shall find here the very finest collection of armour in the world—a collection that is not only an epitome of the history and science of attack and defence, but is full, likewise, of touching record and suggestion. So much so, indeed, that, although we may come here simply as lovers of the curious—the ordinary tourist—or as amateurs of armour, or intent upon



F. Frith & Co.

THE ROYAL PALACE



searching out and comparing the particular panoplies represented with such wonderful effect by the great Spanish painter, all such ideas will merge into speculations and reminiscences concerning the terrible past that rises up in the grimdest seeming of reality as soon as the threshold of this hall of the dead is crossed—a past which engulfs the best and the worst that Spain has been or has done for well over a thousand years. To what figures in history does the wand of our fancy point? They are all here. Here is Charles V., most iron-hearted of warriors, in the very suit of mail which he wore at the Battle of Muhlberg, when he was so worn by years and sickness that he had to be lifted upon his horse. Here are his camp utensils—no very luxurious array!—and here the litter in which, finally, he had to be carried. Here, too, close at hand, is Elector John, of Saxony, his prisoner upon this same field of Muhlberg; and here the tools and habits of his wonderful son, Felipe Segundo, whose stamp is on the Spanish people to this day, and whose image and working overshadow and direct their ways beyond those of any other ruler. Here are Don Jaimé, El Conquistador, Christopher Columbus, Pizarro, Isabel la Católica—the ‘gentle’ Isabel—Don Pedro el Cruel, Fernan Cortes, Guzman El Bueno, ‘El Gran Capitan,’ and the ill-fated Rey Chico. It is a great and strange host. Here are their children, too—or themselves when children—clad in childish armour; and their swords—a most wonderful array!—distinguished by pet names and phrases: ‘Jesus, María,’ ‘La Colada,’ ‘Tanto Monta,’ the ‘Perillo,’ ‘Nunca veo paz conmigo.’

By a happy arrangement, carried out in 1906, the main parts of this wonderful collection are arranged chronologically, beginning on the left hand on entering, for the wall space, and immediately on the right for the central tables and cases. It is well to time our visits

for eleven o'clock (the Armeria is open only from ten o'clock till noon), so as to assist at the picturesque 'changing of the guard' which takes place just outside the building at half-past ten every day.

After the Armeria, taken, then, in connexion with the Prado Gallery, and as carefully as may be, the most worthy point of interest in Madrid is the splendid 'palace' de la Biblioteca, in the Recoletos, wherein are housed (a) the National Library and archives, (b) the Archæological Museum, (c) the Natural History Museum, (d) the National Collection of Modern Paintings. Of these the Museo Arqueológico, entered from the Calle de Serrano, is far and away the most important.

The entrance is free; but it saves both time and patience to give a small fee to the attendant in each section, and avail oneself of his really valuable and courteous assistance. From the interminable array of treasures here displayed it is difficult to single out the objects of main value and interest. Perhaps the Oriental, Egyptian, and Coptic antiquities, with the later Greek and Roman remains in Rooms II. to V. in the North Wing, and the Early Christian and Moorish objects in the first two rooms and the 'south court' of the South Wing, deserve the chief place; but all the later work—the porcelains from the Buen Retiro and Moncloa, for instance, or the seventeenth-century tapestries in Rooms IV. to VI. of the South Wing—has a special historical value from the Spanish point of view.

The library, entered from the Paseo, originally founded by Philip V. in 1744, and necessitating removal to its present palatial domicile when the Duke of Osuna's splendid manuscripts, etc., were purchased in 1886, is chiefly notable for its Spanish work. The deserted appearance of its noble reading-room offers a significant comment upon the scientific, literary, and intellectual

status of Spain's chief city and centre of enlightenment. The Archivo Nacional, too, need not detain us long.

Much better than these is the Ethnographical Museum, housed above the Museo Arqueológico. Its unique value, as we might suppose, lies in its following the course of Spanish conquest and exploration. The Aztec, Peruvian, Columbian, Patagonian, and Malayan curiosities and relics are vastly interesting; as also are the 200,000 objects in Rooms X. and XI.—gems, cameos, coins—brought hither from the old Museo Arqueológico.

Yet one more careful visit should be paid in this real 'palace.' On the first floor of the library portion of the building, facing, and entered, therefore, from the Recoletos, there may be seen a valuable collection of modern paintings and sculpture (*Museo de Arte Moderno*), especially interesting when one has steeped oneself in the older work of the Prado. The Spanish painting of the day suffers terribly from lack of patience and skill in elementary training, and from overleaping ambition, and, generally speaking, like Spanish music, may be passed by. But there have been giants even in these latter days, and the work of men like F. Madrazo, Vicente Lopez, Mercadé, F. Pradilla, F. Domingo, A. B. Gil—to take only a few examples—will here be found worthy to rank with contemporary art in Paris, Berlin, or London.

There is little else to be seen in Madrid, save, perhaps, the royal palace, stables, and coach-houses, to be easily visited by a *papeleta* procurable in the 'Intendencia General de la Real Casa y Patrimonio' at the north-east angle of the plaza whereon stands the Armeria. Madrid is without a cathedral, whereas Zaragoza, Cadiz, and Salamanca can boast of two apiece. A splendid pile, Nuestra Señora de la Almudena, with a Romanesque basement and Gothic superstructure, excellent alike in plan and detail, if one may trust the model in view hard

by, in the Bishop's palace, is in course of erection, opposite the south façade of the royal palace; but the next generation will not see the roof on at the present rate of construction, even if the whole work be not abandoned, owing to difficulties, financial and otherwise. The vast rotunda, San Francisco el Grande, where the royal marriage was solemnized in 1906, does duty, *en attendant*, as a cathedral, but it does not call for a visit so much as the 'Atocha' church, close by the Zaragoza railway-station. This has for many generations been bound up with the traditions and functions of royalty, and is still the scene of much pomp and pageantry. Atocha = Nuestra Señora de Atocha = perhaps, Theotoca, from the *θεότοκος* on the base of the image of the Blessed Virgin carved by St. Luke (?) which is here venerated, perhaps Antiochia, from whence the image was brought. One of the chief interests in the modern church, however—restored at the close of last century—consists in its possession of some notable tombs and monuments. The bones of the original founder—Hurtado de Mendoza, Charles V.'s confessor—lie here; and there are really fine monuments to three men who played a prominent part in the sanguinary and not very creditable party struggles which formed a second Thirty Years' War, from 1850 onwards—Generals Concha, the Gambler, Prim, the King-maker, and Narvaez, who could declare at his end, with some truth, that he had no enemies, because he had shot them all.

As many mornings, then, as can be spared for the Prado Museo, the Armeria, and the Biblioteca Palace; as many strolls as may be through the Puerta del Sol, along the Alcalá, in the Park, and the Salon del Prado—where, by the way, let us do homage at the 'Dos de Mayo' obelisk, erected in memory of the detestable Murat massacre of 1808, which, in its consequences, ought to

have cemented a lasting friendship between England and Spain ; a peep into the Atocha, into the budding cathedral, and San Francisco El Grande ; and then—the resources of Madrid are at an end.

Unless fancy or a sense of duty—of conscientious effort to understand national characteristics—take one to a bull-fight. Andalusia is popularly supposed to be the head-quarters of the gentle craft of tauromachy ; but a promising *corrida* in Madrid, with all its royal and representative accompaniments, is not to be neglected, if it come opportunely in the way. And it may be noted that some of the finest *toros* in the country are bred on the 'farm' of the Duca de Veraguas, near Toledo. The fights nominally take place only between Easter and October, but any excuse is snatched at during the 'off' months to sanction the coveted amusement. Nor will any amount of cutting north-easter be enough to prevent every place being taken, even when a *boletín de sombra*—a ticket for a place in the shade—is not to be particularly sought for.

It is a memorable experience—the streams of eager, even excited folk all making their way to one place, stirred, as naught but the prospect of blood can stir them, and the surging of the ever-increasing wave around the walls and barriers of the grim, cruel-looking charnel-house. And then to stand and look down upon the seething crowd of some 14,000 souls around and beneath one's *palco*, all so keenly of one mind and desire, from the exquisitely dressed dames and their cavaliers of the upper rows of boxes, away down to the sloping rows of benches set apart for those who will, perhaps, have had to pawn a shirt to be here, and to the outer fringe of real *aficionados*, who love to be close to the scene of action.

'Seething' is the only word that describes the normal condition of a Spanish crowd, for, however many-headed it may be, there is none of the British boiling over. One

reason for this is not far to seek : the crowd is, technically, a sober one. If such a scene as this were taking place at home, it would be easy, from almost any standpoint, to pick out drunken heroes, with a little surrounding of comrades, in a courageous state of defiance of law and order. The Spaniard, on the other hand, drinks but little; and when he does drink, he 'droons the miller' so effectually that he would not be *en évidence*. So there is none of the rough horseplay of an English crowd-in-waiting, a few harmless flights of fancy, of an Oxford Commemoration order, being sufficient outlet for exuberant spirits. Perhaps a lady inadvertently permits a gloved hand to appear over the edge of a *palco*. Immediately some watchful individual below raises the cry, which swells into a mild roar, and refuses to be hushed until the señorita takes off the coveted adornment, and tosses it, with its fellow, to the forest of outstretched hands beneath. There is a few moments' scuffle; a few unfortunates realize that they are not made of india-rubber, and the temporary excitement dies out. Or our old acquaintance with the white coat makes his appearance, and is greeted with demonstrations of wrath and personal hatred which irresistibly recall the day of the undergraduate to one's mind. But with all these little episodes, the order and patience of the huge assembly are wonderful, as it awaits the longed-for advent of the appointed hour.

But the President has entered his *palco* at last, and, with a punctuality which is observed only when it is of no particular consequence, the signal is given, and forth sallies the *cuadrilla*—the group of bull-baiters, if one may so style them. Apart from a certain not-to-be-got-rid-of feeling of tawdriness, this opening ceremony is pretty, and fairly effective. The procession is headed by two *caballeros*, solemn-looking individuals in black velvet,

bestriding black steeds, and calling to mind irresistibly the ghost-scene in *Don Giovanni*. Then come the two *espadas*, the real heroes of the day, in yellow and violet, gold and green, or whatever their pet colours may be ; after them, half a dozen *picadors*, with round felt hats, short cloaks, and long leathern leggings plated with steel ; then eight *banderilleros*—with the *sobre-saliente* and *punterillero*—sporting bright silk sashes, short breeches, and variously coloured hose ; finally, four or five attendants, leading the horses which are to drag off the carcasses from the arena, and which are all bedecked with plumes and rich trappings.

The procession moves slowly across the ring, salutes the president, and breaks up. The *espadas* retire ; the *picadors* indulge in a preliminary canter, or already begin to take up their positions at various points of the barrier ; the *banderilleros* go in quest of their red cloths and other paraphernalia, and the horses are led away through the *picadors'* entrance. The two *caballeros*, or *alguaciles*, are left behind. Again they salute the president, who throws down the key of the bulls' den, the *toril* ; and in a few moments the first animal dashes into the arena. The business has begun.

For some minutes the huge beast appears bewildered, and rushes aimlessly here and there, scattering his tormentors in every direction, and making them vault the barrier with a precipitancy that no knowledge of the advisability of the action can rob of its comicality. He then makes for some one of the *picadors*, who, with blindfolded horses, have been all this time awaiting the onslaught, or engaged in the difficult task of putting a little life into their wretched steeds. The bull comes on with lowered head, and the *picador* endeavours, with his long pike, to turn his assailant aside. Perhaps he succeeds, inflicting a wound as the bull grazes past that sends the

blood streaming down the poor brute's side. But the next picador is not so fortunate, or not so skilful, and the bull gets to close quarters, his horn into the horse's flank. There is a peculiar little digging operation, a momentary upheaval, and down go both horse and man, to all appearance *hors de combat*. The shouts of the excited spectators testify that this is a critical moment. The flying squadron of *chulos*—skirmishers, with red flags—who have been hovering around the principal combatants, close in, and draw off the bull, as he stands for one brief moment embarrassed by his own work of destruction, and the attendants rush to the rescue of the fallen picador. As he lies perfectly still, the uninitiated onlooker conceives that he has fallen underneath his horse, and is crushed. But no; in nine times out of ten he manages to extricate himself even as he is falling, but is so encumbered by his heavy accoutrements that he cannot rise unassisted. There is a special Providence, apparently, for picadors, as for drunken folk and children. The poor horse is in infinitely worse plight. Not much Providence for him, or much care! If he can be made, by any method of coercion or persuasion, to stand upright, no motives of humanity, or even decency, forbid his being once more pressed into so-called active service. The whole of this part of the *corrida* is inexpressibly revolting, as many as six or eight horses often being slaughtered by a single bull.

But all the picadors have had their turn, or perhaps it is intimated that the popular thirst for blood has been satiated for a while. The president gives the signal, and the picadors retire. The banderilleros now come forward. Their play consists in sticking into the broad shoulders of the bull three or four pairs of ornamented darts—*banderillas*—about two feet long, of curious device and fashion, and often of considerable value. In this opera-

tion great skill, agility, and daring are required, and the play is really very pretty. The banderillero to whose turn it comes to put in his pair of darts stands in front of the bull, and raises his arms as high as possible—'defying' the foe, as it is called. Then he walks slowly and warily forward; the bull makes a little rush, and the man, swerving slightly to one side, pins in his banderillas simultaneously. If both go well home, there is a merited burst of applause, in which it is difficult to help joining; if there be any bungling, and especially if the man lose his nerve, or show any sign of shirking the bull's attack, he is unmercifully hooted. As the banderilleros warm to their work, and are roused by the excitement of the people, they vie with one another in feats of agility and coolness. One perhaps awaits the bull seated calmly in a chair, banderillas in hand, jumping up lightly as the horns of the bull seem to be on him, and manipulating his darts in an unerring way that appears impossible. Another, judging his distances with wonderful nicety, will leap clean over the bull's lowered head. A third will seize hold of the lashing tail, swing himself along the brute's side, and plant himself for one moment right between the curved horns.

Nor is the agility always on one side. Not infrequently a bull will leap the barrier, to the mixed dismay and disgust of the fringe of attendants and *aficionados* lining the passage. They flee in all directions, mostly jumping over into the arena, because they know that the passageway is too narrow to allow their enemy to turn round and follow them. He is simply caged, and has no choice but to trot ponderously round till he comes to a cleverly contrived door, which, swinging back, at once stops his onward progress and turns him back into the ring, followed by the jeers and hootings of the crowd.

But even in this, the only pleasing part of the perform-

ance, there must crop up the never really satisfied cruelty of this people. There is a cry of '*Fuego ! Fuego !*' and the banderilleros are forthwith provided with firework banderillas—half-squib, half-cracker—which, hissing and exploding in the poor beast's side, certainly spell the *ne plus ultra* of fiendishness.

Once more the welcome signal sounds, and the arena is cleared for the entrance upon the scene of the chief espada, who is greeted with frantic applause. To him belongs the *finale*. Armed with a short Toledan blade and a red cloth, he walks forward to the bull with all the indefinite, finely strung action of a practised athlete or fencer. A curious and most impressive hush falls upon the hitherto raging multitude, now intent as one thought upon watching every movement of the great man. He knows his *clientèle* too well to proceed hurriedly to extremities. First, he must play his victim in all approved fashion. By this time the bull is becoming exhausted, and its movements are evidently laboured. Still, it makes head against its enemy who, aided by his band of satellites, resorts to every method of irritation and punishment. Presently he stops short within two or three feet of, and face to face with, the seemingly fascinated animal. Every nerve of the man's body quivers with the absolute constraint and concentrated action that hold him ; and then, in a moment, the sword is buried deep in the brute's neck between the shoulders. The position well chosen, the arm skilful and strong—a happy combination not always obtained—and the one blow finishes the spectacle. The bull staggers, crushes down on its knees, and falls heavily to the ground. The espada, leaving to an attendant the task of administering a *coup de grâce*, if necessary, turns on his heel, and walks composedly towards the president's box, greeted with deafening cheers, and rewarded, among a shower of other and more costly tributes,

with a bouquet of flowers. It is a most strange conjunction. That butchery, those flowers !

Now the band strikes up ; the horses are brought in, harnessed to the carcasses that lie upon the arena, and driven off at a gallop ; the sand is raked over the streams and little pools of blood ; much-needed watering-carts make their appearance, to lay the dust, and all is ready for bull number two. Six animals form the usual programme, but a seventh, a *toro de gracia*, is generally added. The fourth and fifth are commonly the best, the fiercest and strongest, affording the most diversion, and giving the most trouble.

It is intensely difficult, even when one tries to look at the matter from a Spanish point of view, divesting oneself as far as possible of insular sentiment and prejudice, to see what valid defence of bull-fighting can be set up. The brutal horrors of portions of the scene defy description, while the degrading immorality of the whole is patent throughout. And there is, after all, surprisingly little that is brave, or even clever. Indeed, prepared beforehand for the natural feelings of disgust that one knows will be aroused, the predominant sensation is one of disappointment. There is not much even in the gorgeousness of the display, for where ornament is used it is laid on with a too unsparing hand, and there is a descent into tawdriness which is quite painful. Then the horses are about as far removed from the ' noble steeds ' that one connects with the idea of Spain as possible : they are taken from the knacker's yard ; while the arrangements for ensuring the safety of the principal performers are so carefully studied that even the excitement of danger, or of witnessing a fair fight, is reduced to a minimum, being chiefly aroused by the always imminent horror of the picadors falling beneath their horses, and being crushed. Besides the play of the banderilleros,

and the magnificent *sang-froid* of the espadas, the only really admirable element of the whole is the skill with which the bulls are drawn away to any part that their tormentors wish, and by this means the readiness with which a comrade is relieved when he is hard pressed.

It is a pleasure to be able to note that, while the bull-fight retains its hold upon the masses, while new plazas are being erected in all directions, and while the newspapers chronicle the doings of the espadas as of the upper ten, the diversion is steadily losing the favour of the fair sex. The average Spanish woman now lifts up her voice against it, and in several plazas—Barcelona, for instance—she is only conspicuous by her absence. In this direction an English Queen will surely do much.

VI

SEGOVIA

It is a roundabout way, of course, to come to Segovia *via* Avila and Madrid. The usual plan is to go straight through to Madrid by express train or *rapide*, taking Segovia, and perhaps La Granja, *en route*. As a matter of everyday experience, however, this means that the traveller is tempted to eliminate Avila from his programme; and inasmuch as Avila is one of the worthiest spots in Spain, on account of its monuments and historical interests, the excision is a foolish one. The better plan is to make the capital a sort of head-quarters, making a little circuit of the outlying places—Segovia, La Granja, El Escorial, Toledo, Cuenca—from this our base, in a leisurely manner, and with the least possible *impedimenta*. There is delightful freedom and independence in having nothing but a small valise to look after.

Speaking more generally, the *trenes de lujo* by which we now rush from end to end of the country have many advantages. They save time, they save worries, they save innumerable discomforts—although their crowded state is a perpetual discomfort. But they have done away with *Prowling*—with a big ‘P’; and the ‘prowling’ attendant upon the old horse-mule-diligence-*tren omnibus-tren mixto* days was a wonderfully blessed thing: it was so full of pleasant surprises. After a dreary

journey over a dead country, the traveller would approach some destined and dreary-looking town in the chill expectation of finding nothing but an experience as barren and hard as his surroundings, and instead thereof there would await him cheeriness and hospitality and good companionship, with pleasant shade and greenery, and the refreshing of a busy, laughing life.

So, in search of records and products of art, one would turn aside, perhaps, to prowling round some ruinous-looking collection of mud hovels, or the even greater hopelessness of a gaudily decorated, latter-day church. And, lo and behold ! there would rise up unlooked-for—so all the more welcome—apparitions of good old work such as degenerate times have unfitted their children for, some lovely picture, image, doorway, or monument.

So again—even more so—in the matter of scenery. (But few folk to-day credit Spain with fine scenery.) Who, judging from immediately foregoing experiences, would expect the Urola district, the splendid Pancorbo or Hoyo Gorges, or the Alpine Nava Cerrada—the road that rather separates La Granja and Segovia from the rest of the world than leads thereto ?

All this is *à propos* of the Nava Cerrada, a bit of scenery hardly ever visited now, when the train whisks the traveller underneath it, but worth the drive from Villalba, if we are not in a hurry to get to Segovia. It is in the most wonderful contrast with all that one regards as the inevitable surroundings of Madrid, and, indeed, with the whole plain of Castile. There is some intimation of what is in store, certainly, when from afar—we may catch a glimpse of it even from the royal terraces in Madrid—the Guadarrama range looms into sight ; but the carriage will crawl so slowly, first along the mile or two of flat road leading out of Villalba, and then up the bare, inhospitable slopes of rugged hill-side, that we may

be forgiven for imagining that we have embarked upon a foolish and fruitless enterprise.

And then, as the summit of the Nava is touched, the whole scene changes as by magic. On the right rises the magnificent Peñalara, 8,500 feet; on the left a chain of pine-clad mountains, even grander, in their long sweep, than the Peñalara; in front the road is literally engulfed in the dark woods that lie out like a sea, as far as the eye can reach. Nor is it a momentary vision. All the way down to La Granja the road, with its *Siete Vueltas*—a noble piece of engineering—is indescribably beautiful; and if the six miles between La Granja and Segovia are flat and comparatively uninteresting, they come as a pleasant soothing after the strain alike to body and mind of the downward rush from the Puerto.

Segovia, approached in this way, is one of the few Spanish cities that look their best at a distance. After that dull hour from La Granja, through a country from which everything save repose seems fitting away eastwards, a corner is suddenly turned, and there comes into sight, first a rocky gorge, spanned by Trajan's aerial, fairy-like aqueduct; then the city itself, crouching upon a great ridge, with a fringe of crumbling grey wall and battlemented tower; and all this, again, in a setting of green trees and the rich Eresma vale. The entrance to the town, too, is very impressive:—the drive right under the huge aqueduct, with the accompanying thought of how it has lived and laboured here—so to speak—for fifteen hundred years, and looks as if it could live and bear its burden of a city's life for another fifteen hundred. And then comes the ascent of a picturesque street that winds up, under archway and nodding roof, past plazas lying red in the afternoon glow, and ancient houses with wonderful façades and windows, into the Plaza Mayor that crowns the hill, and is itself crowned

by the grim mass of the cathedral, striding across its whole western extremity.

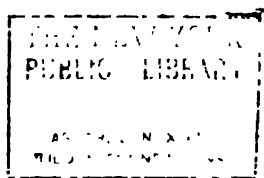
In the morning light, when one sets seriously about sightseeing, it must be confessed that a good deal of the overnight gilding disappears. Segovia has been looked at in its best—its better than best—and now begins to take the inevitable 'lower place.' Fine bits there are, indeed, in the narrow valleys that embrace the city upon either side, about the Alcázar, and here and there among the clusters of interesting buildings. But the valleys are quickly gone over, and the promising-looking buildings are so defaced by time, or—more surely—by poor modernization, that the predominant feelings they inspire are those of sorrow. Then that standard of creature comfort by which we, perhaps insensibly, rule and measure so much of our appreciation of the good and beautiful, is at a very low point in Segovia; while there is a gruesome squalor to be faced, and a gruesome street life, which do not tend to soften prejudices into forbearance and sympathy.

Nevertheless, for the antiquary or the ecclesiologist there is here abundant repayment for all of fatigue and loss of comfort which may have to be submitted to. The first impulse will be to do homage to the oft-described 'Puente del Diablo,' a foremost member of that large family to which his Satanic majesty stands sponsor, built by himself, in fact, in order to find favour in the eyes of a fair Segovian maiden, and paid for with characteristic womanly requiting. It is, beyond all questioning, a magnificent piece of workmanship, with its tier above tier of finely-pitched arches of granite blocks, set without cement or lime, and possessed, apparently, of the secret of perpetual youth. And yet, divesting one's judgment of all sentimental bias—such as the pleasantly good state of repair, the picturesqueness and



Segovia

SEGOVIA'S BATTLEMENTS



withal subordination of the surrounding scenery, or the meanness of the hovels that cluster round it, and help enormously to set it off—it must be conceded that this bridge is inferior to the noble aqueducts of the Pont du Gard, Tarragona, or Alcántara, lacking something of the grand proportions, solidity, and simplicity which make these so supremely satisfying.

Before, however, going so far afield as the Puente, there is the cathedral, in the Plaza itself, specially interesting as being one of the latest Gothic erections of the country, and well deserving of study for its own sake.

In many respects a manifest reproduction of the Catedral Nueva at Salamanca, and by the same architect, this great church is in every way superior to its prototype. It may have been that here Gil de Hontañón was not tied and bound by other folks' plans, or that, after ten or twelve years' deeper study of the new Renaissance style, he had convinced himself that the old paths were better. Be that as it may, we have the same pure Gothic lines and dignified proportions which we have noted at Salamanca, without the trumpery decoration and laboured elaboration of the earlier essay. We have, moreover, a very good chevet, in place of the bald, square, eastern termination which, at Salamanca, effectually spoils the vista down the nave and aisles, with just enough of fair stained glass to enrich and solemnize the whole. Defects there are, of course—defects incident to the period when the church was built, and bad work perpetrated by some would-be improvers 150 years ago; but, upon the whole, and approaching it with no very exalted ideas of early sixteenth-century ways, Segovia Cathedral is very satisfying, and leaves one with wholesomely pleasant memories.

The cloisters formed part of an original foundation which stood near the Alcázar; but they harmonize

wonderfully well with the newer work upon which they have been grafted. Indeed, it would be difficult to say with what they would *not* go well, so pretty and graceful are they ; lofty, too, with plain quadripartite groining, and lit by great pointed windows of eight lights, with nice tracery in the heads. There are two or three monumental stones here not to be passed by carelessly. First, just at the entrance from the south aisle of the church, there is the tomb of Juan Gil de Hontañon himself, the architect of the cathedral—dying, however, when the work was only well begun—and the master-mind that, with all its erring, did noble things in divers other places. Not far from this is the resting-place of the little Don Pedro, son of Henry II., who was killed by a fall from one of the windows of the neighbouring Alcázar. And then, just at the north angle of the cloister, there is about the most curious, most charitable posthumous record to be found, surely, anywhere, quaintly simple and faithful in workmanship and inspiration. Rather high up on the wall there is a rude picture, which is only decipherable after a process of careful study, aided by some previous knowledge of the event set forth ; and below there is written :

Aqui está sepultada la debota
 Mari Saltos con quien Dios obró
 Este milagro en la Fonziala
 Fijó en vida en la otra iglesia acabó sus
 Dias Como Católica Christiana Año de 1287.

The terseness of 'la otra iglesia,' and, indeed, of the record of an eventful life, is simply delicious. 'Este milagro,' which God worked, refers, of course, to the rough design above.

This Maria del Salto, Maria of the Leap, was a Jewess, and, it is to be feared, a terrible sinner. At any rate, there were a great many credulous people, some 700 years

ago, who ranked her as such—perhaps all the more readily because of her race—and they proceeded to the extremity of throwing her down from the great cliff overlooking the Eresma, the ordained Tarpeian rock of Segovia. Fortunately for her, however—but the point goes far to confirm the imputation of a light character—Maria was not true to her faith, for, as she was being pushed over, she appealed, not to the God of her fathers, but to the more placable Blessed Virgin, who promptly made her visible appearance, and, accompanying her newly-found daughter in her dreadful tumble, landed her unhurt upon the stones below. So Maria became a Christian, and a *devota* to boot. And when they finished their glorious new cathedral, towards the close of the sixteenth century, they gave her the honour of a great re-interment in the cloister; and to this day she commands a wondrous amount of reverence—nay, absolute worship—in the chapel down by the stream which marks the scene of the miracle.

It will be a pleasant walk, a pleasant change, too, after poring over the exacting details of the cathedral, to follow up for a little the steps of the penitent Maria. It will take us at once through some of the most charming scenery of which the old city can boast, and some of its most interesting records. Let us leave the cathedral by the great western door, turning for a moment to glance at the miserably bald façade and the poor Renaissance work of most of the exterior. The winding street on the right hand will take us through the pretty Alfonso Plaza, past the old church of San Andrés, with its fine porch and portal, and eventually into the great tree-planted space that forms the tip of the strange tongue of rock upon which Segovia crouches.

What magnificent views, north and south, over green valley, rushing water, and outlying, brown vega! Yet

one hardly cares to stay and appreciate them, for there is something at hand of even greater interest. Cutting off the tongue's tip on the west, yet separated from it by a deep natural moat, there rises up the splendid line of the Alcázar, the old Alcazaba, which has been quite happily restored, and thus rescued from the ruin and devastation which had fallen upon it.

It is the fashion of writers upon Spain to pass over this typical old Castilian palace—half palace, half fortress—with some mere mention of a “shell” or “a piece of crumbling wall,” not taking the trouble to find out what it really is. Even if it were a shell, it would be entirely worth visiting; but the fact is that there is not only a complete and beautiful exterior, but also a mine of loveliness and interest within, amply repaying an hour's study. First, there is the grandly solemn façade, with its quaint, corbelled-out turrets and window canopies, its despising of all uniformity and regularity, and yet, somehow, its perfect harmony of line and proportion; its rugged moat, and delicate, lace-like diapering of plaster decoration. Immediately behind, as we cross the bridge, and enter below the keep, is the great two-storied patio, with salas opening out on either side, and, at the far end, the massive principal staircase. The upper portions of the palace were wantonly destroyed about fifty years ago, but from the lower apartments one can get an excellent notion of the original plan of the old castle, and repeople it with the life and figures of the past. The Sala del Trono is perhaps the finest room, measuring 105 feet, or thereabouts, by 30, with a delicate *renacimiento* frieze, and, on the patio side, pretty, round-headed, two-light windows. From the balconies of the north wall, as from all the windows upon this side of the castle, the most superb views are obtainable—first, over the sheer descent of some 200 feet into the valley, then over the

Eresma as it hurries on to its meeting with the quaintly-named Clamores, and away across the green belt of trees up to the rocky hill-side, and the great plain that stretches away into the blue distance.

Westward of the Sala del Trono lies the Sala de los Reyes, from one of the windows of which the unfortunate little Pedro, Henry II.'s son, whose tomb is in the cathedral cloister, was let fall by his attendant, and dashed to pieces upon the rocks below. Next comes the Sala del Cordon, with its rope of St. Francis, put up, it may be, to mark the judgment that fell from heaven upon Alonso el Sabio, when he was rash enough to express unsound views upon the subject of the sun's revolution round the earth.

And so we may go on, through room after room, through the chapel, with its delicate groining, up bewildering numbers of staircases and turrets, finally up over the great keep, getting from every point ravishing panoramas of the surrounding country, and coming everywhere upon delicate bits of work and quaint memorials of bygone days. It would be better not to come to Segovia at all than, coming, to miss its old Alcázar.

It is a steepish bit of road from here, passing through the ancient Puerta Castellana, down into the Eresma valley, but it should not be shirked. Almost at the foot of the hill, taking the road for a few hundred yards westwards, we come upon the waters' meet, the junction of the Eresma and Clamores, the noise of which will have been in our ears for some time past. Then, returning eastwards, we may look at some records of our frail and volatile Jewess—a tiny chapel, where we may see, behind an appalling *reja*, an image of the saviour Virgin, the cypress that grew upon the spot where the aerial flight came to so happy an end, and, looking upwards, the great beetling crag that is called to this day, from the

horrid following of birds of prey that used to circle round it, 'La Peña Grajera' (Vultures' Cliff). A few minutes' walk along the road brings us to a cross *carretera* leading up the rocky slope to the left. This we must follow, both for the sake of examining the wonderful old Vera Cruz—a very early thirteenth-century Templars' church, built by Honorius II., in imitation of the Holy Sepulchre—and of obtaining an imposing view of the grand Alcázar that frowns down from the crest of the opposite hill.

To get into La Vera Cruz is not always easy ; but even if we have to bother the architect of the Ayuntamiento for the key, we shall be well repaid. With its curious twelve-sided nave and inner chamber of two stories—the upper one a chapel, the lower the supposed sepulchre—its fine and consistent Romanesque work, and the clever way in which an ambitious and original idea is treated, this old Templars' sanctuary is a quaintly valuable monument of the devotional spirit and the honest, good workmanship of the early Church.

Of a very different sort is its beautiful neighbour, El Parral, reached by a few minutes' walk across the fields. Time was when the barren hill-side was so green and lovely that it gave rise to the saying, 'Las huertas del Parral, paraíso terrenal.' And it seems fitting, somehow, that since the great convent that was for so many centuries its glory has been utterly ruined and cast down, this *huerta* should have exchanged its smiling gladness for the sombre garb of mourning and desolation that is now so positively painful to the vision. There is nothing to keep us in the convent buildings. They are nothing but a collection of blackened and crumbling walls, columns, and patios. The church, however—thanks chiefly to the little sisterhood of *Concepcionistas*, who here sought a refuge from the fate that overtook them at Santa Isabel, up in the city—has been able to stand against the inroads of time and neglect.

It is veritably lovely. Of the purest Gothic, simple and noble, there is here and there just enough of delicate decoration to relieve without burdening. There are no windows at the west end, and the dimness here is rendered all the more impressive by the deep stone vaulting that carries the *coro*. Then a flood of light is thrown on the crossing, the transept and apse, by six graceful lancet windows;—a particularly happy effect, of which Segovian architects seem to have been fond, and of which San Estéban presents another notable example.

With all the grievous desolation and ruin that meet the eye at every point, there is something so pure, so sweet, so dignified about this church that he must be hard of soul who can pace its floor unmoved. And there is a sort of anti-climax. Far away at the east end, on either side of the high altar, and at first probably unnoticed, there are what seem to be the spirits of the place—the kneeling figures of Juan, Marqués de Villena, and Maria, his wife, beautifully designed, as beautifully wrought, and in rare harmony with their surroundings. After coming face to face with these, one need not care for more detail and garnishing.

It is a trite enough saying that there is but a step between life and death, or, again, that to-day treads hard upon the heels of yesterday. Turning out of El Parral there is a remarkable exemplification of the truth which underlies such assertions. One moment all is desolation, ruin, and sad record, and then, in a step, we are on the bright Alameda, with its clear rushing stream at our feet, and in the midst of a hive of laughing, chattering workers, who form a perfect study of picturesque costume and busy life. A few moments to watch them, and the way must be taken homewards along the Alameda, and round by the aqueduct. Or we may cross the little bridge below the convent, and face the steep ascent opposite, taking a

look by the way, first into the Dominican Santa Cruz—a debased copy of El Parral—and then into the nobler San Estéban, the fine thirteenth-century tower of which, with its alternate arcades of round and pointed arches, has been a conspicuous beacon all the way up the valley.

Rich and varied as are the scenery and interest to be found by the banks of the Eresma, there are even better things in the southern valley. Leaving the 'greater' plaza by the Calle Real, we come almost immediately upon the church and Franciscan nunnery of Corpus Christi, a converted Jewish synagogue, showing some remarkably pure Moorish work—horseshoe arches, elaborate and deep capitals, arabesques in the spandrels, a roof with coupled tie-beams, and a cusped arcading, by way of triforium, carried along just below. The plan of the church has been, of course, considerably modified, but the detail is most interesting, as showing the pre-eminent skill of the Berber workers in the use of material, and particularly in their treatment of plaster, carving it with knife or chisel as if it were pure, soft stone.

Further along the street, upon the opposite side, a pause must be made before the church of San Martín. It is only the exterior that has to be noticed, for the meddling hand of the modernizer has been heavily laid upon the interior, and has left nothing but a couple of old tombs and an excellent record of poverty-stricken invention. But all along the southern and western façades—to be traced, too, upon the north—runs the most perfect example extant of the open cloistering arrangement which we have seen elsewhere, finer, too, than that of San Estéban, or of the neighbouring San Millán. Very honest and good thirteenth-century work indeed is this cloister, with an effect heightened rather than spoiled by the great porch that breaks into it on the west. Whatever may have been the origin of these *corredores*—provision



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EL PUENTE DEL DIABLO

for coolness, for shelter, for judgment, for consultation—there cannot be two opinions as to their fitness and beauty, nor yet as to the excellent work which nearly always characterizes them.

Just beyond the grotesque Casa de los Picos, with its curiously embossed façade, a side path should be taken leading down the hill to the Puente. At the foot lies all the particularly squalid portion of Segovia, full, nevertheless, of interesting types and life. From here a sharp turn to the right, and a quarter of an hour's walk, bring us to San Millan, one of the finest Romanesque remains in the Peninsula :—*remains* indeed, since, while the thirteenth-century exterior is comparatively untouched, the interior has been ruthlessly pulled about. From here we may go up to the Calvario beyond, and back to our Plaza Mayor by the elm-planted walks that hug the hill-side, revelling in the most delightful views of the Puente and the out-lying vega, of the rugged city, and of the noble pile that stands out black against the evening sky. We have to pass the east end of the cathedral on our way, and, if the doors be not yet shut, may pace once more the fast-darkening aisles, and get a wonderful appreciation of the fact that dignity and solemnity, after all, and under favourable circumstances, lie latent in Gothic as in no other work.

VII

LA GRANJA AND EL ESCORIAL

A SHARP contrasting everywhere! Avila to Madrid, Madrid to Segovia, and now Segovia to La Granja, royalty's lightsome holiday residence : at every turn there is a suddenly twisted kaleidoscope of scenery, experience, life. In this respect, too, travel in Spain is differentiated from a tour, say, in England, or France, or Germany, or Italy.

Not, indeed, that, compared with Segovia, La Granja, in all its spick-and-span mushroomhood, can be called exactly gay, or even bright. The place seems somehow oppressed by its neighbours—Segovia, with its records of a quite faded glory, and El Escorial, with its yawning niches ready to receive the occupant of the San Ildefonso palace when his brief summer and autumn have fled. And yet it has an essential loveliness which makes it unique in this forbidding region of Castile. We may already have seen something of its fine surroundings, if we have taken the route from Villalba :—the Guadarrama range of hills, with the snowy Peñalara towering above the rest, and the apparently endless sweeps of pine forest. But there are special, more intimate beauties here—fresh-running waters, leafy avenues, grass and flowers, which are even more grateful to a journeyer over waste places.

La Granja—the Grange, or farm—was formerly one of the outlying properties of the monks of El Parral, and was

bought from them by Philip V., who, nothing if not French, spent here untold (and unpaid) sums of money in trying to graft Versailles' lightsomeness upon solemn grandeur. Naturally, he chiefly succeeded in producing a ridiculous abortion. Anything less inviting than the pretentious and weak array of domes and pinnacles which crush down the little palace, with the avenue of bald out-buildings and doubtfully kept grass and walk which lead us from the high road, cannot be imagined. Once past the entrance, however, and under the walls of the central Colegiata, with the great Casa de los Canónigos on the left, and the lodging for distinguished visitors on the right, we find that the surroundings are more befitting royalty. The views all round, too, over mountain, forest, and plain, are so glorious that one incontinently loses sight of the human builders' meretricious and insignificant handiwork. Then, within the house, there is neither squalor nor pretentiousness—not even the impotent grandeur which is apt to mark a palace for its own—but simply pleasant homeliness and unostentatious luxury. The finest suites of apartments are those facing the gardens and mountains, the original palace built by Philip V. The northern portions are modern, and irredeemably poor.

It is a delightfully easy visit to pay. There is nothing to be particularly looked out for, or particularly looked at, from the gorgeous chapel, with which we are expected to start, to the little door by which final access is gained to the gardens ; but it is very pleasant to stroll along, if the royal family be absent, and listen to all the garrulous prattling of the gentle old cicerone, and note everywhere evidences of an actual warm life. One recalls over and over again a quaint remark made by the old man in the early eighties, when Alfonso Doce and the Queen Cristina had just begun to make La Granja freshly habitable :—

a remark full of *sel*, of observance of life, of history, of sorrowful reminiscence. '*Ah, si, señor,*' he said, in reply to some appreciation of the homelike character of the surroundings, '*siendo jóvenes viven juntos!*' He was old, poor man! and both he and his young master have long since departed. A singularly pleasant feature of one's experiences here is that just when expectation has been disarmed by this all-pervading homeliness, really exquisite bits of art-work stand revealed:—old hangings, old inlaid furniture, the two salas on the ground floor entirely lined with richest marbles, bath-rooms with marble fountains and tiny but genuine cascades, or a boudoir fitted with the most delicate productions of modern English craft.

The gardens are very beautiful, though, of course, stiff to the last degree in their unvaried arrangement of straight-ruled walk and avenue, their mathematically grouped statues and fountains. They are refreshingly well kept, too, for Spain, green at all seasons of the year, while, thanks to a certain magnificence of design, their most grotesque whims hardly ever degenerate into the ridiculous. To understand what can be done in the way of water decoration, one really ought to make a pilgrimage here when the fountains are playing. It is not so much the unrivalled volume of the delivery that is noteworthy—the water, rushing down from an artificial lake high up on the hill-side, without any pumping-station, seems to increase each moment as one gazes at it—nor yet the immense height attained, but rather the infinite delicacy and variety of form and treatment. It is in every sense of the word water *decoration*, and in some of the finer groups, such as the Baños de Diana and the Fuente de las Ranas, has been carried out with an art beyond all praise.

The histories which linger here are neither great nor

creditable, as may be inferred from the significant obtuseness of the ciceroni when asked awkward questions. They may be summed up as the record of a hundred years of such royal debauchery as the world has not witnessed since the declining days of Rome. The founder, Philip V., whose tomb may be seen in a chapel of the Colegiata, was a weak copy of the Second of his name, and, mistrusting every one around him, became naturally the tool of the designing few—more especially of his ambitious and unscrupulous wife, Elizabeth Farnese. And he was but a type of that Bourbon dynasty which, through all his succession—the infantile Louis, the imbecile Charles IV., the brutal, treacherous, profligate Ferdinand VII., and Francis the incapable—did pretty well everything that princely sinning could do to widen into one all-engulfing chasm the ‘little rift’ which had already been made by the mistaken if sterner policy of Carlos Quinto and Felipe Segundo.

The elevation of La-Granja above the sea—close upon 4,000 feet—together with the vicinity of a snow range, renders it, of course, an uninviting winter resort; but during spring, summer, and autumn it is a very charming spot, and by no means receives the attention it deserves. There is excellent accommodation to be had in the village; the climate is delicious; the rambles over the flat country and the mountain-sides are full of interest and loveliness, while the palace and grounds, freely open to the public at most seasons, are certainly more worthy of acquaintanceship than any other royal Spanish demesne.

Than the neighbouring and better-known Escorial, for example, which lies over the hills some twenty miles to the west, but which is best visited from Madrid in a short day. There is not much to be lingered over, not much to be studied, not much to attract, and it is as well not

to requisition the Miranda Hotel for more than a luncheon. The Escorial disappoints nine travellers out of ten, for they do not find what they expect—that goodliness of nature and art upon which they seem to reckon, when away from home, even in visiting places of historic interest—and so are blinded to what there really is. The sooner it is understood that there is little here for the ordinary sightseer, the better it will be for all concerned. Then El Escorial will have a chance of being estimated at its true worth, and the spirit of the place, its associations, and the part it has played in Spanish life and death—especially death—for over 300 years will be duly appreciated.

Ordering our visit on these lines, and leaving Madrid about seven o'clock, we may be supposed to be at the palace by nine o'clock. We shall have the morning light for the church and pictures, and the early afternoon for a pleasant stroll through the oak coppice and down to the Casita del Infante—Charles IV.'s toy-house—returning to the capital at four o'clock. And, inasmuch as there are few things to be lingered over, we shall do well to take a guide for the morning.

The first great patio, 'de los Reyes,' may be hurried through. There is nothing admirable in it, not even the rude statues of the Kings of Judah which stare down from the façade of the church, and which are recorded to have been carved each out of a single block of granite. And immediately behind there comes the grandest thing—the only really grand thing—of the whole palace, the church. It need not be studied for its detail—Herrera had not a notion of working out fine detail in church architecture—but it is vast, severe, solemn. It conveys exactly the idea which English people attach to the word 'temple,' a place wherein the majesty of the Invisible dwarfs everything human.

For a few minutes only will we stand and look around, for at this hour Mass is being sung, and we shall have both opportunity and reason presently for pacing the length and breadth of the building. Moreover, this is just the time for seeing Claudio Coello's greatest painting, *La Santa Forma*, in a good light. It forms the retablo in the fine sacristy leading out of the church at the south-east corner, and as a piece of portraiture, composition and colouring, is altogether worthy of study, and of Spain's perhaps last great painter. The picture represents Charles II. and his Court worshipping a certain holy wafer, which, when trampled under foot by Dutch heretics in the year 1525, forthwith gave evidence of the Divine Presence by bleeding at three rents caused in it. The holy relic itself—the Forma—is kept behind the picture, and is exhibited twice a year to the faithful, on September 29 and October 28, the retablo being removed. There are many other precious things in this sacristy—the doors on the right and left of the altar, rich in tortoiseshell, bronze, and gold, the lovely mirrors over the *armarios*, and some good figures of El Greco's. But the Rizi-Coello painting surpasses all else alike in interest and merit.

Close at hand is the Panteon, the burial-place of nearly all the kings and queens of Spain since the great Carlos Quinto, in whose memory the Escorial was built. It is placed exactly underneath the high altar—so that the celebrant may stand daily over the ashes of the monkish founder, Felipe Segundo—and, through a whim of Philip's son, is absurdly at variance with all else in the palace. A rigidly severe simplicity is the genius of the whole pile, save, forsooth, in this the very house of death, where everything is ordered by a spirit of foolish and inopportune ostentation. So small it is, too, after one's preconceived notions about it! Just a little octagon, 35 feet in

diameter, and the same in height, lined with richly-polished marbles, which are crumbling away with a strange decomposition. The whole available wall-space is occupied by a series of niches, in which stand black sarcophagi, all exactly alike, mostly occupied, but one or two grimly awaiting the living. Only kings and the mothers of kings are admitted to the sacred circle, and for 300 years the rendezvous has been faithfully kept, with but three exceptions. Ferdinand and Isabella—the Reyes Católicos—sleep at their beloved Granada, and the Bourbon Philip V. and his wife lie, as we have seen, at La Granja. It is not a nice spot, desirous as some of its occupants are recorded to have been of spending their leisure hours in it before their final entrance, and yet one cannot help entertaining savage objections to some of the exclusions which Spanish etiquette has ordained. There is the gentle Mercedes, for example, the first consort of Alfonso XII., who certainly deserved a niche among the honoured dead, one would say, and who must, nevertheless, lie apart in the great cold church above.

Coming up from the Panteon, with eyes more accustomed to the darkness and the strange way, we may notice the beautiful jaspers of the staircase, the portrait of a monk who miraculously stopped a dangerous flow of water beneath the foundations, and the inscription over the portal, *Natura occidit, exaltat Spes*. Half-way up, too, there is the sealed door of the horrible Pudridero, where the bodies are kept for five years before their removal to their last resting-place, and the Panteones of the Infantes and Infantas. The latter was finished only twenty years ago, and in its solemn simplicity, with white marble walls relieved with coloured panels, is in pleasing contrast with the older and more meretricious Panteon de los Reyes.

And now, if Mass be over, there are some objects of

interest to be visited in the church. There is the gorgeous high altar and retablo of Milanese Trezzo, with the kneeling figures of Charles V., Philip II., and their families—reliable portraits, and valuable too from their details of costume. Only three of Philip's wives are here, the despised English Mary being omitted. Charles occupies the post of honour on the Gospel side; Philip kneels over the little room, on the south side of the Capilla Mayor, where he died, and into which we may presently look. Not far off, in the north-east corner of the church, there is the small chapel where the ill-fated Mercedes lies under her touchingly simple monument, with a plain gold cross at her feet, an offering of the English residents in Madrid. One would have liked to have found her below in the Panteon, certainly, but then she mercifully was spared the Pudridero. There is not much else to be seen in the nave, except the very fine figures of saints by Navarrette El Mudo (the Dumb) which decorate the great columns, and which, as Lopez da Vega said, 'spoke for their painter':—

'No quiso el ciel que hablase,
Porque, con mi entendimiento,
Diese mayor sentimiento
A las cosas que pintase;
Y tanta vida les di
Con el pincel singular,
Que, como no pudé hablar,
Hice que hablasen por mi.'

All the rest—frescoes, fittings, and relics—have been overrated.

Not so, however, the coro and the ante-coro, placed as usual in the west galleries. The view of the church from up here is quite sublime, and there are some fine choral books and choir-furniture to be seen, to say nothing of Luca Giordano's ceiling, very wonderful, and very

characteristic of 'Fa-presto.' The choral books form perhaps the finest collection in the country, 218 in number, most of them dating from the sixteenth century, and exquisitely illuminated. And then, just in the dimmest corner, is the stall where the master-builder of the place, the dark-minded Felipe, used to sit daily to hear Mass, slipping in unobserved from his cell through the tiny private door close by. We may pass out by this same way to the great library and *Salas Capitulares*, noticing just as we turn into the passage Benvenuto Cellini's celebrated crucifix of white marble. This masterpiece, designed originally for the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence, was very highly prized by Cellini, who worked upon it, as he himself writes, 'with that careful love which so precious an image merits.' In consequence of misunderstandings with the authorities of Santa Maria Novella, the artist determined to reserve it for his own tomb, but presently was induced to part with it for the sum of 1,500 ducats to the Duke of Tuscany, by whom, twelve years later, it was bestowed upon the art-and-relic-loving Philip II. It is a very delicate piece of workmanship, though somewhat overwrought, and lacking breadth of conception, and it is remarkable, moreover, as having inaugurated the hateful reign of petticoated Christs. For Philip, in an acute fit of prudishness, one day placed his handkerchief over the loins of the figure, failing, we will hope, to appreciate all the ills which he thereby bound upon a too servile humanity.

The Escorial has long since lost its finest pictures, but the three little *Salas Capitulares* still contain some really good things, much of their effect, however, being spoiled by the conformation of the rooms, and a bad light. There are one or two good Tintoretto's, Ribera's, and Navarrete's, an admirable *Last Supper* of Titian's, and, best of

all, a grand Velasquez—*Jacob receiving from his Sons the Coat of his Lost Joseph*. Near the latter work, too, in the Sala Prioral, we may see a notable example of the work of an artist, Domenikos Theotokopoulos, commonly called 'El Greco,' who, a pupil of Titian, 'found himself' in Spain, and painted pictures that it has taken the world over 300 years to appraise at their monetary value, his 'Christ at Calvary' fetching 1,900 guineas at Christie's a short time ago, after being started at three guineas! His best work found a home in Santo Tomé, in Toledo, *The Burial of the Conde de Orgaz*; but his *Gloria, Purgatorio é Inferno* here, representing a dream of Philip II., is worth more than the attention usually bestowed upon colouring, composition, and subject of an invariably gloomy character. His *Christ driving out the Money-changers*, by which he is represented in Trafalgar Square, was an early work, and by no means a fair specimen.

From hence to the library, the last of the half-dozen 'goodly' things in the Escorial proper. Even the ordinary superficial sightseer cannot fail to be impressed here, while to the extraordinary traveller—to him who travels in search of such treasure—there is offered a store of literary wealth which will well repay the taking out of a special permit for studying purposes. A good deal of needless sneering has been indulged in at the seemingly ostentatious display of the faces of the books instead of the edges. The arrangement, however, has simply been adopted in order to preserve the actual MSS., by facilitating reference to the printed copies. Down the long room there runs the usual array of interesting rarities in show-cases. There are the *devocionarios* of Isabel la Católica, Carlos Quinto, Felipe Tercero, and the Doña Marguerita; a Virgil of the fifteenth century and a psalter of the thirteenth; an Alcoran dated 1594; a

Vigilanus of the tenth century ; and, most curious of all, perhaps, the far-famed eleventh-century *Codice de Oro*, or the four Gospels written in letters of gold, and consuming about eighteen pounds' weight of the precious metal.

Everything so far has been of one type, savouring rather of the convent than of the palace, and in some respects infinitely forbidding. It is impossible to imagine a warm life peopling these great cold corridors, or anything like human passions stirring within the cell-like rooms. The very gardens upon which we may have looked out from time to time seem oppressed by the dead formality which overshadows them. But there is a real 'palace' side of the picture, to which half an hour may be devoted—indeed, there are two royal residences, each of a very distinct type. There is the founder's own palace, and the founder's palace as converted by Charles III.

The latter hardly merits description. A frightfully dull set of rooms, originally whitewashed, and boasting only of a *faïence* dado by way of adornment, one cannot help wishing here, as in the Panteon, that Philip's wishes and ideas concerning this world had been more duly respected. But, after a couple of hundred years of uneventful life, the place was taken in hand by Charles III., and under his rule, and that of his successor, a marvellous transformation was effected. The walls were hung with tapestries from the Santa Barbara factory at Madrid, worked after designs by Teniers and Goya, and the whole suite of apartments was refurnished in the gaudily weak style of a century and a half ago, with the natural result of making dulness hideous, at an untold expense.

But Philip's own sanctum is more satisfactory. Access is gained to it from the upper palace by an appalling length of cold, vaulted passage. There are but two

rooms. The first looks out upon the Patio de Los Evangelistas, and contains a few rude chairs, an ivory *Descent from the Cross*, a globe, and a strange relic of Carlos Quinto, in the shape of an old piece of tapestry. Here for fourteen years sat and plotted the being who almost realized his boast of governing two worlds from the foot of a mountain and with two inches of paper. And if these four whitewashed walls could tell out the experiences that the fourteen years brought in as a net result of all that plotting—all the disappointment, all the remorse, all the unconquerable efforts of will—they would make us surely more gentle than we usually are in our judgment of the man—yes! inscrutable barbarian as he was.

The inner room is the small apartment already noted from the church, looking directly upon the Altar Mayor and the kneeling figures of Charles V. and his family. Here the King sat during the celebration of Mass, when he was not in his place among the monks up in the Coro; and here he died, upon the 13th of September, 1598, clasping the same crucifix which had been his father's consolation during his last hours, and attended by his favourite children—Philip, who succeeded him, and Clara Eugenia, daughter of the 'Queen of Peace and Goodness,' whose portrait by Sancho Coello and Gonzalez will have become familiar to us in the Museo. His policy had been a wrong one, and he knew it at his death—knew that he had brought a memory of unloving upon himself, and a legacy of dismemberment upon his nation, even while he had worked so hard to establish his dynasty, and to consolidate his huge possessions. He had been wondrously patient, self-denying, careful; neither depressed by evil fortune, nor carried away by fair winds; shrewd and far-seeing in the choice and management of his servants, and a prince whose ears were ever open to the

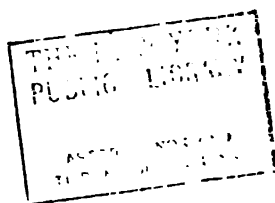
cry of the distressed. And yet the end was naught but darkness and disappointment. For Philip II. was born and bred in the school of dissimulation, and so all men distrusted him : he was the slave of a too powerful will, and so fell into all the thousand pitfalls prepared for unaided judgment : he was a man without bowels of compassion, and so his very children shrank from him : he was a fanatic in religion, and thereby shut against himself the doors of heavenly consolation which he laboured so mightily to close to such as ventured to differ from him in faith.

It is pleasant to escape from the oppression of this ungainly convent, and, in afternoon light, seek out the *Silla del Rey*, the little rocky eminence from which the King used to overlook the slowly-rising building. The Paseo de las Arenitas must be taken, running past the western, or church, façade. There is a right kingly road from here—kingly in comparison with most Spanish *carreteras*—which leads first over soft grass-land, and then winds up for a mile or so through a stretch of very fine oak coppice. This is a favourite resort of the Escorialites and Madrilenians upon summer evenings, and then presents quite a gay scene. At all seasons, however, it is pretty—the one really pretty feature in the whole landscape. At the top some boulders lie strewn about upon the hill-side, and, by means of a series of roughly-hewn steps, we may climb to the three rude *sillas*, or chairs, formed in the surface of one of the great rocks. There is not, fortunately, a very good view of the Escorial from here, though quite enough to fill one's mind with a never-to-be-forgotten vision of the exceeding ugliness of the building, with its cold, grey, prison-house aspect, its hard and ungraceful lines, and its 11,000 factory-like little windows. And all the rest is splendid—the luxuriant foreground, the sweep of the purple sierra,



Anderson

EL ESCORIAL, FROM THE HILL-SIDE



and the vast brown plain that, from here, looks only reposeful, and neither barren nor savage. Philip could have inspected his work better from the steep ridge just behind the village, but it is a blessing that for once a softer spirit of self-indulgence seized him. For his *Silla* yields a delightful antidote to the gloom which he inflicts upon visitors to his old Geronymite home.

VIII

TOLEDO

A CITY which never had rest until it entered into the tomb.

Not just that *quasi*-tomb—that species of purgatorial Hades—into which all great cities and nations seem, for their sins, to have to descend for a while, retaining, however, such a spark of being that, like the olive-tree blighted by a severe wintry blast, and cut down that it may shoot forth again in six or seven years' time, they come forth and take up once more the running of life. No ;—utterly wearied and swept was Toledo by the successive waves of strife, rapine, and misfortune that for generations rolled over her with un pitying fierceness ; so swept, so blighted, that when the end came it was for her an end indeed.

Blighted, but not destroyed. There is the old Toledo yet, simply fossilized—a theatre with the actors gone and the scenery left. It is almost impossible to imagine that the curtain will ever be drawn up again, or the music recommence. Rome may play the wanton with succeeding ages and fashions, and deck herself out to meet strangers and new-comers ; Bruges 'la Morte' may wake up from a long slumber irradiant with dreams of art treasures and medieval 'magnificallness,' and become once more a centre of trade ; but Toledo——? She is at least faithful to the dead Past. The liveliest imagination

cannot picture her as a creature of to-day, a receptive pupil of nineteenth-century science and improvement. And so she keeps her old ways :—her old tongue, thank Heaven ! knowing nothing of the mixed dialects and slang that mark off progress ; her old narrow streets and solid buildings, that are so beautifully fitted for defence, intrigue, and shelter, and would spell ruin to any enterprising company that should attempt to adapt them to the requirements of the new life that has come into the world. So she has been poked at—twice—by inquisitive, bustling railroads, and by an up-to-date hotel, without the slightest result save that the new enterprises seem to wither at her contact. So she retains her old *Soko* (*Zocodover*), and will have naught to do with the correct *Plaza de la Constitucion* ; her old stern inconveniences, and her old traditions. And so—strangest of all the outcomes of fossilization—you may hear the old superstitious religion talked over with just the old habits of thought ; and, if you put any question relating to the being and doings of the outside world, probably the only reply will be a sigh, a shake of the head, with a resigned ‘ *Ah, Señor, no sé decir a Vd.*’

A badly used, a misunderstood city. And, as in the case of most badly used and misunderstood organisms, the fault lies first with herself. As folk say nowadays, she does not ‘show herself friendly.’ Ah, well ! perhaps there is a little too much show in the friendliness of the present generation, framing a friendlikeness that is a shockingly false presentment. And poor old swept Toledo and Show have very little to do with one another. Still it is a fact, and in some ways a misfortune. She neither welcomes the coming nor speeds the parting guest,—unless she happens to know him, and like him. Therefore the majority of that fortunately not very great army of martyrs who, for some occult reason of vanity

or novelty-seeking, come to 'do' Spain, without caring to appreciate what is good and beautiful, or, being able to grumble in decent Castilian at what is bad, keep the grandest—the most characteristic—of the ancient cities of the Peninsula at arm's length ; while the majority of the thoughtful few who are attracted to it just run down from Madrid by the early morning train, and return in time for dinner.

To the first, of course, Toledo is a sealed book ; and to the second she is not much else. What can a man learn, in half a day, of a city that presents him with a perfected epitome of the principal arts, religions, and race-lives which have dominated the world during the last 2,000 years ? If he be possessed of more than the average amount of conscientiousness he will study his handbooks diligently all the way down, and pump into his brain a wonderful account of how the Roman succeeded the Jew, and the Goth the Roman ; how the Goth was thrust forth by the Moor, and the Moor, when his day was accomplished, gave way to the late, reformed Spaniard ; how the city, which was generally an empire and world to itself, had pretty nearly filled up its volumes before England had begun to write anything upon the pages of history but infantile wailings ; and how each of these succeeding races had left its mark and monuments behind it—for his careful inspection in six hours !

He realizes something of his hopeless task, and rather wishes himself back at Madrid. Still he sticks manfully to his resolution, engages a parrot-like guide the moment he arrives—even forgoes lunch, perhaps—and works away in heat and dust and a verily strange land till the welcome hour of four o'clock—the hour of dismissal—strikes. With what result ? If he be asked in six months' time what Toledo is like, and if he be honest, he will reply, 'Toledo ?—ah, let me see—oh, it is a place where

there is a splendid cathedral, and an old Alcázar, but I have only a dim notion of it. You see, there are so many splendid cathedrals and old Alcázars in Spain, and I had so little time at my disposal, that I get a little mixed among them all.'

That is not the way to see the place. Let a week at least be devoted to it, even if it mean some hard living and discomforts, or the omission of some other points in an already too long programme. Let guide-books, as far as possible, be put away, or only used for purposes of necessary reference, and with them let us put away the idea of mastering every name and fact we may come across. Let us take a few slices of history, not as a medicine, nor yet as a mere jumble of dates and appellations, but as the doings and sayings and hours of flesh-and-blood folks who have been our fellows and leaders ; and even cultivate a weak regard for tales and traditions which, if not very true, have nevertheless a considerable grain of truth in them—if not true as traditions, are magnificently true as parables, and altogether good to know.

At the end we shall not have seen everything—of course—not even all that might have been brought before us ; but what will have been seen will be understood, and will dwell in heart and mind for a very long day. And, best of all—better than any amount of mere dry knowledge—there will be a product of reverent and right method of treading other old-world ways, and a widened sympathy with the human nature that, with its vices and virtues, its ignorance and its struggling after light, has furnished the world for us, and is, after all (horrible thought !), on about the same level to-day in Regent Street as in the grim old Calle del Comercio, or in the days when the infamies of a Don Roderick let in the tide of Moorish invasion upon his devoted country.

Toledo presents exceptional opportunities for weaving

epoch with epoch, cause with effect, fact with tradition, because, comparatively speaking, so little has been destroyed or renovated; and so the records and links that bind all together stand out, still, in a way that is impossible in cities which have been born again, and where a green new life has overgrown and choked out the old.

The cathedral may very well be made a sort of daily starting-point for an hour or so, taking it section by section, and along with other buildings its companions or offshoots. For the attempt to grasp in any hasty or wholesale fashion this the doubtfully *iglesia primada* of Spain, leaves one at the same time confused by, and unable to appreciate, its grandeur. And not only is a slow process of assimilation always advisable for those who are unaccustomed at home to find greatness of conception combined with rich and excellent detail, but it is especially necessary in the case of Toledo Cathedral, which has none of the *ad captandum* effect of, say, Sevilla, but yet will grow upon one more. It is enough at a first visit to try and comprehend the plan and really lordly dimensions of the building as a whole; to take a stand here and there and allow the eye simply to travel from column to column, vault to vault, line to line, and realize that, rich and perfect as every portion evidently is at the barest glance, the fabric itself—the mere shell—is astonishingly grand in both proportion and scale.

Nor is it just the vastness and scope of conception that recommend themselves presently to the appreciative soul. No less touching—especially in a building which has passed through so many hands, alike in shaping, perfecting, and preserving—are the restful unity of style, the noble devotion of purpose, the fitness and yet simplicity of every department and arrangement. It is fortunate—if not a result of rare and precious thoughtfulness—that, owing to the immense width of the four

aisles, the size of the people's nave, and the comparatively low *trascoro*, there is but little to impede a general view of the noble interior, and so the eye can wander with almost perfect satisfaction over nave, choir and transept, and round the cunningly-contrived double aisles of the chevet. It is all beautifully simple in outline, and yet abundantly fitted to every need of ritual; all massive and strong, yet infinitely delicate in treatment, and enriched, without being for a moment overburdened, by subtlest ornamentation.

The identity of the prime architect is shrouded in some mystery. It is only certain that there have been architects and masters many, and almost as many as minds; that there was a church here from the earliest Christian eras—let us try to believe that the Blessed Virgin did really worship here during her lifetime; that for some three centuries—from the beginning of the thirteenth to the beginning of the sixteenth—the present building was being slowly raised and perfected, and perhaps beautified during yet another hundred years; that it has been alternately mosque and Christian temple; and that, withal, it presents no appreciable contradictions, but is as typically vigorous and pure in its glorious thirteenth-century Gothic, as it is unspoiled by any sentiment save of religious devotion and purpose.

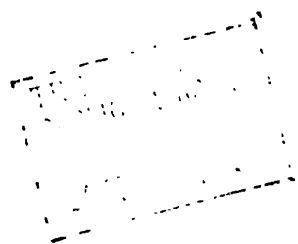
The noting of points such as these, with a walk round the in-no-way-remarkable exterior—an exterior which forms, in its mixed and debased styles, a wonderful contrast to all the rest—will very amply fill up a before-breakfast visit. And then some buildings of the same Christian character may be studied—San Juan de los Reyes, for example, which stands on the western skirt of the city, overlooking the river just where it is spanned by the bridge of San Martin, and the dreary *cigarrales* beyond. 'Los Reyes' were, of course, the most Catholic

monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom the church owes its foundation, as a thank-offering for their victory at Toro over the Portuguese upholder of Doña Juana's pretensions to the crown of Castile.

In one respect San Juan is very unlike the cathedral. The latter is neither known nor appreciated, while this much-boasted piece of florid Gothic by no means comes up to either its promise or its repute. The exterior is bald to repulsiveness, and is anything but relieved by its barbaric adornment of chains taken from the Christian captives found in Granada, and by Covarubbias' over-elaborated portal. The interior is extremely impressive at first sight—simple and pure as El Parral at Segovia—until one walks forward, and finds it debased by the egoistical display of heraldic devices which persistently spoiled so much good late fifteenth and early sixteenth century work. The cloisters, and the home of the Museo Provincial until the latter is transferred to its new home in the restored Santa Cruz Hospital, have been cleaned and renovated by the Madrid Academia de San Fernando, and are a fair example of debased, florid Gothic. They were pleasanter in the old days, when first we knew them, when the ivy and wild vine, the *gatuna* and other weeds, clung around the ruined antique, and healed with wondrous success the scars inflicted by time and men's passions; when the shining deep green contrasted with the fringe of delicate, lace-like niche, canopy and capital that memorialized the departed heroes of medieval tradition. One's interest in San Juan is short-lived, and centres chiefly in the records to be met with of the ambitious Cardinal Ximenez—more correctly Francisco Jimenez de Cisneros—who here spent such portion of his busy unrestful life as could be spared from the slightly varied task of keeping princely consciences, conquering and converting the Moors, founding religious Orders and



SAN JUAN: THE RESTORED CLOISTERS



universities, preserving something like peace amidst the turbulent nobles of a too proud court, and anon preparing his great Complutensian Bible. Returning in his later, leisure hours, what strange thoughts the man must have had of the early days he had passed here, when the church was being finished, and when, a young novice, he had dreamed of bidding adieu to a world that was then distasteful to him, and devoting himself solely to a life of contemplation and prayer !

There is another and very peculiar phase of Christian art to be examined here, after having noted how and why the Moorish influences which were everywhere dominant during a great portion of the time when the cathedral was being built and perfected were zealously, and with strange completeness, kept at bay by the Christian workers thereon. There is a series of buildings in which Saracenic models were designedly, and with the happiest results, allowed to leaven and modify Gothic forms. The best examples are presented by the churches of Santa Leocadia, Santo Tomé, San Roman and San Pedro Mártir.

Beyond their Moresque character, chiefly visible now in their steeples, there is not much good work left in any of these buildings, so mercilessly have they been treated by the unsympathetic hands of the modern renovator. Such original bits, however, as can be picked out here and there are very lovely ; the mixture of styles is most noteworthy, and in nearly every case there are adjuncts of history or association to interest the inquiring visitor. Santa Leocadia lies just without the walls, at the foot of the slope leading down from the Puerta del Cambron, and so only a few minutes' walk from San Juan de los Reyes. This old basilica, or some portion of it at any rate, dates back as far as the fourth century, when Saint Leocadia, one of Toledo's tutelars, was martyred hard by,

at the command of the Emperor Dacian. Altered and adorned in the seventh century by the Archbishop Eladio, it became a favourite place of interment of the Gothic kings and notables of the day ;—among others of the great San Ildefonso, who received within its walls one of the manifold marks of favour which Heaven vouchsafed to him, in the shape of a visit from St. Leocadia herself, who came to convey to him the expression of the Blessed Virgin's gratitude for his devotion to her cause. The prelate was celebrating mass at the time, before King Recesvinto, and had the presence of mind to cut off a piece of the heavenly messenger's robe, still to be seen in the relicario of the cathedral. The church goes now more commonly by the name of Cristo de la Vega, from the old crucifix which stands upon the high altar, about which float endless miraculous stories.

There is another of these real-haired and ghastly Christs in a chapel at the end of the north aisle of San Pedro Mártir ; and here may be studied, too, besides some interesting architectural details, a most remarkable array of ancient tombs—of the beautiful, 'malograda' Dona Maria Orozco (*malograda* because, a notable beauty, she was cut off at the age of twenty-one), of Don Pedro de Ayala, mayor-domo to Philip II., and of various members of the Ayala family. The church itself is completely spoiled, but its Moresque tower is in excellent preservation, and of great value.

Finer still, however, because of its better proportions, is the steeple of the neighbouring church of San Roman. This was probably one of the half-dozen mosques secured to the Moors for their worship by Alonso VI., when, at the close of the eleventh century, the city was once more handed over to the Spanish rule. The tower dates only from the rebuilding of the edifice by Estéban de Illan, who lived in the Casa de Mesa close by, and who was

honoured after death in rather a singular manner, by immortalization upon the roof of the entrance to San Ildefonso's chapel in the cathedral.

How extraordinarily rich, alike in art and historical association, are those chokingly narrow streets! As we come out of San Roman there stands almost opposite the exquisitely-sculptured plateresque portal of the convent of San Clemente; a few steps down the street to the left is the hospital attached to San Pedro Mártir—formerly the conventual buildings—with its noble patio and double tier of balustraded galleries, the original cloisters of the church. Just on the other side of San Clemente is the Plazuela de Padilla, with its tales of the *Comuneros** and their misguided patriotism. In front of San Roman, too, is the already-mentioned Casa de Mesa, with its delicate and still perfect arabesques, and its quaint mixture of Gothic and Moorish design, while on all sides there are the grand old Toledan houses, each with its distinctive and characteristic merit—here a wonderfully wrought and artistic garnishing of iron-work, there a patio, tempting in its quiet coolness, or bright with flowers and greenery. All this within the radius of a stone's cast, and no solitary sample of the treasures which the ancient city can produce.

* *Comuneros*, from the *Comunidades*, or towns, of Castile. The rebellion set on foot by these men aimed rather at securing a charter of civil and religious privilege than at simply resisting—as is sometimes stated—the heavy taxation imposed by Charles V. in order to carry on his wars in Italy and the Low Countries. Juan de Padilla, the leader, was the scion of a very good Toledan family, and sometime military governor of Zaragoza. The movement was crushed on the field of Villalar, April 28rd, 1521, where Padilla was taken prisoner, and where also he was beheaded on the following day. His noble wife, Doña Maria de Pacheco, who figures largely in Spanish romances, tried to revive the cause after her husband's death, and succeeded in holding Toledo for some months against the royalist troops. Finally, however, she was forced to flee into Portugal, where she died in 1522.

And so again to the cathedral, for a study of its chapels, in all their wonderful beauty of detail and interesting record. The Capilla Mayor, the work of Archbishop Tenorio and Cardinal Ximenez, is, as it ought to be, the most noteworthy. There is here a striking example of how this great church has been perfected in the most piecemeal manner, and yet—rare fortune!—nearly always been improved by alteration. Originally—indeed up to the time of Ferdinand and Isabella—the Capilla Mayor occupied the place of the present Crossing, and behind it was the chapel of the Reyes Viejos, with the tombs of its founder, Sancho El Bravo, Alonso VII., Sancho El Deseado, the Infante Don Pedro (son of Alonso XI.), Sancho Capelo, King of Portugal, and other illustrious mortals. Ximenez, of whose ecclesiastical building propensities we have already seen something, obtained permission from King Ferdinand to throw this chapel into the plan of the cathedral proper, and carried out his bold improvement with perfectly happy results. The old thirteenth-century work of the apse, spoiled now to some extent by the hideous Churriguerresque work on the east side, made a fit setting for all the glorious gems of art with which the *sanctum sanctorum* was adorned, the rich and yet sober Gothic retablo, the exquisite mosaic pavement with its jasper steps, Villalpando's superb reja, and the bronze plateresque pulpits which stand at the north-west and south-west angles. The main proportions of the cathedral, too, must have been enormously improved by the addition, while the long array of mighty dead left undisturbed around the altar, and a still mightier array of embalmed memories, bestowed an ever fresh sacredness upon the spot. Ximenez himself, the master spirit of the place, does not rest here, but his greater contemporary—almost patron—Mendoza, Tertius Rex with, or rather ruler over, Ferdinand and Isabella,

lies on the gospel side. When one thinks of the lives of these men—men such as Tenorio, Mendoza, Ximenez, Alvaro de Luna, or their successor and imitator Porto Carrero, whose proudly servile epitaph of '*hic jacet pulvis, cinis et nihil*,' arrests attention in the aisle close by—one ceases to be surprised at the so-called ingratitude of their masters that made the ups and downs in their ways that we wot of, and only marvels at the patience with which their yoke was borne, or how the land could hold any two of them at the same time.

Alvaro de Luna, the great Constable of Castile, and chief minister of Juan II., has his own chapel of Santiago on the south-east of the Capilla Mayor. A most lovely place it is, of good fifteenth-century Gothic. The alabaster monuments of the founders are grievously mutilated, but are still very fine, and in admirable keeping with the design of the chapel. Like many other great folk, the constable and his wife had prepared their final resting-places during the lifetime of the former, in the shape of delicately-wrought bronze tombs, but, when disgrace overtook the proud family, these were broken up, and eventually converted by Villalpando into the two pulpits which have been noticed above—a transformation for which, thanks to Villalpando, one cannot be altogether sorry.

The master of Don Alvaro, Juan II., lies, as we have seen, in the Cartuja de Miraflores, near Burgos, but he has his record here, too, in the beautiful Capilla de los Reyes Nuevos, the entrance to which is close by El Condestable.

But the show is endless. There is the elaborate Capilla de San Ildefonso, behind the high altar, the richest of all the chapels—as becomes the memory of the holy man to whose special favour with the Virgin Toledo owes her primacy. There are the neighbouring

sacristies and Sala Capitular, endowed with pictures by Borgofña, Tristán, Bassano, and Bellini, and a bewildering array of church-plate and holy relics—Alonso Cano's exquisite image of St. Francis, too, and Arfe's famous Gothic *custodia*. There is the chapel of Santa Lucia, too often passed by, and yet most delicate in its pretty Gothic lines and strangely admixed decoration of Moorish arabesque. Notable too, for the sake of its associations, is the Muzarabic chapel near the great western entrance, where the ritual which kept the Christian faith alive through the long centuries of Moorish domination is still gone through at nine o'clock every morning—in a slovenly, perfunctory manner, it must be confessed—and where are some frescoes by Borgofña, interesting for detail of costume.

And, behind all these chapels and sanctuaries, there yet remain to be seen the Coro, with all its fine sculpture, decoration, and furniture ; the revered Señora del Sagrario—queen of the cathedral ; the tabernacle of San Ildefonso, where the Virgin herself descended to invest the saint with a chasuble, as he was praying ; the library ; the glorious fifteenth-century stained glass, and the sunshiny cloisters, with Bayeu and Maella's frescoes.*

And then—one may have got a fair insight into just one section of Christian work and life in Toledo. The remarkable middle period, when a leavening of Moorish forms was resorted to, is by no means covered by the two or three churches already referred to ; while there is a long post-Gothic time, as marked in the changed Alcázar, or Mendoza's newly-restored Hospital of Santa Cruz—

* There are some very fine bells here, one so big that it is commonly said that fifteen cobblers could sit at once within it and draw out their threads. This monster is badly cracked, and the tale goes on that St. Peter caused the damage one day by throwing down his keys upon it, when it had beguiled him into thinking that its mellow tones came up from his own church in Rome.

the destined home of the Biblioteca and Museo Provincial, and boasting of a staircase that is a model of Renaissance work.

And it may be doubted if the Christian was the most noteworthy character in the ancient city's drama. Perhaps even the Jew, in his usual unobtrusive fashion, has played here a more conspicuous, certainly a more tragic, part. Condemned and persecuted by every successive master-race, never, like these, coming to the front, and yet possessed of a longer life than any, at home in his Juderia—now so desolate and waste—in his synagogues of Santa Maria la Blanca and El Tránsito, about the churches of Cristo de la Luz and Santiago del Arrabal, the cloisters of the cathedral, the old Soko, and the council-chambers of Pagan, Christian, and Mahomedan ruler alike, he has written his record of fourteen centuries of faith, suffering, and fanaticism in characters, alas! of blood. It is a picture neither lovely nor great, but it is one upon which it is good to look.

It is customary to take some notice, more or less careful, of the well-recognized, the absolutely-labelled, Jewish haunts and quarters, but it is with an eye chiefly to their architectural and other details, and these are so consistently Moorish—the outcome of Moorish design and Moorish handiwork—that the preoccupied or unthoughtful mind is rather led away from than drawn out towards any care for the old life-echoes which linger around them, and appeal to the heedful ear. And how few ever dream of tracing the footsteps of the Jew in the darker bypaths which he was compelled to tread, and where the main issues of his days were decided! Let us go in quest of one such record—one out of many—and see how far the search may lead us in imagination.

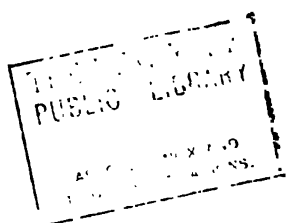
In the extreme north of the city, close by the old Puerta de Visagra, there stands the not very noticeable

church of Santiago. It was perhaps Alonso VI., after he entered Toledo in triumph in 1085, who built the original Santiago ; and perhaps Sancho Capelo, whose tomb forms one of the group around the high altar of the cathedral, rebuilt it, towards the end of the thirteenth century. Now it is a poor specimen of the mixed Gothic and Moorish work which is so common in Toledo, and whatever merit it once possessed has been pretty well destroyed by late artists in plaster and whitewash. With these matters, fortunately, we have at the moment nothing to do. But there is here a very remarkable piece of furniture, in the shape of a pulpit, of good design, and wrought with much excellent Moorish and Gothic detail, built against one of the pillars of the nave in such a curious way that it seems quite inaccessible, and one is a good deal puzzled to know how the preacher can ever get inside. But it has been used, nevertheless, with the direst effect, and you may still see, within, the image of a man, with crucifix in one hand, and the other raised towards heaven, who, in the year of grace 1405, held multitudes spell-bound here by the power of his oratory. Were there any Jews present ? one is tempted to wonder. Probably, for they seem to have rather affected Christian assemblies in those days, and San Vincente Ferrer was a famous preacher, and their avowed enemy. His theme was the well-worn one of how the accursed Israelite had dared to put sacrilegious hands upon God Himself, had tortured Him, and had brought desolation upon our Blessed Mother. Then there was the lament that such a race, whom God had cursed and driven away, and upon whom He could only look with abhorrence, should be tolerated, and allowed to grow fat and proud, in so sacred a spot as Toledo—a city beloved of the Virgin, and where she had deigned to set her feet—with the inevitable *sequitur* that whoever smote a Jew in person or possession did a God-



Hausser y Menet

SANTA MARIA LA BLANCA



service. It was an old tale, and an enticing one, inasmuch as it opened up an easy road not only to the favour of Heaven but also to the enjoyment of rapine, and murder, and lust, and divers other equally religious impulses and emotions. And so the plea that the Jews of Toledo were descended from a tribe which had refused to vote for the death of Christ was lost sight of. That was a belief only to be cherished when Christians wanted money, and felt obliged to resort to moral suasion in order to get it. And Toledo's streets ran once more with Jewish blood, the holy emissary of the Prince of Peace himself directing the crusade, while, greatest desolation of all to faithful Jewish hearts, their beloved sanctuary was taken away from them, and converted into a house for the Nazarene impostor.

The saddest thing about our visit to Santiago is that one is compelled to speak of these matters as 'an old tale,' and a drama enacted 'once more.' It was but the culmination of such a series of cruel persecutions—for eight dreary terrible centuries, with perhaps a little alleviation under Moorish rule—as no other record in the world can show. Sisebutus in the seventh century had inaugurated the system of compulsory Christian baptism. Fifty years later Wamba—the 'good' King Wamba—had tried to stamp out Judaism by wholesale expulsion of its professors. Egica promptly followed with an edict that the Jews should be regarded as slaves, and their children brought up as Christians; while Alfonso VI., by his *fuero* of Sepulveda, which declared that the Christian who killed a Jew should receive 100 maravedis, while the Jew who killed a Christian should be put to death, and his goods confiscated, opened the door to all the torrent of popular hatred, and popular thirst for blood, and popular greed which swept backwards and forwards over the country for nearly four

centuries, lashed to its highest point by the preaching of San Vicente and his fellows, and only subsiding when Ferdinand and Isabella's famous edict of 1492 rewarded their faithful Israelitish subjects for assistance at a critical hour of need, by expelling their 170,000 families finally from home and country.

It is easy to sum up these things in a dozen lines, but how conjure up the faintest conception of the sufferings and patience of this people—of the fear and desolation that must have held alternate sway over their now deserted Juderia, their blasted synagogues and congregations? How spell out the horror of such figures as forty-seven wholesale slaughterings, burnings, and ravishings in 400 years, or of twenty-seven such scenes enacted within the short space of from 1321 to 1391? How characterize the meanness of the excuses put forth from time to time to initiate or palliate the reign of lust and rapine—meanness that could sanction the desecrating of the cathedral cloisters (themselves the direct outcome of robbery from the Jews) by the setting forth of such a wretched fabrication as the crucifixion of the boy Juan Passamonte? And how *not* tread the Toledan Jew's ways with pity and reverence, and leave them with a softened feeling towards all faithful and persecuted souls, of whom he surely is the chief?

But before either Christian or Jew stands the Mahomedan. He it is who has left behind him the broadest and wholesomest mark. Alike in handiwork and history his ways are pleasanter far to follow up than those of any of his collaborators in the old romance, and infinitely less easy to err in. So much so, that, though the purely Moorish bits may be confined to the Cristo de la Luz, Las Tornerias, the Jewish synagogues, one or two of the old gates, some few houses, and portions of the walls, yet one leaves Toledo with a not-to-be-got-rid-of impression

that it is the second great monument in Spain of Moorish domination, and that it is, to this day, rather an Eastern than a Western city—the home of the Berber rather than of the Spaniard.

It is not hard to see why this should be so, or even why no amount of familiarity with the place is able to dispel the notion. For there is an altogether remarkable and significant amount of Moorish work here—an unjustifiable amount, one might almost say. Much of the product of provision for their own needs is, alas! destroyed, but the Arab designers and artificers were so much the more skilful that, as has been already hinted, the Jews employed them in preference to workers of their own race. Then the Christians, for long after the reconquest—indeed, until the adoption of the later French and Renaissance styles—seem to have been unable to devote time, talent, or ingenuity to aught save warring and intrigue. And so it came to pass that they, too, adopted the current and easy plan of having recourse to Moorish workmen, who, with fine art-cosmopolitanism, did not shrink from grafting upon their own distinctive types some of the Gothic forms to which they were commended, or to which they felt drawn out. From these sources comes the strange prevalence of the Moresque in the domestic architecture of Toledo—the huge outer door with its carefully-wrought iron garnishings, and the square-tiled inner courtyard, with wooden or granite pillars supporting an overhead gallery (sometimes open, sometimes covered in), upon which the dwelling-rooms give, and to which access is gained by a happily-concealed staircase.

The little list of absolutely Moorish remains, too, given above, affords distinct and valuable—if not very pure—representatives of each of the three periods into which Saracenic art in Spain may be roughly divided. In Cristo de la Luz there is the early Arab-Byzantine style,

of which perhaps the best example in the country is the mosque of Córdoba. That is to say, it is the product of time when the sciences (and especially the science of mathematics) were yet comparatively undeveloped in the East, or, at any rate, were jealously guarded by the lettered few, and when there was just a clinging to some old traditions, modified by a servile imitation of Greek, Latin, and Persian forms—flowers, and leaves, and *azulejo* or mosaic decoration—and accompanied by a not very laudable recourse to already prepared material, as evidenced by some incongruous collections of pillars, friezes, and capitals.

But presently there came a season of blessed security and rest, when the conquerors could turn their attention to the manifold questions inducing and proceeding from material and social progress. Then their art struck out a new path for itself. The seed already planted in the far East took root in Spanish soil, and there were produced all those infinite and ever-fresh varieties of decoration which may truly be called 'arabesque'—the geometrical combining and curving of lines in relief or open work, and the cunning use of inscriptions—all wrought out with a skill and honesty which astonish and baffle the care-fullest worker to-day. This, the transition period, may be studied in Santa Maria la Blanca and the Casa de Mesa.

And finally there came a time which the purist must look upon as one of decline, though the majority of folk profess to find in it the highest perfection, when magnificence passed into the luxury of phantasy and excess of ornamentation, when the *bóveda* became infinitely intricate in its multiplication and crossing, and when the stalactite decoration and honeycombed cornice were added. The experiences of Toledo were perhaps too stern and sad for there to be any really good examples of

this style here, but it may nevertheless be traced in the synagogue 'Del Tránsito' and in the Taller del Moro, near the cathedral.

That these types are not unadulterated may have arisen, easily enough, from the fact that they partook more of the character of transplanted specimens than the southern work, and so were more leavened by the already existing forms alongside of which they sprang up; and also from their being in each case late in date for the respective periods to which they belong.

There is another side, however, to all this work of inquiry—another region to be explored. To all the carefully-preserved remains, and to all the facts of history which are writ so large that 'he who runs may read,' the ordinarily conscientious traveller is fairly attentive. That which he habitually passes over, from lack of heedfulness, and that which at once explains much that is repelling in the grim old streets of Toledo, and endears them to the careful, the tarrying soul, is all the world of *unwritten* history—not to call it by any scornful name—the nearly destroyed record, which has even to-day a definite and uniquely potent influence over the Toledan mind and life.

Such histories, that is to say, as linger about some of the cathedral chapels, and the old Zocodover; about the Puerta del Sol, or the San Martin bridge, and the rocks that frown down from the southern bank upon the turbid, hurrying waters of the dark Tagus; about Cristo de la Vega, too, and Cristo de la Luz—that most dainty and fairylike of Arab sanctuaries. Every one knows how that, some 800 years ago, the Cid's noble Babieca—the mystic King Arthur of warriors' steeds—unearthed here, at Cristo de la Luz, the crucifix still to be seen over the altar, which had been hidden away during the long Moorish usurpation, and before which the *luz*—the lamp

—had been kept unfailingly alight. But every one does not know that this was no isolated instance of the image's divine potency. This crucified Christ has often saved himself as well as others. Long before the Cid's name became a power in the land, one Abisain, a Jew, had introduced himself, in a moment of religious frenzy, into the little Christian temple in the dim evening light, when all was quiet ; he had cast down and trampled upon this effigy of the despised Nazarene ; had pierced its side with a dagger, and, hurrying it away to his house in the Plaza de Valdecaleros, had tossed it upon a dunghill. But he had not noticed in the darkness that the wounds he had inflicted forthwith bled, and so left a tell-tale track along the streets which brought swift retribution upon his own head, and a glorious restoration to his victim.

Or there is the Cueva de Hercules. How few care to turn over the pages of its strange history, though it has been alike the birthplace and the nursery of so much traditional life ! To the sightseer come down from Madrid for the day it means—if he bestow a thought upon it—that if there is nothing better for him to look at he can go home. But to the average inhabitant of Toledo it means—in some more or less defined and acknowledged sort—that the world is ruled by a dual divinity of Fate and Direct Retribution, and that therefore, as it is useless to attempt to alter what has been prepared and ordained, the best thing to do is to submit as quietly as possible to the inevitable, and seize upon such good and pleasant morsels as the passing moment puts in one's way. All such notions as the potent interference of man in his own destiny, or the operation of natural causes—the survival of the fittest, or the overthrow of a race or kingdom by the simple process of inherent defect—are either unrecognized by him, or not

deemed sufficient to account for the catastrophes which every now and then occur in the social system.

This is putting the matter rather coarsely, no doubt. If questioned closely on the subject the said average citizen would probably declare his entire freedom from superstitious ways, and a firm faith in the operation and powers of the Blessed Virgin, or in some particular patron saint out of the many newly-discovered fetiches. But the older, simpler, and in some respects far grander religion forms none the less the true undercurrent of his thoughts and life, and any such of its special temples as the Cueva de Hercules is to be shunned on a dark night, as a churchyard by the average English disbeliever in spiritualism.

But what, perhaps the reader will ask, is this wonderful Cueva de Hercules? It was not always a Cueva, and much less had it aught to do with the church which now guards its entrance. From the days only to be conveniently reckoned by 'generations,' it was a forbidding, uninhabited spot, which no sun could gladden, and upon which Nature herself seemed to turn her back. And here was situated the enchanted tower of the great King Hercules, a man—if indeed he might be reckoned a man—who was mighty and wise beyond all men who had ever lived, and who had foreseen that the kingdom of the Goths would be ruined by that ruler who should be base enough to prefer the satisfying of his own lusts and pride to the welfare of his subjects. And so he had built this palace of jaspers and richly-coloured marbles, and, himself sealing up the door, had ordained, before his unaccountable disappearance from the earth, that each successive monarch should add another seal within a few days of his accession to the throne, and should sacredly forbear from searching out the mysteries of the building.

And age after age his bidding was religiously fulfilled.

It was affirmed, naturally, and presently accepted as an article of faith, that there was a sort of heaven of riches and pleasure within the shining tower, of which its precious stones were an emblem ; but still its secrets were respected, and some unseen power seemed to watch over the kingdom of the Goths.

Until there arose a King, Roderick the ill-fated and ill-natured, who cared nothing for any custom, religion, or right, nor suffered these things to stand between his lusts and himself. How he prosecuted his determination to ransack the Enchanted Palace, and what awful confirmation he met therein of the gloomy prophecies where-with King Hercules had backed up his behest ; how, as he was now grasping at the goodly things he had come upon, they turned to veriest ashes, and how, as he and his companions fled terror-stricken from the scene, a tongue of fire darted out of the lurid blackness that had gathered around them, and the whole edifice crashed down into a heap of half-buried ruins, is all well known to those who are willing to sit at tradition's feet. And what followed has been made matter of history, though the irreverent scribes thereof nowhere give due prominence to the exact fulfilling of King Hercules' ordaining, and the retributive punishment of Don Roderick's unhallowed defying of the supernatural. The Arab hosts speedily made their appearance in the south ; swiftly they overran Andalucia, scattering the puny force which Teodomiro, the Gothic viceroy, opposed to them ; destroyed King Roderick and the flower of Toledan chivalry at the Guadalete ; and—so sure their avenging onswEEP—within two years the whole of Spain lay bleeding at their feet.

And so the Palacio Encantado became the Cueva de Hercules—the mighty palace a blackened hole encum-

bered with ruins. And then began a new phase of its history. The dire devils which had been chained up within it, and then, when let loose upon the country by a sacrilegious hand, had rent the fabric in their issuing, had only added fresh colouring to the awe with which the inhabitants of Toledo had ever regarded the spot ; while from the entry of Don Roderick and his companions, there had come to be noised abroad confirmation of the old idea that endless treasures were shut up herein, and that the rough, misshapen den was even now the abode of beauteous sirens, who ever and anon wooed the passer-by to his destruction. So the place came to be called '*Placer con pesar*,' a devil's treasure-house, where a rash mortal who sought to obtain good by unhallowed means might become rich and happy in haste to repent at leisure. It was whispered that, when the melancholy *Angelus* bade farewell to the dying day, there might be seen restless, vaporous forms flitting for a moment out from the horrible, grinning mouth of the cavern, and then passing from sight ;—like the strange bluish shapes which scared and benighted wayfarers see flashing forth now and again from behind the tombstones of cemeteries, and which every one knows to be those who have perished in mortal sin, and are allowed to revisit the earth again to seek for prayers and penance.

And, naturally, there were not wanting those who declared that these appearances were all imagination, and that as the *pesar* for King Roderick's crimes—of which this affair of the Enchanted Palace was the culmination—had already been undergone by the country, it only needed sufficient courage on the part of some spirited mortal to face whatsoever of terror might still lurk around the threshold of the Cueva, in order to enjoy to the full the *placer* which lay behind—and the riches. True, there had been strange disappearances of

those who, from curiosity, greed, or unwariness, had ventured near the place by night ; but that only proved that it was in very fact a paradise that lay embosomed in the earth, so sweet, so perfect, that those who had once attained thereto did not care to revisit a blasted, down-fallen world.

One thing, however, was beyond all doubt—that there was something very awful and supernatural about the spot. For, almost in our own day, when everything is so enlightened and certain that it is absurd to suppose that any mere superstition can stand the tests brought against it, the Cardinal Archbishop Siliceo was compelled, by the most terrible warnings, to desist from a scheme which he had aired for searching out whatever of god or devil lay here enshrined.

Here was a promising source and nurturing for popular beliefs and superstitions. It could not but come to pass that there should grow out of it a long list of the Cueva's victims—of unhappy wights who have sought within the unhallowed precincts a prompt and royal road to wealth, or to the satisfying of love, or of vengeance, and who have found instead a mysterious but no less certain fate, which was all the more impressive for its half revealing. Perhaps some time we may come back to the spot, and unravel some of these histories and influences at our leisure. Now, however, we must turn our faces southward.

IX

CÓRDOBA

IF for any reason La Granja and El Escorial have been passed by—and the former is far too often left out of the traveller's programme—Aranjuez ought to be visited as a sort of duty, in order to understand a certain facet of Spanish life and custom, and to see what can be done in the way of a stiff reproduction of Nature and a deliberate violation of the usually recognized canons of art. Sometime, in the days when it was praised by Calderon and Garcilaso, and painted by Velasquez, when it was a royal residence in something more than name, and when its long avenues and shady bowers were bright with groups of gaily dressed courtiers, or brighter with the laughter of children, Aranjuez must have been pretty enough. Even now it would be quite tolerable—indeed, in some respects admirable—if only there were a decent veiling of its poor imitation of bad French forms, or if its ugliness were relieved by love. As matters stand, however, there is not sufficient expenditure of care and money to sweep up the dead leaves of autumn, or check the growth of summer weeds, and so the scene is mournful and depressing to the last degree.

In any case it should be visited from Madrid, and not be allowed to come between Toledo and Andalucia. For, with the 'imperial city' of the Castiles, twentieth-century Western life, whether spick-and-span as in the

capital, or frowsy and unkempt as in some of the capital's offshoots, has been put far from us, and will hardly be recognized again until Barcelona is reached.

This is no mere conceit. The traveller who has spent a week in Toledo, who has made there good use of his time, and is willing, now, to enter unreservedly into all the new experiences which await him in the south, will find that he has just gone through a desirable sort of apprenticeship, and is fitted to comprehend readily, and to enjoy, a life and surroundings which will prove to be made up of all the pleasanter characteristics of Toledo's ways, dressed up in bright and cheerful garb. And it is well to make the transition, by this means, easy and relief-ful—to have a sobering, in some sort sombre, fore-taste of what is in store—because, usually, one entertains such an absurdly exalted idea of Andalusian experiences. Ever-blue skies, glorious sunshine falling through fruit-laden orange-groves, marble colonnades and courtyards, with cooling fountains plashing out scented waters, sylph-like forms that leave behind them just an impression of white floating robes and a pair of lustrous black eyes—that is the sort of picture which fancy generally limns, and the sort of thing even now to be met with in books aspiring to the mentorship of travellers. Of course, there is a substratum of truth in such descriptions. These delightful morsels of loveliness exist. But they have to be looked for behind grim walls, and under a not-to-be-lost-sight-of veil of squalor and grossness which jars terribly upon the susceptible nerves of a refined northerner, fresh from the ways of a too luxurious civilization. Get into the joyous, contented spirit of the life that reckes nothing of a few discomforts, trials, and inconveniences ; approach it footsore from the roughness, or oppressed by the dull sadness of some of the grey,

stricken cities of the plains, and then the most brightly-tinged anticipations will be at least satisfied, if not fulfilled. Else what is really good and profitable and restful will be covered up, or hidden away, and, as one continually finds when exchanging experiences with fellow-travellers, the outcome will be disappointment which increases with every onward step, and a spirit of reviling which is chiefly potent in irritating itself.

The scenery which supervenes upon the wastes of La Mancha is really very beautiful, though a thing *sui generis*—and that an unexpected kind. There is enormous fertility on all sides, but it is understood rather than expressed. Overhead, even in winter, there is an unblinking, blazing sun, that draws a blue mist over the horizon. The earth is brown, and devoid of any pleasantness of covering save here and there an oasis of orange or lemon trees. There is almost worse than no water, for the occasional *riachuelo* which trickles among the stones deep down in the baked *rambla*, or the broad, undoubted river which rolls sluggishly along between low flat banks of mud, are rather eyesores than a relief, and seem utterly unable to fringe even their own ways with verdure. And yet there is the notion of richness and plenty everywhere;—in the far-reaching slopes of olive-plantation, in the evident fact that each foot of earth is diligently cultivated and wrought to good purpose, in the huge sprawling hedges of aloe and prickly pear, brightened with gloriously coloured wild-flowers, which appeal to one as old friends with strangely new faces, and in the garden-like region which heralds the approach to the more important stopping-places. It may not all seem beautiful at the moment, but there is something about it of rest and joyousness and satisfaction, which, with the more definite delights of vivid colouring and indescribably pure air, dwells in the recol-

lection when one has passed far away, and creates a longing to see it all again.

Córdoba is absurdly unlike what it ought to be. One of the most ancient of cities, and abounding, too, in records of all the races that have made it, fought for it, and dwelt in it during the last 2,000 years, it should be very picturesque, very dilapidated, very grim, and full of artistic treasures. These last, however, have almost entirely disappeared; and, for the rest, it is just as bright and clear and ordinary as an unenterprising and happy people, the clearest sky perhaps in Europe, and the most immaculate and pervading whitewash can make it. They say that a thousand years ago there were upwards of a million inhabitants here, 300 mosques, 900 baths, and 600 *fondas*. It may have been so, but there is oddly little evidence of any such greatness. The report reminds one irresistibly of the 2,000,000 men of King Agriean's army whom Orlando killed, according to Don Quixote, with his own hand. But, if the city that was the successful rival of Bagdad and Damascus as a seat of learning, and the centre of European civilization, has been reduced to the size and rank of an overgrown village, there is some consolation to be derived from the fact that everything one has to see has thereby been brought within the narrowest possible limits. For the treading of Córdoba's pavements is an operation something between dancing the tight-rope, walking on eggs, and tip-toeing stakes of iron. The more important thoroughfares can boast of a flagged side-walk, indeed, but it is so narrow that an ordinarily voluminous *capa*, or a priest's gown, takes up the whole of it, and so the polite foreigner is only compelled to dance and dodge all the more by what might otherwise be his salvation.

To catch Córdoba awake it is necessary to get up very early in the morning—the earlier the better—and saunter

through the Plaza de la Corredera and adjoining streets. If one has before only known the sleepy, deserted town of high day, refusing utterly to acknowledge ordinary working hours, and so making travellers and guide-books speak of her as a city of the dead, the scene will be simply unrecognizable. However other market-places may have been scornfully or carelessly passed by, this one must on no account be missed. For in the bustling play enacted here each morning between six and nine o'clock, there is to be gained a first insight into the quickness and force of the southern character, and into the quaint customs of oddly mixed, and as oddly unleavened, races—customs which one has perhaps only read of in books, and imagined to belong to days long since gone by. And there are piles of strange fruits and flowers too, glorious in colour, form and profusion, which it is a shame only to admire when they are set forth upon the table.

A winding street—all the streets are most bewildering in their windings—leads down from these open-air markets to the handsome promenade formed upon the northern bank of the Guadalquivir. This stops short, however, most unfortunately, some distance from the Roman-Moorish Puente Viejo, and so we must make a *détour* to the right—back into the silent white old streets—in order to reach the central attraction of Córdoba, the great Mezquita and its dependencies.

It may seem heretical to couple the mosque in this way with anything else. But, after all that the visitor has heard and read about this wondrous Arab temple, it will be strange if it does not woefully disappoint him, and stranger still if he does not find great store of interest and beauty in its surroundings. There is the bridge itself—the Puente Viejo—one of the earliest records of the Moor in Spain, built upon Roman foundations very soon after Don Roderick's discomfiture at the Guadalete,

and preceding Abd-el-Rhaman's mosque by a good seventy years. The heavy Doric gateway which guards the entrance to the town from the bridge is a characteristic piece of Herrera's genius, and if the reliefs upon it are by Torrigiano, they are in no way worthy of the man who wrought the San Gerónimo in the Sevilla Museo, or Henry VII.'s sepulchre in Westminster Abbey. Still newer and poorer is the Churrigueresque Triunfo column, with its figure of the angel Rafael, the city's tutelar, as he appeared to the painter-priest Roelas 300 years ago, saying :

'Yo te juro por Jesu Cristo crucificado
Que soy Rafael angel, à quien Dios tiene puesto
Por guarda de esta ciudad.'

The view from this corner is most superb. In front lies the full sweep of the Guadalquivir, with the isthmus of irregular arches which spans it, and the green plain upon the other side. Below the bridge some ruins of a Moorish mill jut clear out into the water, and farther to the right—inland—are the walls of the old and new Alcázars, with their delicate fringing of green and gold orange-trees. Behind rise up the dark battlements of the Mosque, ugly and stern indeed in themselves, but relieved by a feathery date-palm here and there, and the vista of dazzlingly white streets. Over all the glorious blue of a Córdoba sky lights up and colours everything.

And then, after a couple of minutes' walk up the road, and stopping to admire the exquisitely-sculptured Plateresque portal of the Foundling Hospital, one turns aside through an insignificant opening in the massive wall, and that perfectest of visions, the Patio de los Naranjos—court of orange-trees—bursts upon the view, with the creamy delicate belfry-tower, rival of Sevilla's



EL PATIO DE LOS NARANJOS

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100.

Giralda, rising up on the left above the dark shining foliage and flame-coloured fruit.

All of which is really pleasanter to behold than the Mezquita itself, the central figure of the whole picture. A marvellous building is this mosque, no doubt—and unique. It is huge too, fairy-like withal, lovely in detail, wonderful in the inconceivable perspective of its avenues of columns, and there is about it an air of Eastern gorgeousness. In fact, it is anything you please except just what it should be as a great religious house—imposing. Now and then, in some corner, when the view is contracted, and when a group of kneeling, black-robed penitents induces a much-needed dwarfing of humanity, there may be formed some notion of what the place was in its better days. After its second enlargement, that is to say, when the Mihrab* had just been added, and the Patio de los Naranjos finished; when there was as yet no need of windows, but all these avenues of delicate columns within opened straight upon the even more lovely, and exactly corresponding, avenues of orange-trees without; before Almanzor had conferred unwieldiness by adding the eight eastern naves; before an obtrusive Renaissance cathedral had been thrust down in the centre, and when, in place of the present bald, mean vaulting, there was a fine *artesonado* work of sweet-smelling woods. Now, however, when the place has thus been shorn of all beauty of proportion, shorn, too, of the old rites, and the old life, it is grievously hard to get over the idea that one is in an exaggerated crypt.

Of curious and beautiful detail there is of course no lack. The thousand columns—once 1,419—which support the roof naturally claim the first attention, and

* Mihrab=‘place inhabited by the Spirit of God’—so the holy spot, to which the Moslems turned in prayer, and where the sacred books were kept.

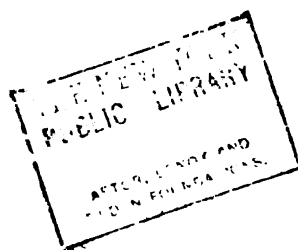
provide an ever-fresh field of study and speculation. They are of differing styles, dimensions, substances and colours ; they were brought here from various centres of the old civilized world—Carthage, Constantinople, Alexandria, Nîmes, Narbonne, Tarragona, etc. ; and they form perhaps the most remarkable instance to be found of how the Arabs, in their earlier architectural efforts, relied upon the already-shaped material of other countries. Some there are, too, of marble from the Sierra Morena, from Loja and Cadiz, with capitals of Corinthian order wrought with stiff-leaf foliage, and indicating the already budding artfulness of the Hispano-Arab workmen.

And there are most precious specimens of arabesque work, such as the decoration of the Holy of Holies (the sanctuary, or Mihrab) and of the little group of constructions opposite—an earlier Mihrab, the Mahsurah, or seat of the Khalif, and the Villaviciosa chapel—concerning the exact disposition and designation of which there has been a vast amount of discussion. The original mosque occupied only a corner—the N.W. corner—of the present building, and its Mihrab was swallowed up by a first extension, southwards, of seven aisles. Here, at the southern extremity, was placed the new Mihrab, and here presently, after a second enlargement, necessitating yet another—the existing—Mihrab, the Mahsurah, or seat of the Khalif, to be turned presently (in 1238) into the choir of the first Christian church, with the addition of the beautiful Capilla de nuestra Señora de Villaviciosa on the east. Finally came a third, huge extension eastwards, destroying all the proportions of the building, and throwing the Mihrab out of its central position. The finest decorative work is to be found in the Mihrab *nuevo*, with its two chapels, everything, however, yielding in elaboration and gorgeousness to the central Kiblah ('south'=the direction of Mecca) with



Anderson

THE MIHRAB



its delicate heptagonal shaping and shell-like roof. Here, in the vestibule now called *La Ceca*, was kept the *mimbar* of Al-Hakim II., a desk on wheels, of sandal and ebony woods, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl, containing the sacred Koran transcribed by the Khalif Othman, and stained with his blood. The Mahsurah is similar in character to the Mihrab, and is raised some 4 feet from the ground. There may be seen here, in the later thirteenth-century stucco ornamentation, work similar to that which specially characterizes the Alhambra. The earlier Christian cathedral may still be traced in its entirety; and it is noteworthy that, while it left many disfiguring touches behind it, there was shown in its designing a respect for the main conformation of the mosque which might have read a lesson to the later and more ambitious Christian innovators of the sixteenth century.

How the great Mezquita of Córdoba was built—the offspring of a sudden desire on the part of Abd-el-Rhaman I. to counteract the attractions of Mecca, and outvie the temples of the newly-conquered land; how he purchased an old Christian basilica for his site, and pushed on his work with such ardour that the amazingly short space of ten years saw it concluded—though he himself was cut off when the shell was yet incomplete—is an old tale. It is difficult, however, to resist reproducing the graphic portrayal of a Christian, priest-ridden community as looked at from the Mahomedan point of view, to be unearthed from the Arab legends concerning the great Khalif's plans and directions for his new temple. 'Let us raise to Allah,' he said, 'an *Aljama* which shall surpass the Temple of Jerusalem itself. Let us build the western Kaaba upon the very site of a Christian sanctuary, which we will destroy, so that we may set forth how the Cross shall fall and become abased

before the true Prophet. Allah will never give the power of the world unto those who make themselves the slaves of drink and lustfulness while they preach penitence and the joys of chastity, and enrich themselves at the expense of others while they extol poverty. For these the sad and silent cloister ; for us the crystalline fountain and the shady grove ; for them the hard and unenlightened life of dungeon-like strongholds ; for us the sweetness of social intercourse and scientific culture. For them, intolerance and tyranny ; for us, a ruler who is our father. For them, a people lying in the darkness of ignorance ; for us, an instruction as widespread and free as our religion. For them, the wilderness, celibacy, and the doom of the false martyr ; for us, plenty, love, brotherhood, and eternal joy.'

X

SEVILLA

ALTHOUGH an entrance is made at Córdoba into the charmed region of Andalusian life, one only meets there with the hard, the in some sort poverty-stricken side of it. There is its brightness, its *insouciance* and originality—something of its colour, picturesqueness, and *gracia*, too, with much of its record—but nothing of its brilliant garb, or luxury. Not until Sevilla is approached does one encounter the *majo* and all his ways. But then it is the very land of the dandy, both in person and spirit, which opens out before us. No longer must one frequent the churches, monasteries, or markets in order to gain an insight into the people's character, or the people's life. These are either deserted, or handed over to the perfunctory souls. One must saunter upon the *paseo*, or mix with the throng in the café, casino, or theatre, or walk with special wideawakedness the Amor de Dios, the Sierpes, the Francos, or Cuna, the very roadways of which are turned into broad footpaths for the eager, handsomely-dressed crowd of *flâneurs*, who prove that the well-worn old sarcasm,

'Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectentur ut ipse,'

was only libellous through its exclusiveness.

Fortunately, the paseos and favourite plazas of Sevilla are very charming—notably Las Delicias, with

its over-arching acacia-trees and bright bordering of garden, and the Plaza de San Fernando, second best of all Spain's plazas, only surpassed by Salamanca's great square, and perhaps even more attractive than its rival in its Oriental garnishing of date-palms, and its splendid colour contrasts. And there are other pleasant aspects of one's idle hours here. As everybody save the foreign sightseer and the beggar seems to be well dressed and happy, so do all go their ways in perfect order and decorum. Whatever we may know about ugly and degrading sights and scenes round corners, during the small hours of the night, or in the home, there is nothing to be met with in ordinary experiences but ever-smiling courtesy and unsoiled prettiness. 'A holiday humour too good to last!' one is tempted to cry. But no; it is the same to-morrow, and the next day, through genial sunshine and bitter east wind, political calm or revolution, prosperity or the frowns of fortune. And if we come back to visit Andalucia's queen next year she will greet us with the same comeliness of both perverted and unperverted nature.

But perhaps the most delicious of all Sevillian bits are the peeps into the patios of the houses which the quieter streets afford. Anything more exquisite after its kind—more perfectly ordered, delicately arranged, and beautifully kept—than the court of a Sevillian gentleman's residence cannot be imagined, and the poorer classes follow suit with marvellous success and unanimity. There is no great outer door as at Toledo, but cunningly-wrought and fairy-like iron gates, which only serve to set off an enticing picture of marble pavement, colonnade and fountain, in a framing of palmitos, bananas and lemon-trees, with here and there a coquettishly-perched cage of singing-birds. In no other place is there so great

a temptation to become the inquisitive prior into the domestic ways of one's fellows.

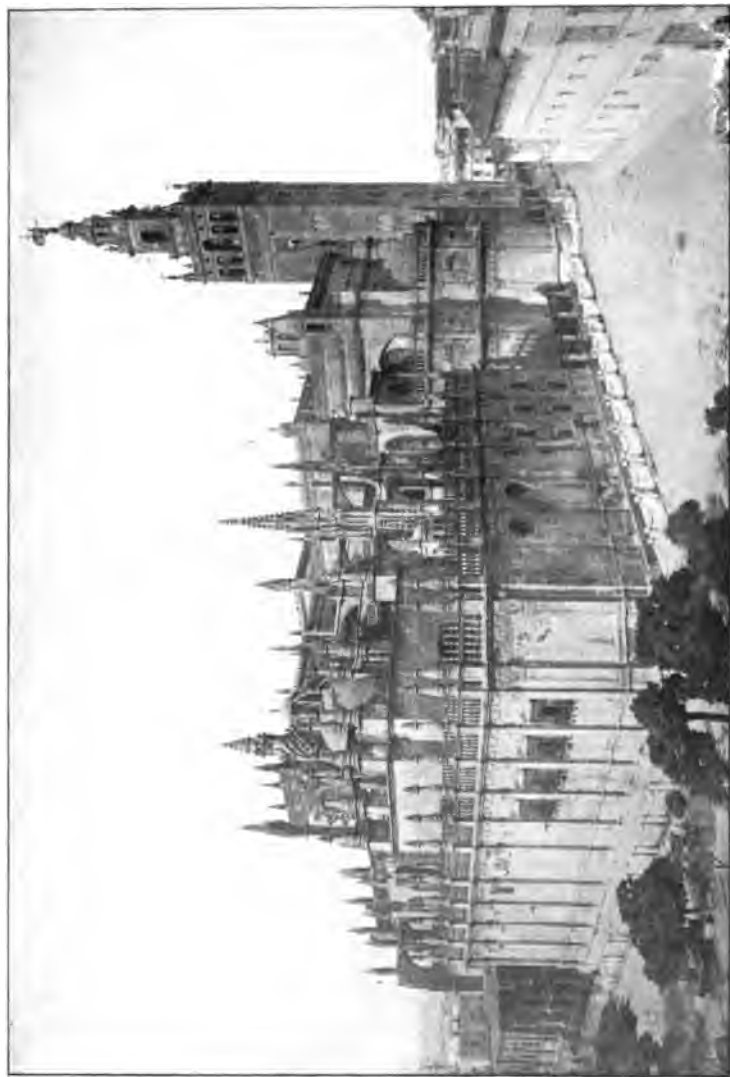
So far all is sweet and pleasant—all well in keeping, too, with expectation and desire. But then, if the traveller happen to be burdened with tastes or knowledge which require other food than laughter and prettiness, and if—as is very likely—he should have come down from the north with oft-repeated assurances sounding in his ears that he must wait till he gets to Sevilla in order to see anything really great or precious in art-work, he will be faced at every turn by cruel disappointment. It is astonishing—only explicable by the supposition that the natives are influenced by the superficial opinion of the average tourist—how persistently even the cultivated Spaniard will refer to Sevilla as the home of all that is fine in both Christian and Moorish work. And the astonishment is only increased by the thought of the unequalled store of good and beautiful things which the land possesses in other quarters, and of which he at least—the said Spaniard—might be expected to have some appreciation. The fact is that, apart from a few good paintings, there is no work here which will bear analysis. In the far-famed cathedral, the Alcázar, and the Casa de Pilatos—the three buildings which will probably be put forward in order to support the alleged value of Sevilla as a point of architectural study—there is any amount of *ad captandum* effect, and much fragmentary excellence. But there is neither harmony nor consistency of style; there is a lack of the honesty and grasp which underlie all true art, and late additions or restorations have in each case wrought infinite mischief. It is absurd to compare such bungling as one finds here with the pure, conscientious, and noble work at Granada, Toledo, Burgos, Leon, Santiago, or Tarragona.

And so in all the divers paths of art, literature, and antiquarian record—in church, salon, and library, as upon the *paseo*—the way to enjoy Sevilla is to forget the past, to put away criticisms, and to give oneself up to the spirit that cares for no prize save the gratification of the moment's impulse and fancy.

In which spirit let us cross the bright Plaza Nueva, and enter the great cathedral, only pausing for a moment outside to note that the platform, or *gradas*, upon which it stands, with the enclosing pillars brought from the Roman ruins of Italica, formed in medieval times a place of refuge, where the criminal, or unfortunate, might shelter himself under the unassailable jurisdiction of the Church; while in later days, before the erection of the neighbouring Lonja, they were the recognized haunt of the Sevillian merchants and bill-brokers.

The first view of the interior is one of the supreme moments of a lifetime. The glory and majesty of it are almost terrible. No other building, surely, is so fortunate as this in what may be called its *presence*. Nave, aisles, and lateral chapels, all of singularly happy proportions, a vista of massive and yet graceful columns, a rightly dim religious light, gloriously rich stained glass, and an all-prevailing notion of venerable age—such is the sum of one's first impressions.

'Then the place fulfils its mission,' some may exclaim. So far as the ordinary visitor is concerned, certainly. For he will not care to get beyond first impressions, and the cathedrals of Sevilla and Córdoba will probably be the only sacred buildings in Spain of which he will keep alive any definite recollection. But it is a pity that it should be so—a pity that so gorgeous a piece of work as this, the motto of which from its first shadowing out upon paper has been *Grandeza*, should not be able to do more than impress, and perhaps awe, careless souls. Beyond



J. Laurent y Cia

EXTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL



some effects of proportion, light, colour, and piecemeal excellence, there is nothing here of the subtle teaching and pure exampling of the Salamanca 'Vieja,' Toledo, or Tarragona. The term 'fortunate' may have seemed just now to be an opprobrious one wherewith to describe so impressive a building, but it is really the only just epithet. Age after age a great band of glorifiers of self through self's handiwork have been employed here in producing what they determined should be a world's marvel, and, thanks to the rare combination of lavish magnificence of idea with a particularly adjusted light, they have turned out what passes current through most hands as pure gold. That there has been but little sacredness of purpose, and none of that greatness of conception which can at once grasp the completed whole, and design each individual part, is shown by the absence of anything like consistency of style, and the blemishes which wait everywhere upon excellence—the ugly, square, east end, the debased groining, the bald windows, their careless head tracery, and an exterior which is simply beneath criticism.

But we are forgetting the spirit in which we were to come here. Before destroying the effect of the first vision by such details as these, it will be well to turn aside and look at some of the really glorious works of art which make the cathedral a veritable museum. Here are Murillo's *St. Anthony of Padua*, and *The Angel de la Guarda*, types of effective church decoration, even looking at it merely from the garnishing point of view, and making one more than ever grieve over the suspicion with which the Anglican Church regards the artist-painter. The *Angel de la Guarda*, close to the great western door, is perhaps the better known of the two, both by description and reproduction, but the *San Antonio*, in the Capilla de la Pila, is by far the finer. The saint kneels in his

cell, stretching out his arms towards the Saviour, who, in the form of a little child, floating in light which emanates from Himself, and attended by angels and cherubs, is coming down in answer to His servant's earnest prayer. In conception and composition, drawing and colouring, this superb picture is unexceptionable, while the smallest accessories are painted with wonderful care. And although there is something of the inevitable Murillo prettiness about the infant Christ, there is at the same time an unwonted dignity and protecting power—a fine divinity—while the kneeling figure is quite living in its expression of yearning dependency and trustfulness. There is a double interest attaching to the painting now, for in November, 1874, the figure of St. Anthony was cut out, and taken away. About two months afterwards a German artist in New York informed the Spanish Consul that he believed the missing portion had been offered to him, for some ridiculously small sum. This, upon examination, proved to be the case, and, thanks to the prompt action of the authorities, and the skill of the chief restorer of the Madrid Museo, the rehabilitated picture was hanging again in its place within another seven months, the work of restoration being so admirably carried out that it is difficult, save by the closest inspection, to discover any mark of damage.

Sevilla's great artist is represented here by many other admirable examples—notably by one of his best *Conceptions*, a *St. Ferdinand*, and the *Justa and Rufina*, in the oval Sala Capitular—but the two pictures of *El Angel* and *San Antonio* are not only far beyond all the rest in value, but stand out like giants among the other art treasures of the cathedral. And yet there is a long array of good things—a fine *Nativity* by Luis de Varga, the *Generacion* of the same painter, Campaño's famous but overpraised *Deposicion*, at the foot of which Murillo

wished to be buried, some wonderfully good frescoes by Pablo de Céspedes—whose tomb, by the way, we may have noted in the mosque of Córdoba, hard by the Villaviciosa chapel—and a host of less remarkable but still noticeable works by Pacheco, Zúbaran, El Greco, and Goya. In church-plate and vestments Sevilla is richer than any other of the Spanish cathedrals, except perhaps Burgos. The silver altars, the endless silver and bronze candelabras—one so colossal that it needs twenty men to carry it into the church—Arfe's gloriously rich and delicate monstrance, the jewelled censers, chalices, and crosses, the golden keys and diamond stars, are splendid to satiety.

But the crowning glory of the cathedral is its fifteenth and sixteenth century stained glass, especially that of the upper windows in the nave, the transepts, and east end. The lower windows are filled in with the poor design and colouring of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and thereby receive quite an unnecessary accenting of their grave architectural defects ; but those upper lights, though belonging to a period when the disfiguring canopy had assumed its most gigantic proportions, are models of splendid colouring, and of that didactic purpose which is so often lost sight of in glass decoration. It can hardly escape note here how impossible it is to appreciate the value of this sort of work without really caring to study it with the help of a field or opera glass ; how windows which one might pass by as mere examples of the massing of fine colours will stand revealed presently as full of life in conception and design, in purpose and power. It is almost invidious to make any selection from such a store as lies before us, but perhaps the finest examples are the *Assumption of the Virgin* over the south-west door, the *Conversion of St. Paul* in the Santiago chapel, the *Entry into Jerusalem* over the 'Lagarto' doorway, and its *vis-à-vis*, the *Cleansing of the Temple*.

The time to understand the extraordinary beauty of this old glass* is just as the evening is closing in, and the vast cathedral is becoming shrouded in the gloom of twilight. Watching then, as the shadows spread around, it will be seen that while the later, poor colours turn indistinct and grey, and then become suddenly quite blank, the older pieces only deepen and glow the more. To secure a perfect arrangement of all circumstances for a process of this sort, one should choose a winter's afternoon when there is some solemn ceremony to follow vespers—say such an occasion as the Feast of St. Cecilia, or, better still, the Christmas *Seizes*—when a stand must be taken before the high altar for a good half-hour or so in the dusk, if one wishes to secure a good place, and when there is the subtle contagion of a surrounding and only dimly visible humanity spell-bound by expectancy. The darkness has perhaps already begun to creep round the capitals of the palm-like columns, and to draw out overhead its mysterious veil of depth and infinity. Presently the noiseless, black-robed figures which are flitting hither and thither over the pavement become blurred and indistinct, and there is a sudden awakening to the consciousness that the small ring of worshippers which the daylight left around the Crossing has grown into a great sea of heads and shadowy forms. And all this time the watery blues and reds of the lower line of windows have first become ashen, and then weakly died out, before the gathering gloom of the side aisles and the soft brilliancy of the lights around the altar, while the grand old models above seem to look down upon the scene with ever-increasing vividness and life. How the deepened, only glorified, violet and crimson here give up the ghost one never seems to know, for long before it comes to

* With the designing of which Espinosa, upon doubtful authority credits Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo.

that the solemn roll of Cavaille-Coll's organ—one of the very few organs in Spain that have any solemnity of tone about them, or that are properly handled—has burst upon the ear, and all other thoughts are lost in the strange and weird scene that is fulfilling a spot in the blackness with phantasy and sound.

These *Seixes* are experiences never to be passed by, or forgotten. The *raison d'être* of the whole thing is *dancing*—so persistently and manifestly dancing, that it is difficult to believe that the *funcion* had its origin in any Christian symbolism whatsoever, and one turns with relief to the legend that a spectacle of this kind was just the most effective temptation which a liberally-minded prelate could devise, in order to induce the worldly Sevillian folk to come to church on certain solemn occasions. Be that as it may, at five o'clock every afternoon during the octaves of the Immaculate Conception and Corpus, on the last three days of Carnival, and at Christmas, ten seixes or choristers (music, dancing, *funcion*, and performers are alike indiscriminately called 'Seixes') dance and sing in the most charming and graceful old-minuet fashion in front of the high altar, dressed in the style of pages of the seventeenth century, in striped blue and white silk jackets and breeches, white silk stockings, and 'beef-eater' hats with long trailing feathers. The costume and the slightly mundane castanet accompaniment—into which the little performers put their whole souls—strike one, perhaps, as out of keeping with the sacredness of the edifice; otherwise the whole affair is carried out with so much decorum and earnestness that it is not half so strange or repulsive as it might be deemed.

Two sets of words and music are selected for each festival, and are used upon alternate evenings. It is impossible to procure anything like accurate copies, the reproduction or sale of the music being jealously guarded

against by the Chapter, whose property it is. The only plan, therefore, is to take it down by ear, and bribe the little seizes themselves to furnish the words. One set runs as follows :

INTRODUCTION.

Andante.
8va.

Salve O Vir-gen mas pura y mas bel - la, que la Au-
rora y que el as-tro del di - a! Hija y madre y es - po-sa Ma-
ri - a, y las pu-er-tas de Di-os O. ri - en - tal! Sal-ve O

Vir-gen ! Sal-ve O Vir-gen !

Sal-ve O Vir-gen ! Sal-ve O Vir-gen !

Hija y Madre y es - posa tu Ma - ri - a, y las

puer - tas de Dios Ori - en - tal ! Salve O Vir - gen ! Sal-ve O

Sal-ve O Vir-gen !

Vir-gen !

Sal-ve O Vir-gen !

V.S. all' Estroillo.

ESTRIVILLO.

Allegretto.

A la ma - dre de - -

Di - os a la ma-dre de Dios es-co gi - - da, Com-pañ.

er-os can-tad, y de Es-pa-ña Pa-tro-na Re - al.

Dolce.

Com-pañ - er - os can-tad con-ce - bi - da sin pe-

ca - do o - ri - gi - nal.

Sin pe-

ca-do o - ri - gi - nal can - tad can - tad can .

tad.

1st time.

2nd time.

Finis.

Repeat the Estrivillo for another verse, and then V.S. to Coplas.

COPLAS.

Andante con espressione.

Nor-te

fijo en el mar pro-ce - lo - so, nos li - ber-tas del du - ro nau-

0

fra - gio. Ar-ca san-ta que fuís - te pre - sa - - gio—de sa-



lud y de vida al mor - tal. Porque á ti ni el sil-bido es-pan-



to - so, del so - berbio aquí-lon se re - sis - te, ni del



co-ci-to im-puro a-cre - cis - te ni un mo-men-to en su im-mun-do rau-



dal.

Ral - - len - - ten - - do.



Repeat one verse of Estrivillo.

It is tempting to linger over the services in this cathedral, for they are exceptionally good—good even down to the daily matins and vespers. The best *funcion* of the year, perhaps, is the midnight Misa del gallo (Mass of the Cockcrow) on Christmas Eve. The huge building is thronged then with the devoutest of congregations, and the flood of light from the giant silver candelabra before the high altar brings into dazzling relief the gorgeousness of the ritual, with the glory of its furnishing, and throws all the rest into a most impressive gloom and blackness. And the effect produced is in all ways legitimate. The subdued organ accompaniment, the jubilant outburst of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, the prostration before the altar in the *Credo*, with all the other solemnizing adjuncts of the scene and service, leave behind them impressions which must linger long in the memory. The far-famed Holy Week functions are not really effective, from either an ecclesiastical or a musical point of view—save, perhaps, for the ‘Eslava’ *Misereres*; but on November 23rd, the anniversary of the taking of the city by St. Ferdinand, from the Moors, there is a fine military Mass. The sword of Fernan Gonzalez (see p. 23)—Fernan Gonzalez was fighting under King St. Ferdinand—is carried, from the Columbina Library, in solemn procession, and a papal bull is read in front of the Archbishop’s palace.

At the extreme north-west of the church, in the dark passage called ‘El Lagarto,’* are some curious remains of the old mosque of Yacub Yusuf, which stood here at the time of the reconquest, and was the Christian cathedral until the fifteenth century, when it was pulled down to make room for its great successor. Without lies the Moorish Patio de los Naranjos—not so fine as that at

* From the crocodile which hangs in it, a present from the Sultan of Egypt to Alonso El Sabio.

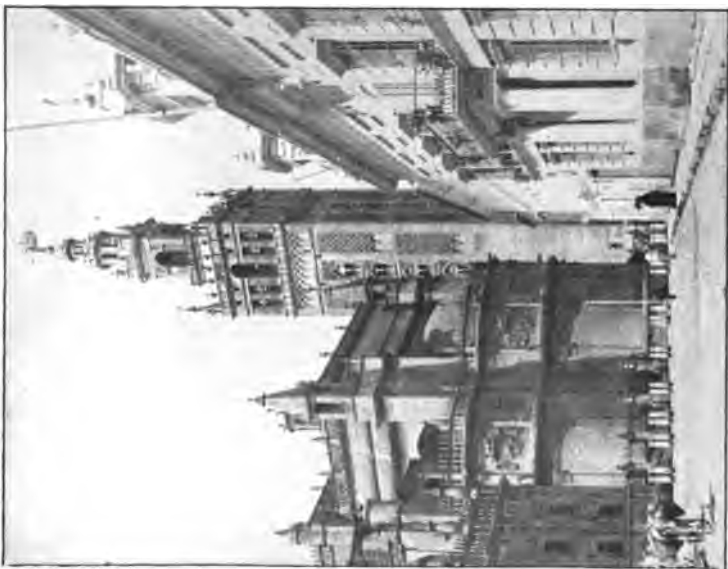
Córdoba—with its ancient fountains where the faithful performed their ablutions, the unused and somewhat uninteresting Columbina library, and the rich, *mudejar* Puerta del Perdon. It is a shame—yet a natural result of the tone of Sevilla's life and conversation—that the library should thus fail to fulfil its mission, for it has had great advantages, and still possesses valuable works. Among the MSS. here may be seen some authentic notes of Christopher Columbus upon his voyages, and other interesting pieces of his handwriting ; also the large collection of books belonging to his son Fernando, and bequeathed to the canons as the nucleus of the library. Perhaps the most interesting feature of the patio is a relic of medieval days, in the shape of a rough stone pulpit placed against the eastern wall, from which some of Spain's most famous preachers—San Vicente Ferrer, San Francisco de Borja, Fernando de Contréras, Juan de Avila, and others—have declaimed to the great congregations which we can easily picture grouped around the old fountain, and under the orange-trees.

Passing out of the Patio de los Naranjos upon the north side, and turning to the right, we may begin the round of a most notable series of buildings, a series which makes this corner of Sevilla, in spite of its ugliness, valuable beyond all other spots in the city. The road should first be crossed in order to get a good near view of the massive and yet delicate Giralda tower, which is even more to Sevilla than Giotto's Campanile is to Florence, or that of St. Mark's to Venice. Long before the traveller reaches the city the Giralda seems to beckon him onwards to his promised land ; during all his peregrinations through the intricate streets and lanes it is his trusted guide, always ready to serve him, soaring as it does far above all surroundings ; it is a thing of un-

failing beauty and interest as day by day he passes and repasses it, or wanders about its precincts ; it tells him, even afar off, how the day moves on, and how the night ; and it dwells in his thoughts the fairest memory of his sojournings in the queen of the Southern cities.

Nor does its value lie merely in any region of sentiment. At the lower portion, at least, one cannot look too carefully. It is the purest piece of Moorish work in the province, and one of the purest pieces in the country. Preceding the great Granada examples by four centuries, it shows both in construction and decoration, though it belongs strictly to what we have called the second period of Moorish art, the worthiest possible infancy of nearly all the forms which were, later on, to be carried to such an inconceivable height of luxury and phantasy. Here is the cusped and pointed arch, the brickwork diapering and ornamentation, the *ajimez* window, the foreshadowing of the arabesque, and even a notion of the stalactite roof. There is really everything except scroll-work ; for here, too, might have been seen the *azulejo* decoration, and the burnished cupola, before Fernando Ruiz—nearly 400 years after the tower was finished—set up his inadequate, and withal vainglorious, belfry.

Twice, at least, must the ascent of the Giralda be made. By moonlight, in order to look out upon the panorama of gleaming white houses and silvered groves, threaded in all directions by lines of twinkling lights, upon the broad Guadalquivir too, and the solemnly dark plain beyond ; and again about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the *repiqué* is rung, at the conclusion of vespers. An easier method of ascent than the broad, gently-inclined, well-lit ramps which lead up to the belfry-stage, cannot be desired ; and at each turn one gets the most charming vistas through the cleverly-designed double



LA GIRALDA



LA PUERTA DEL PERDON



windows, which formed a favourite and altogether praiseworthy device of Moorish architects. The centre of the tower is divided into sleeping-rooms for the ringers, of whom there is quite a goodly array.

The Archbishop's palace, which stands over against the Giralda, is in no way remarkable; but at the opposite corner of the plaza there is a building which rivals even the cathedral and belfry-tower in repute and interest—the famous Alcázar.

Greater, far, in reputation than intrinsic worth. Like the mother church, it forms a sort of sightseer's goal; and it shares equally in the good fortune of so entirely satisfying the requirements of superficial observers that it is esteemed a kind of heresy to take exception to its noble rank as a typical piece of Moorish work. Yet it is just a great house, of southern and somewhat ancient construction—say the fifteenth century—with a number of square rooms and courts, arranged and decorated after Arab models as far as was possible in the case of a building designed to fulfil the requirements of Western civilization, and, grouped around and above these, some spacious modern apartments. Nothing else. Of course, if the courts and towers of the Alhambra have not been seen—or are not to be compassed—there will be found here an infinity of fresh loveliness in design and colouring, together with a vast amount of detail which will repay study—spoiled as it all is by continuous repainting. But even then it must all be looked upon as an exceedingly clever reproduction of beautiful and artful forms, not as their best possible setting forth, or type. There are dark winding passages—evidently dictated by the exigencies of the work—but they yield none of the delicate surprises which form so great a charm of the old Moorish monuments. There is any amount of rich decoration and Moresque detail; but never the notion

of the luxury and voluptuousness of Eastern life, or a suggestion of its thousand-and-one adjuncts. There are, here and there, indubitable traces of the original, eleventh-century Alcázar of Yacub Yusuf; but there is nothing either distinctive or precious about them, and the rest is a record rather of Christian than Arab ways. Pedro the Cruel first took the building in hand, and almost entirely reconstructed it. To him the Alcázar owes its best portions, and to his life and intrigues its most cherished interest. Then came the weak and art-loving Juan II., who restored some of the chief apartments—notably Las Muñecas—and the Reyes Católicos, who added the chapel, and some prettily-decorated rooms upon the second floor. Fifty or sixty years later the place became unfortunately a favourite residence of Carlos Quinto, who brought here his beautiful and passionately loved Isabel of Portugal. It was then that the greater portion of the Renaissance additions were made, and the gardens laid out. To Charles's successor are due the incongruously-placed portraits of Spanish kings in the Hall of Ambassadors, and the Sala called by his name. The palace now came to its zenith in point of size and magnificence, reaching right away down to the river-bank, and including the old Prada de Plata and the still-existing Torre del Oro. That was during the seventeenth century. Then, for a hundred years or more, the world used Spain and her rulers badly, and the pet royal residence fell into grievous disrepair. It was reduced to something like its original limits, and an occasional coat of whitewash was the only token of care bestowed upon it. Fifty years ago the ex-queen Isabella II. determined to restore the place to at least a semblance of its ancient estate, and to her efforts it owes its present order and reglorification.

It will be readily seen that it is next to impossible for

a building which has undergone vicissitudes such as these to pose as a pure specimen of Moorish art ;—even if one fails to appreciate exactly all the inconsistencies of style with which it abounds. And it would be equally impossible for it *not* to have been endowed with many beautiful bits of isolated work by the loving hands which have laboured upon it. The two finest portions are, undoubtedly, the façade of the great patio, and the separated building called the Sala de las Justicias, from a tradition that here Pedro the Cruel sat to administer justice, after the style of his Arab predecessors. The heavy central portal of the former, in its cusped and pointed arches, ajimez and pilastered windows, and delicate arabesques—even in its Gothic inscription—betrays a very particular care for Saracenic forms, and was probably just a copy of portions of the Alhambra. The Sala de las Justicias is very small—only 31 feet square—but it is even more exquisite in its perfect preservation of Arab traditions. Notwithstanding all that is confidently stated as to its erection by Don Pedro, one cannot help suspecting, from its position, its purity, and its evidences of both age and neglect, that this chamber formed a portion of the original Alcázar.

And after this everything bears the stamp of newness, and a certain crude brilliancy. Exactly behind Don Pedro's satisfactory façade is the Cuarto del Apeadero, the latest addition to the Alcázar, built by Philip V., 150 years ago, for his own particular inhabiting. Here, as in many other salas, there is some admirable reproduction of coloured plaster decoration, and a very fine *artesonado* ceiling. The adjoining miniature Patio de las Muñecas, and larger court of Las Doncellas, are perhaps the gems of the *quasi*-Moorish work. Not only are they very lovely in their lace-like stucco ornamenta-

tion, their arabesques and inscriptions,* but they yield, too, some of the cleverly-calculated vistas of interlacing columns, arches, and alcoves in which the Easterns have always revelled, and which are a salient feature of the Alhambra Palace. The columns, capitals, doors, and inlaid azulejos here deserve especial attention. Some of these formed part of Yacub Yusuf's Alcázar, others were brought by Don Pedro from Toledo and Granada, and, while they give a somewhat incongruous effect to the whole, they are both fine and interesting in themselves.

One is already, however, in the region of the modern innovator who accompanies us round all the succeeding salas—the Carlos Quinto, the Maria Padilla, Felipe Segundo, and Embajadores—conferring here a bald flat ceiling, or heavy gallery, there a piece of obtrusive Renaissance or Græco-Roman work, and everywhere excess of ornamentation, colour, and egoistic device. The best thing to be done is to resign oneself to the enjoyment of the flood of tradition and minute detail

* The inscriptions of the Alcázar pale in value before those of really Arab work, through their ignorantly imperfect execution, their mutilation at the hand of the restorer, and their necessary adaptation to Christian phraseology. The following are samples :

'Only God is conqueror.'

'Praise God for His benefits.'

'Glory to the Lord our Sultan.'

'The eternal glory for Allah ; the unending rule for Allah.'

'Lasting salvation.'

'Blessing.'

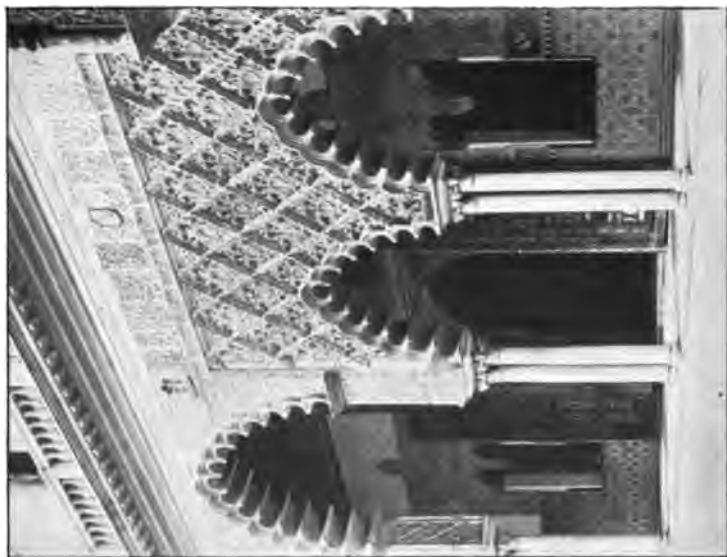
'This palace is alone in its prosperous good fortune.'

'Glory to our lord the Sultan Don Pedro. May his victories be great.'

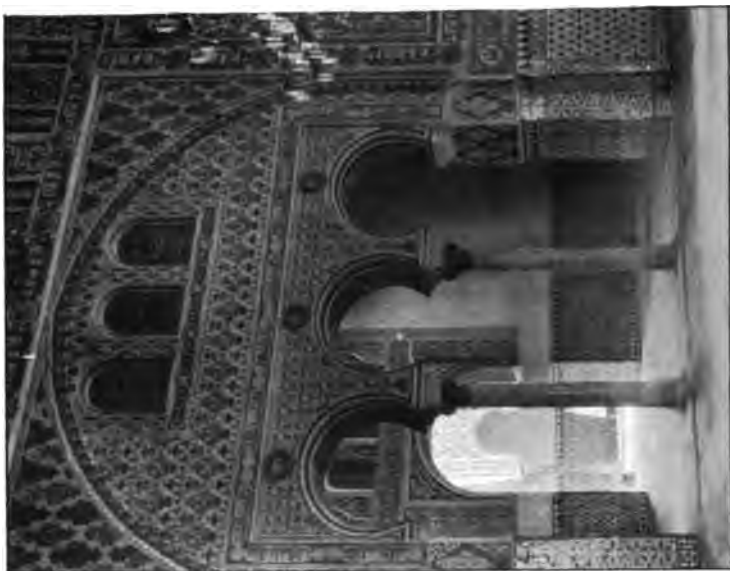
'God stands alone. God is eternal. He gave birth to none, nor was born, nor has He any equal.' (An inscription strangely opposed to Christian doctrine, and probably a simple copy of some Arabic model.)

'God is the only protector. In Him I trust, and to Him I will turn.'

'All that ye possess comes from God.'



THE ALCÁZAR : PATIO DE LAS DONCELLAS



HALL OF THE AMBASSADORS

which an accomplished guide is able to pour out at each fresh step : to try to believe that the Sala de las Doncellas was so called from its having been, under Moorish domination, a sort of girls' slave-market ; that the vexed question of the destination of its elaborate alcove is sufficiently settled by the assertion that it was here, and not in the courtyard, that Don Pedro administered justice ; that the adjoining rooms are those of the Sultan Boabdil and the Sultana (!) ; that a particular stone in the very nearly beautiful Sala de los Embajadores—the step leading down into the Sala of Felipe Segundo—was the spot where Don Fadrique, Grand Master of Santiago, was murdered by his brother Pedro the Cruel, and still shows its blood-staining. And then to go out and wander about the bright gardens, with their labyrinths of flower-girt walks, their glorious date-palms, bananas, orange and citron groves, and try to bring back here—as somehow one cannot do within the great show-house itself—the old life and the old scenes which at once called the place into being and became its final desolation.

Before turning away, however, it is worth our while to try to get at the modern portions of the Alcázar, upstairs, dating mostly from the sixteenth century, and still occupied, from time to time, by the Royal Family. A guide will be necessary ; and indeed it is only at the hand of a friendly cicerone, nowadays, that one can hope to gain admittance. There are some exquisite old tapestries hung about in various places, the product of the Real Fábrica, and, better still, some Flemish handiwork, 300 years old, upon the main staircase. In the so-called 'Oratorio,' too, we may see some lovely *azulejos*, and a notable retablo in terra-cotta, signed by Nicolò Francesco, and representing the Visitation. The guide will point out with some eagerness a secret stair-

case from Don Pedro's private rooms to those of Maria de Padilla, below, and also a quaint series of death's heads painted upon the wall, a record of one of El Cruel's many arbitrary acts of vengeance, and he may be persuaded to set going a couple of curious clocks, of modern workmanship, with pastoral scenery in motion. As at La Granja, however, the most interesting feature of these rooms is the sense, the evidence, of contact with fresh, warm life.

The other remarkable buildings composing this fine group around the cathedral are the huge *Encarnacion* nunnery, the chapel of San Fernando, and the Lonja, or Exchange. The last shows what Herrera's true line was. Cathedrals, churches, great religious houses he could not do, but beyond doubt he could produce a perfectly satisfactory haunt for business folk—a temple of mammon. Would that he had never been employed on aught else !

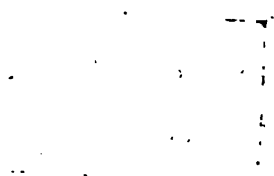
One stumbles here upon an odd coincidence. On the steps of the Lonja—upon the cathedral side—there stands a great stone cross, around which clings exactly the same legend as that told concerning the church of 'Terra Mala' or 'Amara' in Milan, to the effect that it marks the spot where a greedy priest was buried alive for refusing interment to a poor parishioner. It is an admirable commentary upon the ways of tradition in general.

From the Triunfo plaza it is not far to the Casa de Pilatos, the fourth great monument of olden Sevilla. Exception is often taken here, strangely enough, to some of the very faults which we have noticed in the Alcázar, but which are there usually ignored or allowed. But surely one ought not to expect to find in a private dwelling, which has just been the whim and care of a few *dilettanti*, the unity and severity which are bound to charac-



Hausser y Menet

COURT IN THE CASA DE PILATOS



terize a great public, or *quasi*-public, building! The house was commenced about the year 1500 by one Don Pedro Enriquez, in the debased Saracenic style which was at that time a good deal affected by cultivated Spaniards. Don Pedro died, however, before its completion, and the work was carried out by his son Fadrique Enriquez. This young man, like many other scions of the great houses of the day, went upon a journey to the Holy Land, and, upon his return, determined to shape his hobby into some accord with Pilate's house at Jerusalem, then, as now, one of the lions of the sacred city. Accordingly we find the great reception-hall called the *Prætorium*; there is an upright column in imitation of the pillar at which Christ was scourged—a gift of Pope Pius V.; there is the basin into which the thirty pieces of silver were counted, and even the cock that crowed thrice—in the house of Caiaphas surely, not that of Pilate! To Don Fadrique succeeded Afan de Ribera, first Duke of Alcalá, who came to be appointed to a high post at Naples, and, being a great lover of art, filled his Sevillian home with Roman statuary and busts of the emperors, etc., some brought from Italy, some from the ruins of Itálica. That, under these circumstances, the work should be rather patchy, and the place partake of the character of a great curiosity shop, is not to be wondered at—or carped at. It is just a delicious, sunny old home, in which a far pleasanter afternoon may be spent, and more soothing to one's feelings, than in the boasted Alcázar. At every step there are things of extraordinary beauty and art value, from the great patio with its splendid—really inlaid—azulejos, its diapered marble pavement, its alabaster fountains, its perfect Moorish colonnades, arabesques, lattices, and ajimez windows, round to the final rich staircase, or the strip of garden, sweet in its entanglement of

orange, myrtle and box trees, and brilliant-hued creepers.

Passing to and fro between the Casa de Pilatos and Las Sierpes, the wayfarer will hardly fail to notice a characteristic evidence of the truth of the assertion that, if our forefathers belied their professions as readily in spirit as their great-great-grandchildren do, they were at any rate truer to the letter. The same Don Pedro—Pedro the Cruel—whose record is written at such length within the precincts of the Alcázar, was as much given to nocturnal and amorous adventures as Juan de Tenorio himself, and by no means particular as to the methods he employed to secure his ends. One night he had the evil manners to quarrel with, and kill, a Sevillian gentleman caught serenading a lady whose favours he himself coveted, and, as the unfortunate victim was well known, the murder could not easily be hushed up. The King, jealous of his reputation as a latter-day Solomon, and relying upon the disguise he had adopted for his adventure, boldly summoned the district alcalde before him, and demanded the production of the murderer within three days, under pain of death. Now, Don Pedro had not concealed his personality so carefully but that an old woman, who lived over against the spot where the crime had been committed, and had been attracted to the window by the noise of scuffling, had recognized him. She imparted her information to the alcalde, who prepared an effigy of the King, and presented himself at the appointed hour in the Sala de las Justicias. ‘Señor,’ he said, producing the image, ‘behold the murderer!’ Don Pedro, faced thus with his crime and the evidence of detection, and struck with the ingenuity of the device which had been resorted to, rewarded the clever alcalde, and condemned himself, in proxy, to death. The sentence was carried out upon the scene of the murder, and the

bust which is now to be seen in the niche of a house in the Calle del Rey Don Pedro (the whole thing bears an odd likeness to a street shrine) is said to be the very scapegoat hung here 500 years ago, while opposite stands the house from the window of which the committal of the crime was witnessed.

We saw something in the Madrid picture-galleries of the powers and purposes of Murillo, and at the same time noticed that, notwithstanding all that is commonly said to the contrary, he is therein very adequately represented. Nevertheless, there is a strange charm about studying him in his native place, and harbouring a special, transient enthusiasm about him as a fellow-townsmen. One sees again here—in Sevilla—how pre-eminently he was a servant of the Church, always working for his *alma mater*, unfailingly honest in his devotional feeling, and as deep in its expression as his sunshiny genius would take him. Indeed, it is ungracious to breathe anything like lukewarm praise when standing before such masterpieces as the *San Antonio* of the cathedral, or the *San Francisco* of the Museo Provincial. There are here two real, living Christs, and two real, living monks. There is no lack of divinity on the one side, or of humanity upon the other. These are perhaps his best, his most powerful, pictures in Sevilla—not to say in the world; but of course there is a very long array of his works to be found here, ranging from the varied efforts of his early, struggling days, to the grand religious subjects over which he spent the best part of his life. In the Museo alone there are over twenty examples, the finest being the *St. Francis* just mentioned, his own favourite of *St. Thomas of Villanueva distributing Alms to Poor Mendicants at the Door of his Cathedral*—‘my picture,’ as he was wont to call it—*St. Anthony of Padua worshipping the Infant Saviour*, and the *Virgen de la Ser-*

villeta. This last is one of the most satisfactory of his manifold portrayals of the Virgin, and perhaps owes something of its strength to its having been the outcome of an odd whim. For the tale runs that in this very Museo—then the Convent de la Merced—while Murillo was painting for the brethren, one of the servants came up, and, presenting a napkin, begged him to leave some mark upon it. The exquisite *Virgen de la Servilleta* was the result—a sign-manual indeed!

One used to be a good deal harassed in the Museo by its unsatisfactory disposition, and lack of order. All this is changed; and it is a real pleasure to wander at will, and undisturbed, from one spacious and well-lit room to another, with just a few unobtrusive attendants who answer questions quietly and intelligently. The Murillos, together with some of the more valuable Zúrburans, and some wonderfully fine specimens of modelling in terra-cotta and wood-carving, are in the big room—the old church—to the right on entering the patio; everything else, of secondary interest, by Váldes Leal and Zúrburan, together with some poor modern work, being disposed in a new set of rooms on the left.

Only one of all the churches and convents so richly endowed by Murillo has been permitted to retain any at all considerable remnant of its wealth. La Caridad is a small hospital and home for aged poor, situated upon the bank of the river, close to the Torre del Oro. It is managed entirely by Sisters of Charity, and deserves a visit if only to see the bright and contented faces alike of nurses and inmates, and the order, cleanliness, and airiness of which it is a type of many similar institutions in Spain. It owes its rebuilding and present organization to one Miguel de Mañara, a young profligate of the seventeenth century, who was turned from his evil courses by a vision in which he beheld his own funeral service,

performed in the chapel of the original foundation upon this spot. Murillo happened to be his friend, and so, when Don Miguel determined upon the restoration and endowment of the ancient hospital of St. George, he gave the great painter *carte blanche* for the decoration of the chapel walls. Of the eleven pictures which formed the original series only six remain, the rest having been carried off by the French at the commencement of the present century. Of these six the most famous—the *Pan y Peces* and *La Sed* (the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and Moses striking the rock in the desert)—are not the best, but they are hung in such a bad light that perhaps one can hardly appreciate them. Finer, by far, are two panel-pictures, *St. John the Baptist* and *The Infant Saviour*, one upon the south, and the other upon the north wall. This last, and the *San Antonio* child-Christ of the cathedral, are probably the finest representations of our Lord which Murillo left. The two remaining paintings of the series are, a rather hard *Annunciation*—unpleasing, too, in expression—and an illustration of the well-known legend of Granada, an angel helping San Juan de Dios to carry off the poor to his hospital.

Although every one goes to La Caridad to see Murillo's pictures, it may be questioned if there is not here a matter of deeper interest ;—one of those revelations which the traveller is continually meeting with, in Spain, of a series of great art-works, not only new to him, but the product of men whose names have hardly travelled beyond the Pyrenees. Indeed, of Valdés Leal it might be said that he is a prophet without honour even in his own country. The Madrid gallery barely recognizes him. Valencia and Barcelona do not know him,—nor yet Córdoba, his native place. And, withal, he could hang

paintings in this little chapel, alongside of those of his giant, fortune-favoured contemporary, without being either dwarfed or overshadowed. If he had not Murillo's facile and well-trained brush, he had more invention ; he had more to say, and more powerful expression. He has four pictures here, of which two stand out pre-eminent—Death trampling upon the world with all its pomps and vanities, and judgment being pronounced upon the gorgeously berobed but putrefying body of a bishop. When one looks at these two paintings it is easy to understand that it was no mere affectation, or spite, on the part of their creator to sneer at Murillo's art as 'simpering,' or to imagine with what calm sense of having the popular vote on his side Don Estéban would pleasantly aver that Valdés Leal was really not quite fit for decent and orderly society.

There is yet another comparatively unknown and unstudied Spanish painter to be seen at his best in Sevilla,— 'El Clérigo' Roelas, Canon of Olivares, and the man to whom, as we have seen, the angel Raphael appeared to announce his appointment to the office of tutelar of Córdoba. Of Roelas, too, the Madrid gallery takes but slight notice, hanging only his huge and inferior *El Agua de la Pena*, while in the Valencia Museo he is unrepresented. Yet he is a magnificent colourist—of the Venetian school—and, if somewhat weak as a draughtsman, is nearly always noble in conception. His *Death of San Isidoro*, in the church dedicated to the saint, in Sevilla, is perhaps his masterpiece, though the *Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, in the Museo, and the *Apotheosis of St. Hermenegildo*, in the chapel of the Sangre Hospital, are hardly less fine. Roelas was the immediate predecessor of Murillo (who is said to have bestowed great study upon his paintings), and one of his pupils was the almost too

well-known Zúbaran, in poor specimens of whose talents Sevillian churches abound. And yet it is easy to be too hard upon Zúbaran. He was solemn, dark, exaggerated in all his ways, and especially in his realism, but, perhaps, like Ribera, he appreciated the persons, characters and surroundings of the old saints and martyrs in a way from which our refined notions nowadays shut us out. His best paintings are in the Museo Provincial and the University.

The San Telmo palace, in former days the residence of the Montpensier family, and the one really fine private picture gallery in Sevilla, has been turned into a seminary, alas! and its art treasures scattered. A considerable number of these, however, may, with some trouble, be seen in the Duke's San Lúcar house, among others Ary Scheffer's *Augustine and Monica*, Murillo's *Virgen de la Faja*, and a number of interesting curios, family souvenirs and unfinished sketches — e.g., a drawing 'par la Princesse Alexandrine Victoire, fille du Duc de Kent.' The old San Telmo is a loss to the traveller, for it was one of the few palatial dwelling-places in Spain open to him, sufficiently luxurious without being stiff, perfectly appointed and kept up, and set in the midst of gardens full of strange trees and shrubs, and bright at all seasons of the year with flowers.

It is by no means necessary, as we have found in Madrid, to come to Sevilla in order to see a great bull-fight, though Andalucia, with her hot-blooded inhabitants and truer holding by ancient traditions, is legitimately regarded as the head-quarters of the craft.* There is one aspect of

* It is usually stated that the grass-lands lying between Córdoba and Sevilla have a practical monopoly in breeding bulls. This is by no means the case. Some of the first heroes of the *corrida* come from the farms of the Duke of Veraguas near Toledo, on the Toledo-Madrid line.

the matter, however, which can only be duly appreciated in the South—the high esteem in which the professionals are held by a very large section of society, and, as a natural consequence, the rapid way in which they accumulate wealth. Well-known *espadas* and *banderilleros* are continually pointed out to one in the streets and public places; in such of the *cafés* as they affect it is very usual to allot them a special place of distinction; while it is evidently a pride and honour to walk by their side in intimate conversation, or even to obtain from them a word of recognition. Then it is quite a common thing to read in the newspapers—in large type, as the record of an important event—some such paragraph as the following :—

‘Upon the 22nd of January a large and distinguished company assembled in the Church of San Lorenzo to witness the baptism of the son and heir of our esteemed *diestro* Don F . . . G . . . , the god-parents being Don M . . . G . . . , the well-known *banderillero*, and his *fiancée*, the daughter of Don M . . . R

‘After the religious ceremony a breakfast of fifty covers was served in the restaurant *Iñigo*, at which the usual toasts were received with great enthusiasm. At the same time quite an army of young friends of the family availed themselves of an open invitation to the house of Don F . . . G . . . , in the Calle . . . , and did full justice to the lighter refreshments which were provided for their delectation. Among those who assisted at the banquet in the restaurant *Iñigo* we noticed the following . . .’ (with a long list of names).

It would not be quite fair to leave Sevilla without some glimpse of its surroundings. Fine scenery must never be looked for in the outskirts of a great Spanish town, where the tiresome custom-house officials hold their own, with their inevitable accompaniment of dust and noise, of lines of kicking, struggling and gesticulating mules and men in waiting, of humble *posadas* and armies of beggars.

At Sevilla, however, business not being the main object of very many lives, there are one or two walks in the environs which will be found pretty and interesting when once the dreaded fringe of dust and noisy humanity is passed. Upon the Cadiz road, some four or five miles out, there are real groves of real trees ; and, beyond this, the little village of Dos Hermanas, with its white houses gleaming through a perfect sea of the dark foliage of its orangeries, is loveliness itself.

But it is pleasanter to cross the river to the gipsy quarter of Triana, and then strike out for the long low line of hills which shuts in the horizon upon the west. Just before reaching the village of San Juan de Alfaraiche—the birthplace of the inimitable rascal El Picaro Guzman—a little ravine which runs up the olive slopes may be taken, and so a shortened access gained to an old convent of the third order of Franciscans, which girdles the point of the Chaboya Hill. This was a Roman settlement originally, but the massive walls which surround it are Moorish, and date from the time when Alfaraiche (then Hisn-al-faraj) was looked upon as the most important outpost of the city. There is nothing in the convent or the church worth noticing—unless it be the miraculous font which used to fill itself with water on Holy Thursday, or the six retablo pictures of the Juan de Castillo who was chiefly remarkable for having been the master of Alonso Cano, Murillo, and Pedro de Moya ; but the views to be obtained from the low parapet outside, over the green and brown vega and the glistening city, are indescribably fascinating. It is hard work tearing oneself away from that corner of the Chaboya.

And it is only a beginning of good things. For the hour's walk which may be taken from here along the crest of the hills is just as unfailingly fine, through

pleasantly-tangled thickets of olive, aloe, and low brushwood, and with a charming panorama stretched out on both sides. At the end it is perhaps one's duty to descend from Casteleja de la Cuesta—where Fernando Córtes, the conqueror of Mexico, lived and died—upon the remarkably uninteresting ruins of Itálica. Here there was a Roman city, washed by the waters of the strangely fickle Guadalquivir, before Moorish Sevilla *Nueva* had emerged from the chrysalis state of a village. Founded by Scipio Africanus, and the birthplace of the Emperors Trajan and Hadrian, it was at one period as imperial in its sumptuousness as it was proverbially imperial in its spirit and predilections. But now not a vestige is left that tells any tale of greatness. All is so worn and pulled about and defaced that even the most general identifying partake of the fanciful.

From hence a well-earned short cut may be made, by a pleasant path through the fields, to the Cartuja factory and the city-gates, only caring to take the dusty high road as far as the ruined convent of San Isídoro. Not that there is much to be seen here, either, but the spot is remarkable as being the burial-place of two personages who occupy an exalted position in antiquarian record. The one is Guzman el Bueno, founder of the convent, and the other is his daughter-in-law, the Doña Urraca Osorio. The appellation of the 'Good' was conferred by King Sancho el Bravo, after the great defence of Tarifa against the Moors, toward the close of the thirteenth century, when Guzman secured final victory by a supposedly Abraham-like sacrifice of his son, refusing to accept the young life as the price of surrender. He was killed at Gaucin, in the Ronda district, in 1309, after thirty years of unceasing exploit in wresting his country again from the hands of the infidels. Doña Urraca was a noted beauty of her day, and one of the many victims

of Don Pedro el Cruel. She was burned alive—for rejecting his amorous advances—by the grandson of the man whose kingdom her father-in-law had saved. It would seem, after all, as if the world in the good old times wagged very much in principle as it does now !

XI

JEREZ AND CADIZ

IF a man wishes to disabuse his mind of the notion that he is being robbed when he is asked a high figure for a good sherry ; if he would harbour only pleasant feelings when his neighbour assures him that he has bought the 'same thing at half the price,' or appreciate the ignorance of after-dinner talkers upon the subject of wine in general, let him pay a week's visit to Jerez, and follow up with some degree of care the birth, nursing and development of a really fine Manzanilla, or Amontillado. He will tread vineyards which were in cultivation 600 years ago, when the land was in the occupation of the Moors. He will probably bewail the little advance that has been made all these centuries in the paths of scientific process and appliance ; but that will in some sort only increase his interest in all that he sees, while he cannot fail to be duly impressed by the honest care and vigilance bestowed upon his beloved liquor. He will not only attain at last—after many years of more or less dictatorial holding forth upon the subject—to some real knowledge of the differences between natural, vintage, and *solera* wines, or the blended types which alone he is likely to come across in England, but he may even store up useful *data* concerning the more intricate ways of *vino dulce*, *vino de color*, *finos*, *palmas*, and *olorosos*. He will no longer marvel at the loud and deep disputings at which he has been

accustomed to assist, when he sees what an amusing variety of tastes in the directions of colour, flavour, age, and price are provided for in the vast bodegas in which he will be treated as an honoured guest. He will not be sceptical again about such prices as even £300 per butt, after he has been once made to put together the annual cost of tending an acre of vines, the loss by blight, 'scud,' and other similar causes, the amount of evaporation, and the percentage of failures and sourings during the four or five years of probation which a wine should undergo, and all the expenses of blending, nursing, casking and storing; while he will for ever forswear all so-called 'cheap' sherries, unless he knows exactly what he is getting. He will be introduced to wines which forty, fifty, seventy, or even a hundred years have only rounded off, without destroying their mellowness; and he will gain all his schooling, not in the dark cellars of Bordeaux, but in lightsome, palatial buildings fringed by flowers and trim gardens, and innocent of all foul, vinous odour.

And then Jerez has other attractions—attractions which in themselves make it well worth while at least to ordain a few hours' halt here *en route* for Cadiz, even if one has no special interest wine-ways. It is easily done, by taking an early train out from Sevilla, and the evening train on to the sea. The cumbrous ways of Spanish travelling so accustom one to early startings and late arrivings, that an arrangement such as this comes to seem quite natural, while the wonderfully clear, fresh air is a potent specific against fatigue. And if the *déjeuner* at the Fonda de los Cisnes, or the hospitable ways of new friends, cause one to spend the night here, the experience will be only a pleasant one.

Perfect order and cleanliness, a brightly-coloured and brightly-sunned town, a pervading air of prosperity and

contentment :—such, adding perhaps a flavouring of English habits, is the sum of one's abiding impressions of Jerez. Its buildings are not very glorious—save in the latter-day acceptance of the word. 'Money has been too abundant for art to thrive,' is the often and incontinently springing inward comment. Thanks to the Moors, there is a fine old Alcázar upon the charmingly oriental Alameda—oriental in its vivid colouring and date-palm foliage, but very un-oriental in its spotlessness. Thanks to some good and not quite effaced early workers, there is some admirable design, and excellent Gothic detail, in the churches of San Miguel and San Dionisio. But that is all. Jerez became prosperous, and, not knowing quite what to do with its spare cash, set about defacing its public buildings therewith. And Cayon's late seventeenth-century Colegiata is just the worst cathedral—perhaps the only thoroughly bad one—which the land can show,* an odd mixture of Churriguerra and Herrera, elaborate and yet uninteresting, bald and yet over-decorated, massive only in obtruded solidity.

¶ A glance at these things, after a hasty peregrination through the bodegas, will suffice. And then the short time yet to elapse before the train starts for Cadiz can be pleasantly filled up with a saunter through the pretty, orange-planted streets, over alamedas lying hot even in the winter's sunshine, or—if we have an hour or two to spare—out for a couple of miles beyond the station to the once magnificent Cartuja monastery, now a Government horse-breeding establishment.

There is something peculiarly fascinating in the quiet brightness of the scene out here. If Jerez town is a little bit English, this is not. If we have shaped our journey well, we should be here about Christmas-time, when, at home, everything is in its most thorough state of slush

* Excepting, perhaps, the Catedral Nueva at Lérida.

and discomfort. Here it is hot as a Swiss autumn day upon the mountains—a mountain freshness withal in the air. The only distinct sound is the whirr of the locusts as they seem to rush headlong at the long lines of aloes and prickly pears that shut in the lane ; the only distinct vision the flash of their blue and red wings, or the undulating flight of some gorgeous butterfly.* But there is a pleasant undercurrent of movement and laughter from groups of really careless holiday folk dotted here and there over the browned grass, or wending their way slowly over the country-side. And then, beyond all, there is a panorama, over which we may lazily feast and speculate to any extent, of far-reaching olive-grounds and vineyards, with the white city lying just below us, soundless and motionless as if smothered by its gardens, its orangeries, and its veiling of blue mist.

There is not much beauty left in the old monastery—or in such portions as the custodian can show. The Italian gateway, with its fluted Doric columns and well-carved statues, is interesting ; there are some good points about the now dismantled church—notably its fine proportions, and the delicate lancet windows, with their pretty engaged shafts ; while the three patios, rich in marble colonnading, have some time been very satisfactory. But the place has come to a grievous end, and its goodly things are fast crumbling away. All its charm lies in its surroundings, their spirit and association. That these are pleasant in themselves, and in their outlook Jerez-ways, we have seen. Turning now in the other direction, and facing the setting sun, we may catch his last rays upon the broad and sluggish Guadalete as it rolls along the valley at our feet, and the little eminence

* I took the following species at Jerez lately, on Boxing Day—*P. Atalanta*, *P. Cardui*, *C. Edusa*, *C. Phlæas*, *P. Telicanus*, *P. Rapæ*, *P. Brassicæ*, *P. Daphidice*, *L. Meone*, and *L. Megara*.—J. L.

called El Real de Don Rodrigo, where, 1,200 years ago, the last of the Gothic kings, whose footsteps we traced up for a while in Toledo, lost his crown and his life, and delivered over his country into the hands of the Moslem.

It is hard enough to read any history with an unprejudiced mind—whether it be a personal, a political, or a nation's past which we would study. The perfected gymnastic exercise, however, is an honest attempt to loose off some of the particular predilections which touch us and bind us most closely, and to enter into other folk's prejudices on the subject. How dearly, in our superficial knowledge, do we English people love to tell the glorious events of the reign of that strangely miscalled 'good' Queen Elizabeth, and relate how, after having thwarted Philip II.'s prosecution of his absurd claim to the English throne, we carried the war into the enemy's country, destroyed his fleets in Cadiz, or Cales', Bay, ravaged his West Indian possessions, ruined his commerce, and finally, in the year 1596, reduced him to a state of dire humiliation by besieging and taking Cadiz itself! If, however, we take the trouble of opening a Spanish history, we may read how that, towards the close of the sixteenth century, England, having revolted from the true, the only Church, fell upon evil times, and under a bad Government. The country was reduced to such a state of anarchy that the old marauding spirit of the Norsemen stalked abroad triumphant and unchecked. Her pirates enriched themselves by a series of contemptible and wasp-like expeditions, and the termagant usurper of the crown did not hesitate to share in the petty booty thereof. The noble Felipe Segundo, in the cause of law and order, and in assertion of his right to the English throne through his marriage with Queen Mary, and in-

heritance from Mary, Queen of Scots, fitted out a huge armament against the pestiferous rebels, but was prevented from accomplishing his purposes by a wise and overruling Providence. Thenceforth, and for a hundred years, repeated attempts were made by the English to wound Spain, through her greatest seaport town, with the most signal ill-success. Once, however—there is no doubt about that—the despised sea-kings, under cover of the night and by means of a carefully-prepared surprise, did effect a landing, but they were promptly and ignominiously expelled, and were never able to repeat the operation.

And this is the record that Cadiz keeps of the event. At the foot of the staircase leading from the north transept of the cathedral to the Bishop's palace there is a great black cross, enclosed within a glass case. And underneath is written—in not remarkably good Spanish :

"Año de 1596 entraron los Ingleses en esta ciudad, y habiéndola saqueado, despojado de sus alhajas de oro y plata y ornamentos y despues quemadola con sus imagenes elevandose a Inglaterra ocho prebendadas prisioneros los que quedaron inmediatamente celebraron la primera misa delante de esta S^a Cruz."*

It would not appear, however, that the barbarians carried away quite all the 'alhajas' from the cathedral, for the sacristan can still show some very beautiful pieces of old church-plate. It is in the Catedral Nueva that we are standing, for Cadiz boasts of, or rather possesses, two cathedrals—the poor bald 'Vieja' which replaced the original thirteenth-century foundation, burned by 'los Ingleses' in 1596, and the somewhat too brilliant

* 'In the year 1596 the English effected an entry into this city. They sacked it, robbed it of its treasures and ornaments of gold and silver, burned it and its holy images, and carried off to England eight prebends as prisoners. Those'—i.e., the clergy—who were left celebrated their first mass before this holy cross.'

Nueva' of Bishop Domingo de Silos Moreno, only completed a short century ago.

The fact is that Cadiz might boast more than she does of her new cathedral. For a persistently written-down building it is wonderfully and pleasantly effective. Its general design is good—a Latin cross, with nave, aisles, slightly-recessed chapels, and a very fair apsidal east end—while the vistas obtained round and through the open Capilla Mayor, the massiveness of the pillars and the general proportions of the church, go far to cancel the bad effect of the unsightly capitals and cornices. There is a particularly happy notion of vastness conferred too—surely the notion of vastness is more artistic than mere size itself—by the height of the *cimborio*, and the spaciousness of the Crossing. This last is obtained by the simple expedient of setting the Coro a long way back—in the last bay but one of the nave—and so making the lines of railing connecting it with the Capilla Mayor seem a great length. A huge cathedral of the Corinthian order, completed only three generations ago, can hardly be expected to bear strict analysis, or to have escaped a fulfilment with hideous detail and garnishing; and yet there is much here that deserves admiration, even outside of the general effect and the ritual arrangements,—works both of brush and chisel that must be passed over now without comment. It is curious to note that the cleverly-carved choir stalls were brought from the convent of Nuestra Señora de las Cuevas at Sevilla, now all defaced and defiled by being turned into a faience and porcelain manufactory.

How impossible it seems that this brand-new, spotless, and orderly city should be 300 or 400 years older than old Rome—more than 1,000 years older than the Christian era! Yet such is the fact. So ancient was it in the palmy days of the Imperial City that it had to be

rebuilt by that same Balbus whose uncalled-for meddling with bricks and mortar threw a shadow over some of our school-days, and by a young man called Julius Cæsar, who had been sent by the Republic to hold office in Spain. There is not a sign of age to be met with, nor yet of the decay that we know has settled down upon the place, after a long and, upon the whole, brilliant life. There are, instead, lively and dazzlingly bright streets, shady and flower-lit alamedas and public gardens, and the most cheery and invigorating walks conceivable, right along the Apodaca and the Paseo de las Delicias—the great sea-walls that are hard put to it to resist the unceasing battering of Atlantic rollers. Almost at the end, on the Paseo del Sur, is the old Capuchin monastery of Santa Catalina, an uninteresting and deserted-looking pile now, but up to a comparatively late date in monkish annals a foundation possessing great influence. It was here that Queen Elizabeth's youthful favourite, Essex, fixed his head-quarters, when he made the rapid descent upon the town of which we have met with some record in the cathedral, and thus the place came to be preserved from the destruction then dealt out to the other religious houses of Cadiz. And here, nearly 100 years later—in 1682—Murillo was completing the *Marriage of St. Catherine*, which forms the centre of the retablo over the high altar of the chapel, when he fell from his scaffolding, and received his mortal injury. The painting is not very satisfactory, but it is hardly fair to judge it in its unfinished state. Cadiz loves to believe that the surrounding single figures of San José, San Francisco, San Miguel, and the *Angel de la Guarda* are also by Murillo, but they are manifestly the work of an imitator—probably a pupil. The master, however, has another picture here, on the north wall of the nave—*San Francisco receiving the Stigmata*—finer by far than the *Santa Catalina*, and there

are some single figures by Zúbaran close by, which are wonderfully good for the 'Painter of the King and King of Painters.'

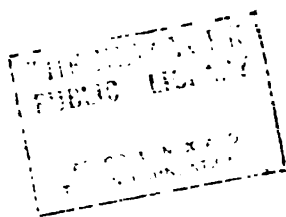
We do not come to Cadiz, *la joyosa y culta*, in search of art or any thrilling experiences. In the delightful and shady Plaza de Mina, however, there is that *rara avis* in Spain, a really good provincial picture gallery, able—stranger still—to show really good modern work. The older schools are poorly represented, but the Ferrants, the Garcias, the Meifrens, and a noteworthy canvas by Rodriguez, representing an episode in the French invasion (1810), are well worth study. Then—it is always the uninviting spot in Spain which best rewards the patient traveller!—just off the Delicias Paseo, opposite the Parque Genovés, there is a little square of greenery, shut in between great barrack-like houses, which, impossible as it may appear at a first glance, well justifies its title of Jardín Botánico. Among the many curious and valuable trees and plants which seem to be enjoying existence immensely under most unfavourable conditions, we may find the wonderful 'Trasparente' tree of New Zealand (*Myoporum lacteum*), several notable specimens of the *Dracæna Drago* of India, and such an array of tree-geraniums and cactuses as it would be hard to meet with in any other public garden in Europe. There is quite a family of the dragon-tree, a parent of the respectable age of 500 years, a child of seventy, and an infant of thirty.

So there are a few things worth looking at in Cadiz after all, even if one be not just in the mood to enjoy sweet fresh air, unlimited sunshine, and picturesque quarters. Then we must not neglect to stroll, early in the morning, through the great Plaza de la Libertad, the open-air market. Of all similar scenes this is the very finest, not only for its superb show of fruits and other produce, and for variety of costume and colour, but for its brilliant



Photachrom Co., Ltd.

CADIZ: VIEW FROM THE VIGIA



surroundings and animation. There are several pleasant excursions to be made too, especially across the bay to Rota—the garden of Cadiz—and down to San Fernando and the arsenal of La Carraca. Here, at La Carraca, Essex did his greatest damage in 1596; and here, some eight or nine years previously, when Philip II. was slowly collecting his Armada—colossal as everything he put his hand to—Drake had swooped down with his small following of thirty ships, and practically destroyed the costly labour of two years.

On the way to La Carraca, taking the tiny steamer which leaves the Muelle three times daily, a glimpse may be caught of the strange salt-manufacturing process which now forms the staple trade of the district. Large, shallow, oblong ponds, or 'pans,' furnished with the most quaintly inappropriate Biblical* names, are out in the low-lying ground that skirts the bay. Into these the sea-water is admitted throughout the summer, in judiciously successive doses, by means of hatches, or sluices, and evaporated by the sun's rays. It takes all the three or four months of tropical heat—from May to the end of August—to obtain a respectable 'crop' from a pan, so that some idea may be formed of the immense area required. During the cold months the sluices are left open, the tide washing in and out of the pans at will; and the huge pyramids of dirty but glistening crystal, that stud the plains in autumn like an army of tents, are gradually shipped away to Monte Video, the Havanas, France, and Italy, or—the salt being very pure in quality—even to England.

* 'José y Maria,' 'El dulce nombre de Jesus,' etc., and suggesting irresistibly to one's mind a connexion with the passage referring to the 'salt of the earth.' But a sense of the ridiculous is even more strongly excited by overhauling the brands upon goods lying on the Muelle for shipment—coming, for example, across a row of barrels of salt fish called 'The flower of Jesus!'

XII

GIBRALTAR AND TANGIER

If one be not bound to go directly to Tangier—if our ways were so ordered, the course is, literally, plain-sailing, by one of the tri-weekly boats of the Transatlántica Company—the getting away from Cadiz has always been, and remains, somewhat of a puzzle. It is a fearsomely long way round by Utrera and Bobadilla, in order to compass Gibraltar and the south ; the lines that have been talked of for generations past, the one by the coast, the other *via* Jerez, exist only upon paper ; and it is not everybody who likes the sea. In the old days we used to take the diligence from San Fernando, or to ride to Algeciras, either by Chiclana and Tarifa (sleeping at Turita), or by Los Barrios—a rougher road—and Medina Sidonia, sleeping at Casavieja ; and the wild scenery and the extraordinarily fine fauna and flora richly repaid for the fatigue. Nowadays, however, travellers are less adventurous, and infinitely more dependent upon luxuries, and one of the other more comfortable routes must be taken.

Really, the best plan is to avail oneself of the excellent steamer accommodation to be had between Cadiz and Algeciras, or Gibraltar, as the case may be, the boats leaving two or three times a week, early in the morning. The getting on board is not a pleasant operation, but in the winter-time, at least, there is ample repayment, by a most glorious view of the old city as the light of morning

breaks upon it. It is almost dark in the harbour, and as we strike out from the mole in a small boat, the figures upon the pier overhead loom out black and ghostly against the fast-reddening sky. Half an hour's row lands us upon the deck of the steamer, and by this time a glow of light has come over the white indication of houses upon the hill-side, while the still brilliant stars shine emerald green in the crimson flush. Slowly the red dissolves into a mass of green, yellow, and rosy tints, which tinge the more conspicuous buildings and church-towers one after another, but still leave the lower part of the town in shadow. And then, all in a moment, the sun leaps up in the east, separating all into gorgeous blue and gold, and lines of almost too pure white.

Save for the views of the very gradually receding city, or a momentary interest in the bay of Trafalgar, the sail is decidedly monotonous until the Straits are reached ; but then there is all the subtle excitement of approaching new regions and a strange life, with pleasant anticipations of homelike experiences at Gibraltar. Tangier Bay and Cape Spartel lie away on the right, with the long line of charmingly diversified coast reaching on as far as the shadowy Apes' Hill, which towers above where Ceuta lies ; while the hitherto bare Spanish shores seem to reply by assuming an unwonted beauty of shape and greenness. Some sign of human life, too, makes its appearance in the old Moorish town of Tarifa, whitewashed and bewalled, and thrusting its business-like lighthouse far out into the sea. The steamer now hugs the Spanish coast, in order to avoid the currents which set strongly in and out of the Straits, and it seems an interminable time before the great Gibraltar rock comes fully into view, and anchor is cast in the wind-swept bay of Algeciras, or in the quieter haven across the way.

Other things being equal, it is better to take an Alge-

ciras—i.e., a Spanish—boat ; for it is a pity not to have a peep at this extreme tip of the Peninsula, and, going direct to Tangier or to Gibraltar, one is very apt to pass it by unheeded. There is always the unpleasant little passage to the mainland by the cockle-shell ferry-boat to be faced, or the passing and repassing of the unutterably dreary belt of land known as the 'Lines,' together with the squalidly Spanish Linea settlement. And now there is the excellent and wonderful—characteristically Spanish, of the best order—'Reina Cristina' Hotel at Algeciras, under the multiform roof of which it is a decidedly pleasant and profitable—horribly expensive withal!—experience to stay a couple of days. The immediate surroundings are dull enough, and it is a constant wonder why wealthy Madrileños should have suddenly swooped down upon Algeciras, above all other places, as a fashionable winter resort ; but up-country there is plenty to see and to do. The Calpe hunt comes here twice a week during the 'season'—November to March ; and the thick cork woods, the rugged hill-slopes, and the lovely winter wild-flowers are a sight not to be readily missed.

Landing at Algeciras gives us our first taste of bargaining. Hitherto we shall have had little of it, and the inexperienced traveller will probably have been rejoicing in the thought that the dread of being cheated is one of the many bogus scares about Spanish ways. Here, however, and at all these southern ports—Tangier, Malaga, Cartagena, etc.—we must gird up our loins for the fray, and if we have a knowledge of the vernacular, we may receive some enlightenment upon the nature of an excuse and an extortion. There is a defined tariff indeed, and it is beautifully modest, one peseta per head and half a peseta for a corresponding amount of baggage ; but we shall be more than lucky if we get a finger raised to

assist us under a dollar, and that will be a generous reduction from the three dollars (fifteen pesetas) originally put forward as the minimum. It is worse than useless, however, to lose one's temper, and it is of no avail to look for help to custom-house official, interpreter or captain ; for all are in league with the enemy. It is more profitable to throw away a few pesetas, and try to get some *quid pro quo* out of the abounding interest and picturesqueness of the half-naked, struggling, gesticulating groups that swarm about the deck of the steamer, to prey upon the defenceless traveller. And there is the magnificent Rock rising up, seemingly, sheer out of the waves, and putting on its delicate evening robe of purplish grey mist, embroidered at the hem by hundreds and hundreds of twinkling points of fire. We might certainly do worse than go over to the 'Reina Cristina,' and look out again upon this fair vision when it is bathed in glorious southern daylight.

It is one of the anomalies of the world's travelling that only slight heed is taken of the attractions and advantages which Gibraltar possesses. The climate may not be desirable for a lengthened residence, and the charms of the place, being all in a small compass, may be worn threadbare by any prolonged and exacting demand ; but for the bird of passage, or the sojourner for a few weeks, there is here a little paradise. Balmy air, glorious sunshine, far-reaching views over rock and glittering sea, a bright life and a gorgeous nature's dressing, home feeling and homelier fellowship, with the always surpassing interest of treading old paths amidst new surroundings—what more can an even exacting bird of passage desire ?

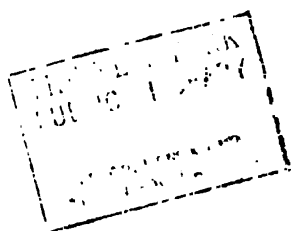
And—this by way of digression : it is nothing to do with our more leisured journeyings—all may be attained with a minimum of discomfort and labour, by folk whose

insularity may have fenced them in from either sympathy or patience with the always seeming roughness of strangers' ways. By taking a P. and O. steamer, the beloved English ground may—so to speak—never be left, and yet an infinite, an altogether refreshing and wakening harvest of new experiences and knowledge gained, while all may be made to spell pleasure. Then, with just a trifle of enterprise and hardihood, a three weeks' round may be compassed, *via* Ronda, Granada, Córdoba, Sevilla and Cadiz, and a very fair amount of Spanish life and Spain's art treasures sampled. And this, be it noted, with none of the trials and difficulties attendant upon the long journey through more northern regions, and with a quite sufficiently ample skirt of what the veriest town-mouse would call 'civilization' spread over tender limbs.

Next to the delight in its own and its surrounding beauties, the most prominent feeling about Gibraltar must be an appreciation of its enormous value as a strategic position and stronghold. People at home may talk glibly and lightly about the uselessness of the station, about the needless cost of its up-keep, or the easy way in which, by exchanging it for Ceuta, we might win the approbation of Heaven by loving our neighbour as ourselves ; but the first and the abiding personal impressions of the noble rock, with the invaluable streak of water—'the gate of the narrow passage'—which it dominates, must scatter all such notions to the winds. It is as if the gently-sloping shore of Spain had been found insufficiently guarded against the frowning cliffs of the African coast, and so this huge earth-work, or rather rock-work, six miles in circumference, and 1,400 feet high, had been thrown up as an outpost in the water, by the hand of some great strategist. It is a position made for the arbitrage of the Mediterranean.



THE ROCK, FROM NEAR ALGECIRAS



The ascent of the Rock is pleasantly commenced by zig-zagging up to the Torre del Homenaje—remains of the Moorish occupation, 1,000 years ago—and then entering the line of galleries which honeycomb all this northern face. These command the Spanish lines, and from the batteries which open out at every few yards most lovely views may be obtained over the reach of upland country beyond Linea, and the twin seas which make Gibraltar all but an island. The galleries are two or three miles in extent, but at the terrace called the Queen's Look-out, about half-way up, they may profitably be abandoned, and the road taken along the western face of the hill-side. After passing a number of batteries, with seemingly interminable piles of shot and shell, the road forks, one branch leading up to the Rock gun, the other to the signal station. These, and the other smaller paths which lead away presently in all directions, form the most delightful saunter possible. Even in January—this cold January of 1907—we shall find the sun quite as hot as is desirable, drawing a bluish mist over the sea and the opposing Spanish and African coasts, and lighting up the glossy green palmitos and brilliantly-hued flowers which make beautiful the broken-up surface of limestone upon which we are treading. The white lateen sails waft lazily in the harbour, or flit across the more distant stretches of the bay; faint sounds of martial music come floating up from the military-ridden town lying at our feet; there is the hum of already busy insects in the still, sweet air, and the almost oppressive scent from masses of 'cluster' narcissus, wild clematis, and lavender. It seems hardly credible that we are on English ground, with English faces down there to greet us at every turn, and this in the cold, bleak, dark days that are supposed to usher in the new year! It is not one's dream of the 'sunny south'; it is much better.

The walk may be quite a short one ;—through the first set of galleries, up to the signal station, and straight down again into the town. But it is a pity to leave it so—provided always that we have the necessary, now not so easily obtainable, permits. Coming down from El Hacho, and looking out carefully for the families of Barbary apes which flit up here when the cold Levanter drives them from their sea-washed home below, a path may be taken still further along the Rock, through the little postern called St. Michael's Gate, past the Saint's stalactite cavern, and up again to the most southerly peak of all, O'Hara's Folly. From here the grandest panorama of views is obtained. Up and down the straits, across to Ceuta and the chains of African mountains, inland over Algeciras, and right away to the Ronda hills and the snow-capped heights of the Sierra Nevada, the eye may sweep with uninterrupted range. And then, by a series of zigzag paths and steps, the low-lying tip of the rock, Europa Flats, may be reached, and the winding road which leads, again downwards, from these to the grand belt of hollowed-out and undermined cliffs which are Europe's final protest against the encroaching ocean. It is with a strange feeling of helplessness, of smallness, that one stands here, hearkening to the 'lap, lap' of the waves below, looking out over the unknown, but certainly unfriendly, region in front, and with all the Continent that is Home at one's back. And it is with a pleasant sense of comfort and security that the road is taken again, round the western foot of the Rock, past the pretty, smiling villas of Rosia, and through the bright Alameda into the town.

But that same 'unfriend-like region' has to be faced. For a visit to Gibraltar would be distinctly incomplete without a peep into the eastern ways of Ceuta, Fez, or

Tangier. Ceuta, perhaps, is too Spanish and dull ; Fez too distant ; but Tangier is easily accessible, and sufficiently un-European.

How un-European is evident as soon as one steps on board the small packet-boat—if we have failed to chance on the larger, tri-weekly coasting service—which may, sometime during the course of the morning—precisely when, it is impossible to foretell—consent to face the currents of the outer channel. It is hard to believe that the wretched little craft and her belongings have anything to do with the trim, clean, punctual Gibraltar in which we have been sojourning. It speaks volumes for the strength of Tangerine character, if it can come thus into constant contact with the ordinarily well-regulated ways of the world and yet remain uncorrupted. Surely it is a chance convoy of Nature's children, from some far-off Nature's stronghold, into the midst of which we have been thrust, and not the representatives of a neighbouring trading community, largely dependent upon our Gibraltar, and looking up to her as in some sort a second home ! There is the tall Arab, half in and half out of an arrangement of white towelling, beslippered, beturbaned, and self-possessed. There is his cousin the Barbary Jew, forming in dress, tongue and habits a curious sort of link between the East and the West, and perfectly failing in any of the three particulars to attain to either dignity or respectability. There is the unmistakable Jewish damsel, apparently only hardened and rendered the more wilful by the fact that she dwells among a people who keep their women folk in strictest seclusion. There is her still more unmistakable mother—perhaps only chaperone—who looks as if she has been ever hankering, in her African exile, after the flesh-pots of Egypt. There are the lank, swarthy limbs, thick lips and fuzzy hair of the negro ; the beautifully shiny Chinaman, and, peripateting

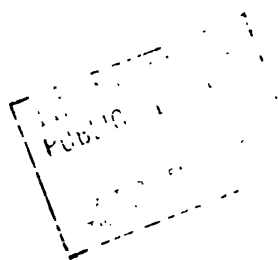
to and fro—evidently frightened of sitting down—the touch-me-if-you-dare British tourist, out for a holiday, but not enjoying himself a bit, so greatly is he scandalized by the patent disregard of conventionalities around him. And all intent upon carrying out just their own will in just their own way. The dirt, the confusion, the babel of tongues—with an ever-prevailing shriek of Arabic! How on earth everybody and everything are going to be shaken down, and live together in something like accord, seems to be a mystery for an hour or more after the appointed time for sailing.

And in the same way that the *Gibel-Tarik* and her cargo seem to be an anomaly in Gibraltar waters, does Tangier itself present a never-quite-understood problem. It is a little more than a long ferry across; the place is almost within hail of, and in daily communication with, Europe, and it has, moreover, a considerable European population. And withal it is thoroughly Eastern—Eastern in climate, in scenery, in buildings, in ordering, in language and in life. All well-recognized laws as to the proportional diffusion of varying civilizations seem here to fall to the ground. From the moment he lands—if he be new to the ways—the traveller sees nothing outside of his hotel to which he has been accustomed.

It is not at all nice—the life in these jumbled and narrow lanes, with their foul air, and their fringing of whitewashed hovels, or box-like bazaars. Tangier sleeping in the bosom of its hill-slopes, with its old castle crowning the steep northerly height, and its outlying suburbs as a skirting of white and green, looks very enchanting, as it is approached over the dancing blue waves; but when a landing is once effected all prettiness flees away, and there seems to be nothing to mitigate the sudden unveiling of terrible, inconceivably miserable squalor. One constantly thinks how pleasant it would



TANGIER FROM THE SEA



be to be out of it all, and even registers a silent vow never again to be tempted into the regions of romance. And yet it is intensely interesting—with an interest that grows as anomalies are lost sight of. There is always a fresh group, or costume, or custom to be seen, a fresh bit of colouring, or quaint and unrecognized form of building, and the word and feeling are always 'Let us tarry.'

Not that much time need be spent over the architecture of Tangier. Beyond the beautiful—and borrowed—decoration of the minarets, and a little piece of good work in the entrance to the bank, it has nothing worthy of note. There is no greatness of design, or carefulness of detail, and what we have hitherto looked upon as the pre-eminently Moorish beauty of arrangement is only conspicuous by its absence. If one comes across so much as a decent horse-shoe arch, it will open flat against a dirty white or mud-bespattered wall, and be made both incomplete and incongruous. Whence comes this? Whatever exalted opinion one may have of the art-work of the Far East, and whatever allowance one may be disposed to make for an outer region like Morocco, it is impossible to withstand the conviction that Saracenic art gained immensely by familiarity with Western forms and life, when it took root in the Peninsula, and that, in intellect and civilization, the Spanish Moor was the noblest of his race. *Here*—nothing. Within a few leagues—across the strip of water—everything of loveliness, refinement and supreme knowledge.

It is about the customs and life of Tangier which we must ever feel most inclined to linger. These greet us, in infinite variety and interest, at every turn and hour; but they have a centre in the great Soko, or Sok—the grassy knoll of a market-place which rises up behind the town, at the extremity of the main street leading from the Bab-el-Marsa, or Sea Gate. To this Sok comes all

the Tangier world on Sundays and Thursdays, the sight-seer, the mere idler, the Micawber-like looker for waifs and strays, the agent of commerce and the more humble huckster. Hither come, too, the merchants of the interior, men of splendid physique and mien, and with them long lines of laden camels, stalking along with masterful stride, and keeping time with their outstretched heads. For a notoriously evil-tempered race these huge ships of the desert are surely the most long-suffering of beings. Here they kneel, seemingly from Saturday night to Monday morning, with the most exemplary patience, waiting while their masters have disposed of their wares, loaded up again, and taken their due rest and diversion. It is a positive relief now and again to see an angry twist of the head, or a savage kick-out.

Winding in and out of the interminable throng which covers the Sok on market-days, around the heaps of golden fruit, the stalls piled up with gaily-coloured carpets and articles of attire, and the groups of squatting women enveloped up to their eyes in *haiks*, and looking like small tents, one comes continually across two types which unfailingly attract attention—the Jewess, and the pure Moor of the interior. The latter is really a very noble fellow,—dignified, splendidly made, and thoroughly picturesque in his flowing white jellaby and long beard. And while the Barbary Jew is just about as objectionable a compound as could be administered to one, his helpmeet and his daughters are decidedly good to look upon, full of a certain sensuous beauty and vivacity.

These idlers of the market-place form its greatest charm. For the noise and dust, the repulsively degenerate humanity which, with eager and yet half-vacant eye, and wholly animal expression of countenance, fights and shrieks down by the Bab-el-Sok, together with the all-pervading squalor, speedily drive one up to the little

eminence near the Villa de France hotel, which overlooks the scene. Here—the graves marked by rude stones—is the ancient Moorish burial-ground. Here is an old friend, the snake-charmer ; and here, too, is a much more interesting and clever individual, in the shape of an Arab story-teller of the desert, tall, swarthy and white-robed. He has gathered together a great concourse of hearers, who squat round him upon the little grave-stones, and, as he strides up and down, with quick, nervous action, his voice is so perfectly modulated, and his gestures so eloquent, that we can quite enter into his narrative. We hear—or see—how the gentle, gazelle-eyed Scheherazadé was brought up among the flowers and solitude of her father's marble courts ; how the bulb and the fountain chattered to her of the joys and sorrows of the loving warfare from which she was so carefully shut away ; how the Prince Adonis invaded her hiding-place, by a happy combination of chance and ingenuity, and with hot words fanned into a consuming fire the secret life which had been long smouldering ; how the bright blue sky of the twin existences became overcast, and troubles surged up from all sides ; how murder and universal blood-letting ensued, and so calmed angry spirits with their strange anodyne of remorse, that a final serving out of happiness and sweetmeats to all good people concerned, together with diamonds and emeralds as big as turkey's eggs for the specially virtuous, closed the chapter.

The spell is broken, and a general stir and sigh of satisfaction testify to the skill of the narrator. Very richly does he deserve the coppers which he collects from his grateful hearers, and which he repays again by a few courteous words of thanks to each individual donor. And then the groups break up and scatter, some in search of fresh diversion, some of long-neglected bargains, leaving behind new and strange sympathies in the heart and

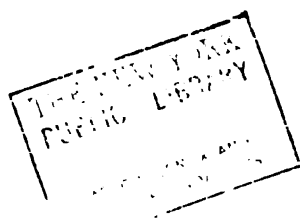
mind of the pale-faced strangers at whom they have been between whiles marvelling.

Let us descend the hill again, and climb the opposite steep ascent to the castle-yard, that we may look in upon a very different scene. Not much of simple pleasures, beauty, or romance for anyone here! Surely such a wretched collection of buildings could nowhere else be found forming the Government offices of an important capital. On the left is the open hall where the Basha, or Kadi, sits every morning at nine o'clock, to hear complaints, and to administer such justice as may suit his interests or affections for the time being. Beyond is the rather tempting entrance of the mosque, but that is forbidden ground, and will prove inaccessible even by means of the golden key. Then there come the customs bank, the prison, and the Basha's residence. To the harem of the latter ladies may readily gain admittance, but the less favoured male visitor must cease his investigations at the prison. And it is for this that we have come; for that little chamber where the Kadi does *not* mete out justice, and the wretched hole into which his victims are crammed, yield at once a key and an index to the almost hopeless evil estate of Tangier. Entering the dark recess adjoining the bank we may peep into the prison, through a large hole in the wall, though it is not a vision that even the most morbid will care to prolong.

One huge room apparently—if the word 'room' may be applied to an irregular, mud-built and floored den of this sort. A few heaps of foul straw by way of furniture, and groups of emaciated human beings, ragged and unkempt to the last degree, and with about as much expression on their faces as cowed wild beasts—some sitting playing at cards, but the greater number lying against the walls in a state of incipient idiocy. That is all,—except a never-to-be-forgotten stench of literally rotting



THE BAB-EL-MARSA (*page 203*)
A SNAKE-CHARMER



humanity. It must not for a moment be imagined that these are criminals. The real evil-doer is usually strong enough, and rich enough, to defy, or rather shake hands with justice. These are mostly either the poor scape-goats, or perfectly innocent souls who have been unlucky enough to incur the wrath of somebody a little more powerful than themselves. There is no question of expiation, or term of imprisonment. Here they will simply lie till their friends are able to buy them out, or till Death, more merciful and righteous than the Kadi, comes to their release. There is no secret about it all. These are decrees of time-honoured custom, as thoroughly established as any others which regulate the ordinary life of the people.

As the ordering of the marriage procession, for example, which blocks up our way as we turn out of the castle square. And, for the time being, not much harder, surely, upon the poor prisoner ! The little pill-box arrangement which is carried upon a mule at the head of the procession contains the newly-married bride. It is to be hoped that she is not much bigger than a well-grown baby, or else how she can coil herself away is a mystery. Upon the top of the box is a lay figure of the interesting inmate, which has to be ducked in the most comically significant manner whenever one of the many low archways of the streets is encountered. In this guise, at sunset, she is carried round the town for two mortal hours, followed by a disorderly rabble of friends and street-loiterers, who make the quickly darkening air lurid with the light of resinous torches, and hideous with the braying of horns, the squeaking of bagpipes and the thwacking of tom-toms. She will presently be landed at the bridegroom's house, where her lord and master even now awaits her, surrounded by his friends, and will be delivered with much ceremoniousness into his loving care. On the

morrow the pair will sit in state to receive the congratulations of their friends, and on the third day the bride will hold a levée for her married acquaintances, and be finally consigned to sugar-plums and nonentity.

It is only when darkness closes in over the city that its streets are at all bearable. There is less dust then, less racket and elbowing, and the firefly-like glimmering of the lanterns which all respectable folk carry about with them lends a medieval character to the scene. The picturesqueness of the tortuous and uneven lanes, and jumbled-up houses, which the glare of the squalid daytime has quite succeeded in spoiling, now stands out in pretty half-revealing, and is heightened by the white apparitions which flit noiselessly about the open spaces, or cluster round the doorways in dreamy enjoyment of the evening's coolness. Now is the time to visit the Moorish café, if one wants to see the better sort of Tangier male society enjoying its ease, or taste what a beverage the fragrant berry may produce in really skilful hands. It is not a grand establishment—not even so grand as the French café down the street. A low doorway leads into a single apartment, of fairly large proportions, raftered like an English barn, and ornamented with rude mechanical designs. Exactly opposite the entrance stands the open, brick furnace, where the whole process of brewing is critically inspected, and varied at will, by fanciful new arrivals; and between this point and the door runs a raised divan, for the accommodation of the strangers who are so uncivilized as to prefer a bench to a seat upon the matted floor. The *habitues* bring with them their little bundles of Indian hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), a mild substitute for opium, which they smoke in minutely bowled pipes as they drink their solitary cup of black coffee. By half-past eight or so the floor is well covered by groups of squatters, and the array of slippers along

the edge of the matting—kicked off by their owners as they step over into the sacred enclosure—is a sight to behold. Some of the company will probably have brought their violins, or tambourines, to the accompaniment of which, together with a due amount of hand-clapping, the low, wailing Arab chant rises and falls with seemingly interminable cadence and repetition. It is more difficult to understand the fascination of the music here than that of the fiercer, more weird, more developed form it has assumed in its Andalusian home ; but that it does possess some most potent charm is evident, for the whole audience sway their bodies backwards and forwards in something more than time—in unmistakable sympathy ; while they ever and anon join in the chant with a sort of exulting and irrepressible enthusiasm.

Strange indeed are all the customs of this place. Perhaps the oddest of all, to the ordinary dweller in European ways—though why strange, why unexpected, it is difficult to say—is the regulated and open slave traffic that goes on. Most of the bright-faced urchins who keep watch and guard in the bazaars while their masters are gossiping round the corner, or indulging in a siesta in some hidden nook, are slaves. Thoroughly intelligent little fellows they seem, though they can never be got to utter a syllable which any ordinary traveller can comprehend. They look for all the world like great dogs, very eager to serve and help the stranger, even while they decline to trust him for a moment out of their sight, and only worried by their inability to speak or to be spoken to in a mutually understandable language. These are the low-priced specimens, costing some thirty-five or forty dollars apiece. Girls, if pretty and well formed, will bring 100, or even 120 dollars, but they are mostly hidden away in the harems. Upon the surface of it the only objectionable part of the business is the

method in which the dealing is conducted. Twice a week or so—usually upon the days of the great Sok—the crier goes early through the streets, announcing the details of his little list of human goods. These are presently led out, and can be taken aside and examined by any intending purchaser, as they pass along. When once the bargain is made, however, and the slaves taken home, they seem to be usually well treated, and contented.

And all this time there rings now and again in our ears the voice of the Mueddin from the minaret of the Djama-el-Kebir calling the faithful to prayer, or announcing the flight of the hours by his sand-glass. At midnight, and again at 2 a.m., he says, 'Allah is great. It is better to pray than to sleep.' At three or four o'clock—three in summer, four in winter—'The daylight comes, all praise to Allah !' At noon he puts out a white flag and declares again that 'Allah is great.' At three or four in the afternoon he gives a generally disregarded signal to cease from work. Some three hours later he announces the appearance of the first evening star, and finally, at 9 p.m., calls the world to retirement and devotion.

It is hardly worth while running the risk of unpleasantness by any pertinacious effort to enter the mosques. They contain little of interest, and no furniture or adornment except a movable pulpit, a few lamps, and some decoration of the Sanctuary. There is running water in the patio, and ample provision for the purity of body which is so much esteemed by the Moslem, and without which no entrance to the mosque is permitted ; but, beyond the fine azulejos and pavements for which these arrangements afford scope, there is nothing to repay the curious visitor. It is instructive to note a rigid opposition to that marriage of the church to the public-house which England loves. The odour of sanctity, which shuts the unbeliever and the uncircumcised out of the mosque,

prohibits also the establishment in its neighbourhood of any house of refreshment or ill-fame.

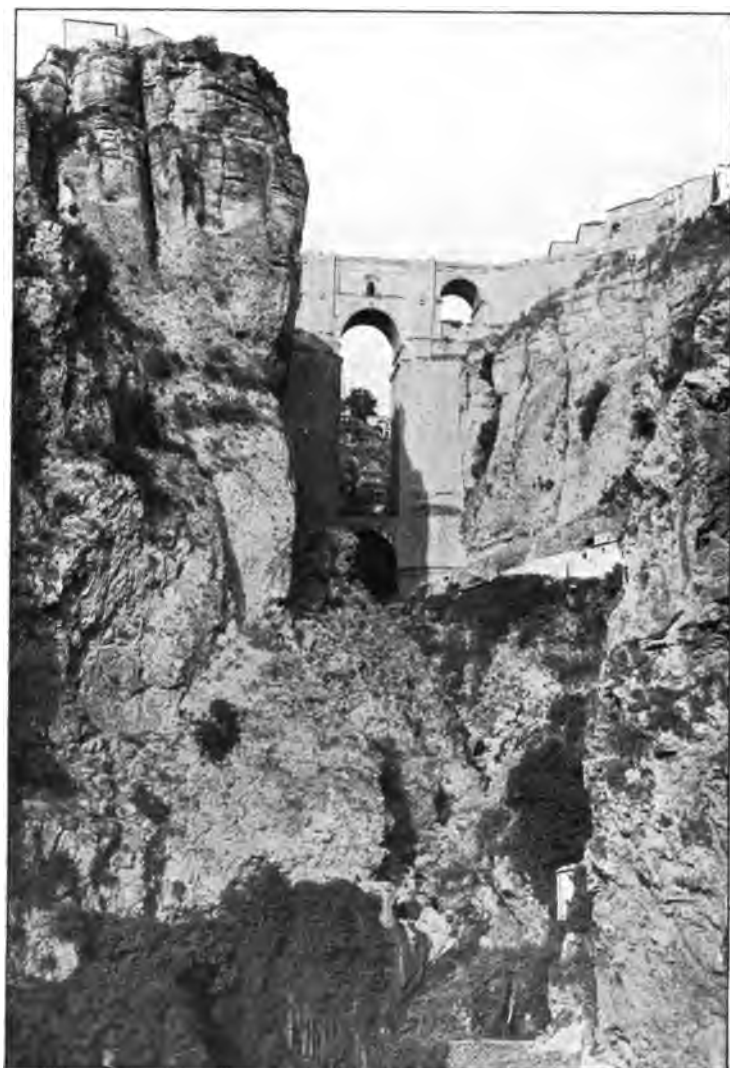
Making our visit here in January we may easily include in it the great religious feast of the Isoma, when all the outlying tribes—wilder and more fanatical than their half-breed, and in some ways degenerate, town cousins—flock into the city, and take up their quarters on the Soko. To assist at one such scene is enough—to watch the crowd of three-quarters naked and blood-stained barbarians go through all the prescribed forms of tearing to pieces and eating live sheep, sacrificing oxen, and dancing or parading to all sorts of ear-splitting music. Yet it is an experience to be no more omitted than the slightly more refined bull-fight across the water ; and, even after all the new insight which we may have acquired into the ways of our fellow-creatures, it throws a wonderfully fresh light upon how the ‘ other half ’ of the world lives.

XIII

GRANADA

THE most direct way from Gibraltar to Granada is, of course, via Algeciras, Ronda and Bobadilla. By this route, too, we may see some splendid mountain-rock-glen-stream scenery about San Pablo, and, by leaving Gibraltar at the somewhat unearthly hour of 5.30 a.m., may have three hours at Ronda—between the two daily trains—and reach Granada in time for a late dinner. This is the fast globe-trotter's plan ; but it is not, by any means, the best. To get up at four o'clock, on a January morning, even in Gibraltar, is not a pleasant experience, nor yet the early ferry across to Algeciras ; while Ronda, with its fine surroundings, its wonderful Tajo, or chasm, over which the town literally straddles, its picturesque buildings, and quaint costumes, deserves the half of two days. It would be better to spend the night at Ronda ; and, if the accommodation in the town be doubtful, one can always fall back upon the really comfortable *habitaciones* at the railway-station, and fare not at all badly in the restaurant.

But, after all, beyond the saving of time, which is only a matter concerning globe-trotting slaves, one goes to Ronda only to see the Tajo :—that wonderful rent in the hill-side, 350 feet deep and 250 feet wide, over which Don José Martin, 150 years ago, flung his one-arch span—with its flanking Casa de Mondragon ; and the route



Garzon

THE TAJO

is chokeful of discomforts. For leisured folk, the wise of the earth, there is a better road to Granada, even if it lead through common places. Let us take one of the 'Hall' Line excellent steamers, and, closely rounding the wonderful Gibraltar Rock, coast along to Malaga, keeping in view, in the evening light, the magnificent line of Sierras—de Libar, de Ronda, de Estepona, backed up by the snow-clad Nevada—with their fertile apron of rich vega which marks this, one of the finest coast-lines. Malaga is dreary and dusty and dirty, speaking generally, and there is next to nothing to interest one in the half-ancient, half-modern town; but our creature comforts will be excellently cared for in the 'Roma' hotel, and a simply delicious climate will make even a winter promenade along the beflowered Caleta and up to the baked-brown Gibralfaro a pleasure. And the smiling richness of the lower Andalusian plain upon which we shall enter immediately after leaving for Bobadilla and Granada—a region innocent of frost or biting cold, caressed by an ever-faithful sun, and watered by the Guadalhorce—is really a vision that should not be missed.

Long reaches of sugar-cane and vineyard are diversified by luxuriant orange, lemon, and pomegranate groves, by great banks of prickly pear, and anon the graceful date-palm, with fronds cut clear against the topaz sky; while, in the unending succession of crops, they are reaping the corn, and the beans are in pod, when elsewhere the lusty and still youthful year is only just thrusting back winter with any positive advantage. Beyond La Pizarra and Alora the scene changes. Great outlying sierras on either side herald the on-coming of Nature in sterner mood, and presently the road plunges into the magnificent Hoyo pass, and climbs up for miles amidst masses of bare, needle-shaped rocks, with the torrent leaping far below, and flocks of birds circling high around the cruel-looking

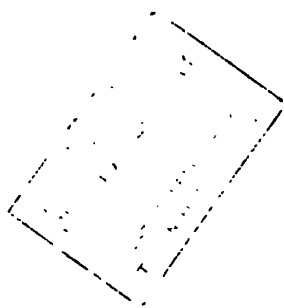
peaks. All the way past Gobantes and this eastern skirt of the rugged Ronda country there is a novel and savage picturesqueness of surrounding, and then, turning sharply to the right at Bobadilla, we enter again a land of greenery and richest cultivation, which fitly ushers in the vega of Granada, with its crown of snow-capped mountains. At every step we come upon historic names and interests. Here is hoary-headed Antequera, a relic—now naught but a relic—of four civilizations. Here is the Yeguas, the waters of which have so often run red with blood, and Loja—sweet and gentle in herself, but so wrapped away in ruggedness that she well merits her motto of a ‘flower among the thorns’—Loja, the last home of El Gran Capitan, and for long before that a very focus of the struggle between the waning Crescent and the victorious Cross. And finally, lying off to the right, there is the little town of Santa Fé, created at one stroke by the Reyes Católicos during their great siege, the only city of the South which has never bowed to Moslem yoke, or professed the faith of the Prophet, and where Christopher Columbus wrung from Isabella, just as Granada was falling, the ‘few ships and sailors’ for which he had been so long in weary waiting.

Over all this fair land, now—under Christian rule and enlightenment—the most ignorant and crime-ridden bit of the Peninsula, there shone 500 years ago the more real light of the Arab’s knowledge and care. The invader of the eighth century had learned to love and bless the country he had won, and which, with its beauty of Nature, its knightly traditions, and early day freedom from priestly shackling, had probably shaped his receptive mind to a refinement and culture which in its own Eastern home it ever lacked. He had discovered that the paradise of his Prophet hung exactly over it, and that it was this that made the air so pure, the soil so



Carson

THE HOYO GORGE



fertile, and the sunshine so bright. He had wrought its surface with such careful labour that it became a garden in his hands. He had endowed its chief places with a fabulous array of noble buildings—mosques, palaces and universities. He had called to his aid all that the science and art of the world could yield, and had so improved upon what was brought to him, that foreign powers—and even his own parent stock in Fez and Tunis, Rabat and Mansuriah—could find it necessary to resort to him again to build for them ‘after the Andalucian style,’ as of a separate school. He had such a care for letters that the gathering together of a great library had come to be looked upon as of greater import than the accumulation of riches, while his free schools of Granada and Córdoba had become centres of learning, and his very artificers, by their cunning and well-reasoned craftsmanship, could put to shame all the ages that have succeeded to him. And withal he had neglected nothing that could conduce to material prosperity. By his clemency and toleration—toleration religious, political and social—he had bound to his fortunes the people whom he had conquered. He had made a home for all willing and reliant toilers from other countries, and so fostered all natural resources, and the interests of foreign trade, that, even making allowance for antiquarian exaggeration and the glamour of romance, the revenues of the provinces of Granada, Jaen and Córdoba seem to have surpassed anything that the days preceding our own ever saw, and the chief cities were common to all nations.

This, of course, was in the halcyon days of Mahomedan rule—say the tenth, eleventh, and perhaps twelfth centuries—before the seductions of wealth, power and passion had cankered the lives of the people, or a spirit of despair at swiftly-coming destruction had inclined them to make the most of the passing moment. For long after, indeed,

the outside remained fair. The light lingered on when the sun of Mahomedanism had already set. But the tide of reconquest, which had set in before the close of the eighth century in the far north, and had assumed formidable proportions under the leadership of Alfonso VI., while it seemed to strengthen the hands of the southern kaliphs by making Andalucia a refuge for the distressed from all parts of the Peninsula, really brought with it the seeds of dissolution, wrapped up in super-induced self-seeking and civil warfare. Córdoba and Jaen and Sevilla waxed yet more fat, like Jeshuron of old, and kicked at all restraint and at one another. In their enervation and division they fell an easy prey to the arms of St. Ferdinand, so that by the middle of the thirteenth century the great Moorish kingdom had dwindled into the comparatively insignificant province of Granada. Upon this fairest remnant there was still a hectic flush of prosperity and grandeur. Its neighbour's losses seemed, in some sort, to be its gain. Holding within its borders all the elements and necessities of a perfected kingdom, rich, compact, and thickly populated, it seemed unassailable, and while, for yet 200 years more, it defied all the powers and wiles of reunited Spain, its capital outdid itself and all its ancient rivals in the elaboration of every appliance of civilization and luxury. To this period belongs the third, and in many respects most remarkable, development of Moorish art, of which we have seen some examples in Toledo and Sevilla, and of which the most characteristic outcome of all, the infinitely beautiful Alhambra palace, was now slowly built and perfected by the Sultan Ibn-l-Ahmar and his successors.

Let us see for a moment what was taking place in and around the Alhambra during the last hours of the modern dynasties. It is impossible to sift the true quite clearly from the false of the records of the day, but we can

readily gain an insight—an insight which will be useful to us hereafter—into the corrupted life which surged about the beautiful courts even before they were well completed, and see how the once pure and gracious light, which was soon to be put out, had already become darkness.

The country was now so tempest-tossed by the rivalries and faction fights of the various noble families, that the only way in which their ruler, Muley Abn Hassan, could keep anything like discipline or order was by making a series of inroads and forays upon the Christian bordering which hemmed him in. In one of these he took captive a maiden of surpassing grace, by name Isabel de Solis, whom he promoted to the chiefest place in the harem. Now, in Granada alone there were no less than thirty-two powerful clans, or families—the Almares, Alabeces, Gomeles, Llegas, Mazas, Zegrís, Almoradis, Abencerrages, Vanegas, Abenamares, Gazules, etc.—of whom the Abencerrages and the Zegrís were the acknowledged chiefs. The former espoused the cause of the new favourite, Zoraya, or 'Star of the Morning,' as she was styled in her Moorish home, while the Zegrís sided with the discarded Sultana Aixa, and her son Boabdil, 'El Zogoybi.'*

So completely was the old King under the influence of the ambitious Zoraya that he was induced to countenance the extermination of all Aixa's children, and if the fate which was thus specially marked out for the young heir to the throne had been visited upon him, the Moorish dominion would perhaps have been indefinitely upheld. For Muley Abn Hassan, backed up by the Abencerrages, represented all that was best in the Court, while Boabdil

* 'The Unlucky,' from his having been born under an evil star, and so liable to have all the untoward events of his life attributed to sinister influences. 'El Chico' = the Younger, and has not the reference which is usually supposed to Boabdil's stature.

and the Zegris seem to have been the *ne plus ultra* of rascality. But then the Alhambra would have been shorn of some of its most thrilling romances; so it was perhaps as well that Aixa, finding herself for the present on the losing side, determined at any rate to save her son, and, letting him down from one of the palace windows into the Darro ravine, succeeded in placing him in safety. Henceforth there was for Granada one perpetual tale of civil strife and lawlessness, father warring against son, and each compelled, as he came to the front, to make head against the Christian monarchs who were now thundering at his gates. Sometimes there was one, sometimes two, sometimes even three rulers over the city;—Muley Audali, or ‘El Zagal,’ as he was nicknamed, the old King’s brother, being elected by some of the clans to be their leader, when Abn Hassan became too old and infirm to minister to their thirst for blood-letting. The seat of government was now in the Alhambra palace, now in the Alcazaba, again in the Albaicin, and often in all three at once, while the streets and plazas of the city were reddened by the almost daily encounterings of the various factions. Slowly the younger man established his authority, and, seated firmly in the Alhambra, gave free rein to all his evil passions. He owed his success in great part to the talents and nobility of his natural brother, Muza, and also to the Abencerrages, who had been won over to his side. The receiving of these into royal favour by no means suited the purposes of the Zegris, who straightway elaborated a plan whereby to rid themselves once and for ever of their rivals. They informed the King that the Abencerrage chief, Abn Mahomet, had been seen, in the garden of the summer palace, in criminal intercourse with the favourite sultana. This so enraged the monarch, that, without waiting to verify any of the statements which had been made to him, he invited all

the heads of the offending tribe to the Alhambra, for a feigned consultation, and had them beheaded as they arrived, ordaining at the same time the perpetual banishment of all their families, and the confiscation of their goods and chattels. The Sultana was shut up in one of the towers of the Alhambra, and condemned to death at the stake if, within one month, she could not establish her innocence by the ordeal of single combat. These arbitrary proceedings so roused the city that the populace streamed up to the palace swearing allegiance to Abn Hassan, sacked the royal apartments, killed two hundred Zegrís whom they found assembled therein, and would have put an end at once to Boabdil's life and reign, had not Muza, his brother—and the people's idol—calmed the tumult by showing that the greater fault lay with the Zegri faction.

But after this all went wrong. Alhama was taken by the Christians, and Boabdil himself was made a prisoner at the battle of Lucena. The exiled Abencerrages had leagued themselves with Ferdinand and Isabella, and with them went the flower of the Moslem chivalry. Abn Hassan and El Zagal set on foot their old machinations against the absent ruler and the regent Aixa, and therewith were reopened the ancient sores of faction, which the necessity of making united head against a foreign foe had temporarily closed. It was practically the beginning of the end. Boabdil was released, and, with the aid of Aixa and Muza, and the resources provided by his captors, was enabled to gain possession once more of the Alhambra hill. It was only, however, as a vassal of the Spanish crown, and Ferdinand had but played him as a cat plays a mouse. For yet six years he maintained a show of kingship—helped therein by the death of his father, and the retirement of El Zagal to the little principality of Andaraja—and dissipated his already weakened intellect and fortunes by all Eastern voluptuousness.

One after another, however, the cities of the plain and the sea-coast were filched from him, and presently, in 1491, when King Ferdinand found himself prepared for a last bite, advantage was taken of an alleged infringement of the compact entered into at the time of Boabdil's captivity, and the armies of their Most Catholic Majesties laid their siege against the gates of Granada. The final struggle was short enough. By January 2nd, 1492, the banner of the Cross was waving from the watch-tower of the Alhambra, and El Zogoybi had sallied forth to take up a petty principship in the Alpujarras. Here he lingered in his valley of Porchena for something over a year. Then he conceded all his rights and possessions to Ferdinand for a sum of money, and passed over with his family into Morocco, where there is a tradition that he died fighting in the service of a kindred chief.

An odd record of this unfortunate monarch has lately turned up—in the shape of his tombstone. It stands now in the museum of Tclemsin, and, beyond establishing the date of his death as the year 1494—about two and a half years after his exit from Granada—bears undoubted evidence of having been used as the sill of a doorway. In effect the story runs that it was so placed, and at the entrance into the public baths, so that all the faithful, as they passed in and out, should trample upon the memorial of the man who had lost for the children of the Prophet their fairest possession.

But while we have been thus invoking the spirits of the past it has grown dark ; the long journey over the *vega* is at an end, and we are being jolted over the cruel mis-paving of Granada streets. For the moment it seems as if all romance had fled with the light and the shadowy plain, and left us to unadulterated twentieth-century squalor. But the Calle de Gomeres is reached at last, and, with the steep ascent of the Alhambra hill, there

comes a pleasant sense of rest and sweetness. And then—it is fairy-land, surely ! For at the massive portal of Las Granadas an enticing sound of rushing water, on either side, greets the ear, and the line of barrack-like houses suddenly gives place to a vista of over-arching branches, interlacing tree-stems, and a carpeting of greenness and flowers which stretches away as far as one can see in the dim light.

Such things as these always confer in Spain a shrinking fear of unreality—the dread that we shall wake to some terrible and all-pervading unloveliness. Yet here it is a vision that endures even while it changes. True, all this is but the so-called ‘ garden ’ of the Alhambra ; but herein we may dwell as long as we list, and beyond these green gorges there are ever-satisfying peeps of red walls festooned with ivy, of the snow-clad peaks of the Sierra Nevada, and of the far-stretching *vega* with its belting of picturesque hills. If there were nothing else it would be a spot to linger in. But then, crowning it all, and opening its gates to us at all hours of the day, there is just the most beautiful and most interesting building in the world, of which Charles V., or I., might well say, ‘ If I had been King Boabdil, I would have chosen to make the Alhambra my grave rather than have lived an exile from it.’

Even making every allowance for an age of hurried, superficial, unthinking careering over the famous and lovely places of the earth—lending, too, the greatest possible sympathy to such heedful criticisms as that the art here displayed belongs to a late and degenerate age and order, and has, moreover, run the gauntlet of grievous modernization—it is hard to understand how people can profess to be disappointed with this glorious old Arab home, or scoff at one for having spent months of study in it without exhausting either its beauties or its interest.

Of course a great temple is not to be looked for—or a great castle—or hall—or anything else that is chiefly formal. But that which it *says* it is, it *is*, thoroughly ; a group of old Berber houses—palaces, if you will—wherein the life of the owners, with all its comfort, elegance, love of art, and, withal, gross sensuality, mirrors itself without effort, and against all the incongruities and defacings which a Western civilization has visited upon it.

Its very informality and unpretendingness are virtues, not vices, raising beauty and correct judgment into the lofty regions of unstudied harmony and effect. So, through an insignificant passage one comes suddenly upon a sala of perfect loveliness, approaching careless greatness, too, in conception. Then there is perchance a narrow portal—a thing simply of household convenience—and once more a bewildering vision of delicate and exquisite workmanship breaks upon the eye, a vista of salas and inner salas, with luxurious-looking divans and cabinets, slender *ajimeces* and columns, filigree spandrels, and lace-like arabesques. Now and again, too, just in anticipation of any sense of weariness through intricacy or repetition of design—but really with no such formal ordering—there is introduced a bit of garden, a patio with shadowy cypress-trees and murmuring fountain, a miniature and myrtle-edged lake, or a *mirador* which invites to rest, and spreads out, by way of refreshing, a bird's-eye view over green hill-side and whitened city, over outlying farms and orange-groves, with the purplish-brown mountains to fill in the background.

How can any worthy picture be drawn of the place ? One can only hope to stir up the affections of those who have known it, to correct perhaps some of the hasty misconceptions of hireling cicerones and too receptive guide-books, and to awaken in some minds the desire to see it all, and live it all, for themselves.

Here, then, are representatives of four great national phases, or epochs, and eight centuries of culture. There is, first, the stronghold of an armed despotism, the Alcazaba—or Kassabah—which crowns the western tip of the huge rocky eminence now called the Alhambra hill; farther east lies the group of Arab palaces, and alongside a set of Christian buildings; while the eastern and southern portions of the ridge are occupied by remains of the sort of feudal town which formed a necessary appanage of the Moorish court, but existed—even flourished—long after all of royalty had departed from the scene. When due note is taken of the fact that the hill-top is nearly 3,000 feet long, and over 700 feet wide, and also that the aforesaid feudal town of the 'Alta Alhambra' was capable of containing perhaps 20,000 or 30,000 souls (it contained 6,000 as late as the year 1625), it will be seen what a very small portion was ever covered by the 'palace' proper. The whole enclosure was encircled by Alhamar the Magnificent with a wall of the usual *tapia*, or *tabia*,* work, and, strangely enough, may be regarded in its entirety as the offspring of the comparatively unknown and insignificant watch-tower on the opposite ridge, now called the Torres Bermejas. For these were the first fortifications erected here, and they gave their appellation of Al-hamra, or the Red Castle, to the hill-slopes and all their buildings.

The chief entrance to the town of the Alta Alhambra was the Puerta del Vino, or Wine Gate, which seems to turn its flank in so strange a way to the buildings of which it is usually, and hastily, assumed to form a part. Within this came first, probably, a hall of justice, then the still visible house of the Kadi, and the great mosque

* A mixture of rubble and clay, prepared and built up between moulding planks in exactly the same manner as the cement work of the present day.

—now the Church of Santa Maria. Beyond these were situated the houses of the aristocratic hangers-on to the court—the Abencerrages, Zegris, etc., with the palace of Muza, Boabdil's half-brother, the so-called 'Casa de los Infantes,' and, in later times, the residences of many Spanish grandees, of Count Tendilla, the Marqués of Mondéjar and a host of others. The Casa, or Baños, de los Infantes is the only building of all this series which has at all withstood the ravages of time, and its peculiar history deserves a special mention. What it was in the beginning it is impossible to say—certainly *not* the mosque which it presently became. In the little Moorish sala lying on the north are some coloured arabesques as fine as any that can be found, and close at hand there are the remains of some ancient baths. After the conquest, in 1493, the first Christian congregation of Granada was established here. The place then became a Franciscan convent, and in one of its chapels were deposited the remains, first of Isabella, and then, twelve years later, those of Ferdinand, while the royal panteon adjoining the cathedral was being prepared for their reception.*

The rest of the Alta Alhambra, together with the greater portion of the ground upon which Charles V. erected his monstrous palace, was occupied by the various

* San Francisco was selected out of deference to Queen Isabella's wish. She left the following instructions as to the disposition of her remains: 'Let my body be interred in the monastery of San Francisco, which is in the Alhambra of the city of Granada, in a low sepulchre, without any monument save a simple stone, with an inscription upon it. But I desire and command that if the king, my lord, should choose a sepulchre in any church or monastery in any other part or place of these my kingdoms, my body be transported thither, and buried beside the body of his highness; so that the union which we have enjoyed while living, and which, through the mercy of God, we hope our souls will experience in Heaven, may be represented by our bodies in the earth.'

royal dependencies and offices, and by the rude dwellings of the soldiery, servants and common folk ; while the whole of this town portion was divided from the Alhambra palace and fortress by an inner line of wall, running from a point near the Puerta del Vino direct to the Torre de los Picos. It is curious to find, however, that, by a system of subterranean passages, access could be gained to all the exterior fortifications and the granaries (which were situated close to where the Siete Suelos Hotel now stands); from both Alcazaba and palace, without crossing the town.

The gloriously beautiful Justicia porch, which forms the main entrance to the precincts of the Alhambra, is of somewhat later date than the Puerta del Vino, of which it is the advance guard. It was designed by its builder, Jusuf I., to be at once a more imposing portal, a cover for the twin entrances of the town and castle—the latter or now destroyed Puerto Real, standing opposite the Vino Gate—and a substitute for the tree which tradition says stood just within the Puerta del Vino, and under which justice was at first administered. It is enormously solid, with arches and roofing of the best Saracenic forms, together with numerous delicately-traced arabesques and inscriptions. Above the first arch is a giant hand, and over the second a key, with a legend recording that ‘the warlike and just Sultan Jusuf . . . commanded this gate, called the Gate of the Law, to be built. . . . May Allah make it a bulwark of defence, and inscribe its construction among the great and imperishable deeds.’ A vast amount of research and ingenuity has been spent over the symbols of these arches, but there would seem no need for any other interpretation than that the hand was an ordinary Moorish talisman,*

* In the year 1526 we find Doña Juana prohibiting the use of this talisman, with any Arabic inscription, among the Moriscoes.

and the key a badge of the Prophet—of him into whose hands God had delivered the power over heaven and earth.

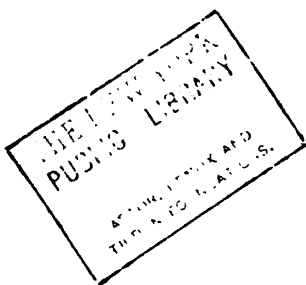
Passing through this *Puerta Judiciaria*, and noticing some vile modernizations within the porch, we enter upon a lane which leads up between massive walls to the ancient entrance of the *Alta Alhambra*—the beautifully-decorated *Puerta del Vino*—and the filled-up *Puerta Real*, and then debouches upon the large open plaza of *Los Algibes*, or cisterns. The views from every side and angle of this plaza, raised some 450 feet above the city, are simply superb ; northward over the tree-clad declivity of the *Darro*, the suburb of the *Albaicin*, the *Sacro Monte*, and the *Guadix* range of mountains ; westwards over the delicious hanging gardens which fringe the *Alcazaba*, the city of *Granada* proper, and the great vega ; southwards over the *Alhambra* gardens and the *Torres Bermejas* ; eastwards over the trees, the churches, and the yet remaining houses of the *Alta Alhambra*, to the glittering slopes of the *Sierra Nevada*.

The detail of these panoramas arrests one's attention even more than their vast extent, and there is yet deeper interest close at hand. For the long range of ruined fortifications which enclose the plaza on the west, with their still solid watch-towers, marks the site of the *Alhambra* castle—the *Alcazaba* ; while the eastern boundary is chiefly taken up by the huge, melancholy pile which *Carlos Quinto* thrust down in the centre of the enclosure. The world of critics hurls fierce invective at this unfortunate palace, as being, in its *Græco-Roman* style, out of keeping with its surroundings, and as occupying the site of some splendid winter palace, which they persist in believing was demolished in order to make room for the intruder. But it is really very magnificent in its outline and colour ; it is a type of good, solid build-



Carmon

LA PUERTA JUDICERIA



ing, and its bas-reliefs, and other sculpturings, are as beautiful as an age which sacrificed everything to elaboration could make them. As to the supposed winter palace—if there stood here anything of the sort it must have been of the most diminutive and unimportant character, for most of the buildings cleared away were undoubtedly mere hovel dependencies of the great house. And then there is a touching record about this unfinished, roofless building—just that spirit and that interest which make us call it a ‘melancholy’ pile. It is the vain outcome of seven years’ labour, and, as such, is a fitting memorial of a great, hard-working life, which was destined to close in obscurity and impotence.

The central tower of the Alcazaba is called the Vela, or Watch-tower—formerly, in Moorish days, the Giafar. Upon its summit were first planted the standards of the last Christian crusade, the great silver cross and the banner of St. James. From the birthday of the Alhambra till now it has been the herald of joy and woe to the city; and its Maria Josefa Mercedes, most silvery of bells, still keeps up the time-honoured custom of announcing throughout the night, to the workers in the vega, the flight of time and the signals of irrigation of their crops. Hither comes the greatest throng of town and country folk upon the festival of January 2nd; for, by paying due court then to the Mercedes, she will ensure the capture during the year of an attentive—that is to say obedient—husband. And here comes at sunset, if he has any sense of natural beauty in his composition, the tarrying visitor, to watch the rosy flush spread and die away upon the snows of the great Sierra, and the shadows fall across the plain and the upstart Elvira hill, or deepen about the far-off chasm in the mountains which opens up a road to Jaen.

The original entrance to the Alcazaba and palace was

on this side, not upon the southern slope. It went down in a long zigzag from the Torre de las Armas to the old Moorish bridge spanning the Darro, of which one oddly uplifted, broken arch may still be seen in the Carretera del Darro below. In this way it came to pass that the Alhambra proper was independent of all outsiders—independent even of its own following—and whoever was master at once of the Alcazaba and the palace was practically unassailable.

But where is the Alhambra palace all this time? Well, one might be in the Alhambra for days without finding it; might even pass to and fro, by its low and purposely humble exterior, without caring to turn aside and penetrate into what looks like a series of poor, mud-built sheds. And then, when once it has been seen, all else is lightly esteemed for its sake.

The entrance nowadays is by a small wicket-gate in a dark corner behind Charles V.'s palace. Just on the left, in the blank wall, may be traced the ancient portal, now rudely filled in with brick-work; and through a hole just on the left of the altar in the so-called Mexuar 'chapel,' we may presently see and trace the course and proportions of the zigzagging passage, or *zaguán*, which led into the oldest bit of the Alhambra. It is very absurd to have an entrance so insignificant as the present one, and yet it is not to be much regretted. Better its unpretendingness than the grim desolation there would be in the old *zaguán*—the desolation which does exist, to-day, behind that bricked-up archway. Introducing us, too, as it does, at the very extremity of the Alberca patio, it yields at once a perfected vision of the most beautiful portion of the palace. We find ourselves, without a note of preparation, in a great court, about 150 feet long and 80 feet wide. A miniature lake runs up the centre, with a bordering of thick myrtle-hedges, orange and lemon trees,

and at each end there is a girdling of delicate Moorish colonnade. At first one takes in hardly as much detail as this, but is only conscious of the green and gold of the fruit-trees and myrtles, of the shimmer of light upon the water and the marble pavement, of an intensely blue sky throwing arches and columns and towers into the clearest relief, and of the marvellous reflection of all these things in the mirror of the pond. Presently the eye penetrates beyond all outer veiling, through the far-off Sala de los Embajadores, with its graceful ajimez windows, and tiny glimpse of green hill-side, and then, with every step and every moment, there comes fresh appreciation of the infinite cunningness of the whole arranging, and of the inexhaustible wealth of ornamentation, which, while it is ever beautifully unobtrusive, makes every corner a little museum of art-work.

It was no mere chance, or thoughtless whim, which produced such perfection of proportion and perspective that, even in the stricken days which have come upon the place, it needs quite an effort of the mind to think about size, or to divine anything that is lacking. It seems as if, in the old days, they had a better perception than we have of how a thing would appear when finished. For all this part now before us was built at one and the same time—the close of the thirteenth century. It is no product of patch-work, or of slow elaboration. The older portion lies away to the left, and the newer to the right. Nor yet is it any isolated masterpiece. There are these same beauties of workmanship, proportion and effect in nearly every purely Arab building we enter in Spain, and their repetition in the Alhambra palace itself is almost endless.

The best of it all is that these satisfying impressions abide in all their freshness—if only heart and mind be open to receive them. As often as one enters that little

wicket-gate, and paces these courts, there is induced that same threefold experience ;—first, the involuntary subjugation to the restful, sense-beguiling spirit of the place, then the delight in its artfulness of design, and an ever-rewarded desire and search for its store of precious detail.

Before, however, going farther, it may be well to group the general plan of the buildings before us, and, especially, to understand that there is a trinity of palaces in the Alhambra, each one perfect in itself ; each succeeding palace showing a great advance in proportions and delicate art-work over its predecessor ; the three grouped together into such a harmonious whole that one speaks carelessly of the Alhambra ‘palace’ and the Alhambra ‘palaces.’ Entering, by this way, into the Alberca patio, the first palace opens out towards the far end, on the left. This, the Mexuar, dates from the twelfth century, and, compared with all the rest, is rude and unostentatious. There is the central patio, succeeding upon the entrance-room, the reception-room—perhaps Council-chamber—at its head, and, grouped around, a long series of dwelling-rooms, one of which was, in the sixteenth century, turned into a Christian chapel, and is usually wrongly called the Mezquita—the Mihrab really being found in the southern wall of the room behind. Retracing our steps to the Alberca patio, we see here the second palace, built nearly a century after, and several feet above the earlier, ruder dwelling, and showing a similar arrangement of central court, Council-chamber, and adjacent dwelling-rooms, with its magnificent Sala de los Embajadores, or reception-room. Finally there is the larger, grander and still more luxurious palace of the ‘Harem,’ as it is sometimes, with doubtful identity, called, where the central court is the Patio de los Leones, with the Salas de los Abencerrages, de la Justicia (Council-chamber), de los

Ajimeces and Dos Hermanas, the underground baths, and a great array of only half-discovered chambers, as appanages and dependencies. This south-eastern part of the Alhambra is again 100 years later in construction than the central palace ; and while it is in some respects the most exquisite piece of workmanship which the Arabs left behind them, it nevertheless belongs plainly to a degenerate period, giving at the same time a peculiarly vivid presentment of the splendid voluptuousness of Eastern life. The extensive and complex construction of baths, with the dressing-rooms, the heating and cooling appliances, the divans, the gallery for singers and so forth, although probably one of the latest additions to the Alhambra, has, it should be noted, entrances from each of the three palaces, the oldest being a staircase leading from the north-east corner of the Alberca patio, the most remarkable a long underground passage from the Mexuar, the oldest palace. It is all the more important to grasp, at the outset, the main plan of this trinity of palaces, because guides and handbooks seem alike to ignore it. That the three divisions of the great Arab house were in some sort always regarded as distinct, is evident from a series of old decrees relating to the setting of governors over 'each one of the palaces of the Alhambra.'

And at every turn we may accent the idea of the *home*—luxurious comfort without undue ostentation. There is a prevailing symmetry—just such symmetry as we can imagine an art-loving builder desirous of grafting upon his residence—without formality, or even regularity, in general line and grouping. There is no distinct provision for state ceremonial ;—indeed, there is a contempt for the convenience or reception of the public. And, as we have seen, there is traceable in each case the stereotyped plan of the lordly Arab dwelling—the entrance into a great central court, the chief reception-rooms at the head, the

apartments for household accommodation lying off right and left like branches springing out of a main stem, with, here and there, specially latticed windows, so that the women-folk could be present at all ceremonials or diversions without being visible.

But enough of general plan and theory. Let us look for a moment at some points of detail—more especially of the ornamentation. Wherever the eye falls it may rest upon some fine bit of arcading, or peristyle, so delicate in the transparent tracery of its spandrels, in the rich work of its capitals, and its slenderness of pillar, that one marvels at first how such fairy-like construction could stand for even a single generation. ‘*Lover’s tears*’ they call this lace-work, and they tell one to stand just within the dim hall, or vestibule, of, say, the *Patio de los Leones*, and get a vision of the blue sky that appears beyond as a little cloud of sapphires. But it is surely better—an insight into a piece of truer art—to stand outside the eastern kiosk of the *Lions’ Court*, and, looking through spandrel and vestibule and sala, catch the light glinting through the distant opposite windows. That is transparency of effect indeed ! One would like to meet with the architect who thought it out.

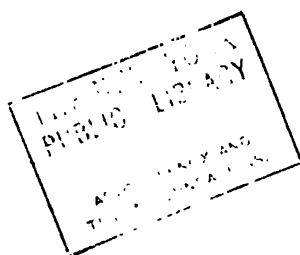
Volumes have been written upon the cufic inscriptions which, alternating with arabesques, and foliage often Byzantine in its treatment, everywhere decorate the walls with a species of intricate and beautiful scroll-work. Consisting generally of maxims from the *Koran*, or sentences of ecstatic commendation of some individual, or object, these may perhaps have the religious significance with which they are usually credited ; but it in no way detracts from their loveliness, and immensely adds to their fitness, to endow them with a double meaning more nearly related to the voluptuous life upon which they looked.

In the midst of so much beauty and interest it is



Anderson

PATIO DE LOS LEONES, WITH THE EASTERN KIOSK



difficult to pick out any portion of surpassing value, but perhaps the gem of all the Alhambra is the Sala de Embajadores, under the Comareh Tower. It is entered by the very lovely vestibule which shuts in the Alberca court on its northern side ; and in the disposition of its lines, the nobility of its proportions, the fineness and richness of its ornamentation, and its commanding position, unites all that is best alike in Nature and Art. This was probably the throne-room, and, as such, the centre around which float most of the traditions of the Moorish times. It was from one of the nine alcoves which enclose the lower range of windows—and bespeak, too, the extraordinary strength of the walls—that Aixa let down her son, Mahomed Abdallah, into the Darro gorge, when his life was threatened by his unnatural father. Here were planned most of those futile inroads upon the Christian territory which marked the declining powers of Moslem rule. Here the Zegrís laid before King Boabdil the alleged perfidy of the Abencerrages, and wrung from him that sentence of their deprivation and banishment which was speedily to prove a link in his own chains. It was here that the great council was held, at the close of the year 1491, when it was decided that further resistance to the Christian power was impossible ; and from its doors strode out the noble Muza, after entering his protest against surrender, minded to die in single-handed combat rather than assist at his nation's dishonour.

All that brilliant life, with its gorgeous surroundings, has fled, but it has left behind it, even in this sala alone, an exhaustless legacy of beauty. Some of the best tile dados are here,—inlaid, of course, and pre-eminent for purity of colour, soft brilliancy of glaze, and that evenness of surface which it is so difficult to secure in this sort of work. Here, too, are the most finely-wrought inscriptions, the most noticeable remains of the blue,

vermilion and gold colouring which must have made the palace formerly a blaze of almost too great magnificence, together with the prettiest of the little *hanias*, or vase-holders, which the Arabs were accustomed to place at doorway or window in performance of the sacred duty of giving water to drink. Points these—and comparisons—which ask for care and tarrying and study, and so bring no appeal to the casual visitor, but in such things, nevertheless, lie the deepest interest of the place and its greatest worth.

In the way of rich and varied adornment the salas of the Abencerrages and Dos Hermanas perhaps occupy the first rank, but the Comareh room is better balanced and purer; it is cast in a better mould; its lines are far more harmonious, and all mere decoration is kept carefully subordinate. This is just what we might expect as the difference between the earlier and later work. The Dos Hermanas and Abencerrages mark a period when luxury and phantasy were allowed to rule in art as they had already long ruled in life, and the result in both cases was riot. To take but two instances—the extraordinarily multiplied *bóveda*, and the stalactite ornamentation. However ingenious, mathematically, the first may be, and however pretty *per se* the latter, they are certainly styles which it is very dangerous to meddle with—they should never be made obtrusive, or allowed to dwarf proportion. Yet this is precisely what they do, precisely what they become, over and over again, in the hands of later workers. Both the one and the other make their appearance in the Sala de Embajadores and its approaches, but there they are kept in proper subjection, and never for a moment become oppressive.

All sorts of pretty stories are told concerning the origin of this stalactite finish. Here is one:—The architect had covered in his buildings with plain domes, but the result

by no means satisfied him. As he was one day in the Dos Hermanas sala, communing with his own soul and Allah upon his difficulty, a bevy of slave-girls trooped in and began to pelt one another with the snow which had just been brought down in baskets from the Sierra. Now and again a ball would fly to the ceiling, and, there hanging, would gradually assume the form of an icicle. This so amused the girls that they left off pelting one another, and tried who could make the greatest number of snowy pendants upon the roof. Then the architect looked up smilingly, and received the answer to his prayer. It was the melting arch of a snow-cavern that he saw—the thrusting of the purest possible bit of far-away Nature, with the idea of coolness and refreshing, into the midst of hot, passion-worn lives.

Then they say again that it is part and parcel of the ‘essentially religious character of all Arab architecture,’—a copy of the roof of the Tur cavern to which the Prophet was fain for a while to retire, by the force of evil circumstances, and where the spider with her webs, the bees with their honeycombs, and the doves with their nests, concealed him from his enemies. If so, it was strange that the style only came in when the Prophet’s children were getting a long way from his Koran—in the arrangement of their lives at any rate—or from caring for his precepts. And why must we always drag the mosque into the dwelling-house in this way? If we have to choose between the Prophet and the slave-girls, we will decidedly prefer the latter, even if it entails shutting our eyes to a certain budding of the stalactite in Persia as early as the ninth century. At the same time it is impossible to get rid of the notion of calcareous infiltration, as one looks up at these roofs, and surely the simple explanation may be accepted that some architect of an age when phantasy was already unduly exalted, con-

ceived the idea of grafting Nature, in one of her strangest freaks, upon domestic ways, and so conferring at once the reminiscence of freshness and a *bizarre* variety of decoration.

If the Comareh Hall with its approaches constitutes the finest portion of the Alhambra palace, the Patio de los Leones treads hard upon its heels. A simple parallelogram surrounded by a marble peristyle, with no enchantment of vista, no green patio, no dream-inspiring lake, or running fountain, with very little of sculpture or other adorning, this glorious court attains both to fulness of effect and majesty, by the legitimate means of faultless proportion and infinite delicacy of construction.

Some of the irregularities which obtain here seem almost incredible.* What could be more satisfactory than this range of exquisite arcading, its slender, palm-like stems, its gracefully-stilted arches, and the fairy filigree-work of the spandrels? There seems to be not one single point which can offend the justest eye. And yet there are nearly a dozen different archings—different in form, in height or width; the cloister varies in breadth at each turn; the upper galleries are uneven; the doorways are the personification of self-will; the columns are sometimes placed singly, sometimes grouped, and the numbers of them on the respective sides in no way correspond. The two kiosks which project from the eastern and western sides answer to one another, certainly, and so do the doorways of the Abencerrage sala and the Dos Hermanas; but save in these points, and in the simple

* As an instance of the careful way in which the architects of these olden days went to work, it may be mentioned that the exact relation between the irregular widths of cloistering on the long and short sides of the court is that of the squares upon the sides of a right-angled triangle. This obtaining of beautiful symmetry through irregularity is a strangely lost art.

matter of the shape of the court, there is everywhere a magnificent disregard of the petty rules whereby nowadays we secure sameness—*et præterea nihil*. And nevertheless there is an all-prevailing symmetry—and harmony. The whole is a triumph of accurately-judged effect.

The fountain in the centre, from which the court takes its name, originally consisted of one great tazza only, resting upon the backs of the twelve lions which now support it, and which, in their admirable conventionalization, are endowed with even more than natural idea of strength, and preserve all the architectural lines in rigidity. In this basin, probably, the Arabs performed the ablutions which were enjoined four times a day. The upper tazza was a work of the eighteenth century, and finally, only some fifty years ago, the fountain idea was further developed by the addition of the crowning pyramid. Standing here, in the centre of the patio, a carefully-designed view may be obtained through the doorway leading into the Dos Hermanas sala, the Sala de los Ajimeces and the little Gabinete de Lindaraja, somewhat similar to the vista which the Alberca patio yields. Here, however, the final ajimez window is more dwarfed than that of the Embajadores, and one misses the distant peep out upon the hill-country. And yet it is a very lovely spot, especially when one walks forward to the exquisitely decorated Lindaraja* alcove, and looks down into the court beyond, green, and yet dark with cypress and orange trees, and eloquent of the gentle Arab damsel, who, lacking courage to face an untried world with her Christian lover, there pined away in her desolation, and to this hour comes up with the moonlight, to whisper the

* Lindaraja=simply 'House of Aixa,' or, better still, the 'Sultana's Bower,' Aixa being a common appellation of the favourite sultanas. The romance of an actual Lindaraja—of an Abencerrage maiden bearing the name—has no foundation.

story of her grief in the dripping of the water as it falls over in the fountain.

Through all this, the really domestic section of the Alhambra, there still stalks the spirit of the departed life. There is its magnificence, its ruthlessness, its sensual intelligence, and the adorned veilings whereby it at once enhanced its pleasures and hid them from too curious eyes. It was in the Lions' Court that Abn Hassan, Boabdil's father, slew his children, at the instigation of the new light of the harem,—El Zogoybi, the heir to the throne, hardly escaping the fate prepared for him. In the hall of the Abencerrages, opening out on the south, Boabdil himself, twenty years afterwards, beheaded thirty-six chiefs of his noblest tribe, to gratify Zegri vengeance. Hence its name, and here troop up still at night the shades of the unfortunate warriors, to bear witness against the treachery that ended by weakly handing over their kingdom to the Christian. Here, in some of his women's apartments, the coward monarch hid from the violence of the mob, when they streamed up from the city to avenge the foul butchery, killing over 200 Zegris around the Lion basin. The panteon of the early sultans—La Rauda—was at the south-east corner of the patio, and near it, occupying the whole eastern side, are the lovely Salas del Tribunal. The usually accepted notion that these constituted some principal, or public, seat of justice is manifestly wrong. Any such tribunal would hold its sessions without, in some porch, or gate, or other approach to the royal residence, not in the very midst of the harem. If there were any tribunal at all here—and from the paintings of the ceilings there would seem to have been something of the sort—it must have been for adjudication merely upon household matters. More likely, however, these salas formed some secret council-room—a veritable Star Chamber.

The paintings referred to are a very remarkable series. They are executed upon leather, nailed to the domes of the ceilings, and the balance of evidence points to their being the handiwork of an Italian artist of the fourteenth century. The whole spirit of the pictures is opposed to the supposition that they were done after the conquest, or for the edification of any but Moorish souls, while the assertion that they were of Christian workmanship is not much fortified by the consideration that the portrayal of life was forbidden by the Koran. The injunction was repeatedly disregarded in sculpture, and if in sculpture why not in painting—the product, be it noted, of a lax age, and foreign art? The principal subjects here represented are, first, a council of venerable men in Moorish costume; then a complete series, showing how an Arab warrior, symbolized by a chained lion, fell in love with a noble Frankish maiden; how a magician planned the carrying away of the damsel, and was surprised and killed by a Christian knight; how the intrepid deliverer was thereupon challenged to mortal combat by the jealous Arab lover, and done to death under the very eyes of the fair lady and her duenna, and in spite of their evident distress; and how all these, and other more peaceful diversions, took place while the unconscious or hard-hearted parents were enjoying a quiet game of chess.

It is all beautiful, at all hours. And not the least so when the moonlight is bringing the slender columns and graceful arches into yet more delicate relief; when it is glancing through the filigree façade, or perforated roof, throwing a mysterious shadow over the dim salas, and an uncertain flecking upon the marble pavements. Then all is softened and quietened; a decent veil is drawn over the incongruities and excrescences of the last 400 years, and it is only difficult not to repeople court and garden, tower and hall, with the images of the past. There is a

great outrying in some quarters for a complete restoration—for a going beyond the tender propping up and putting together of perishing beauty to the ruthless replacement of all that is lost, and a readorning with all the ancient colouring. Let it be done by all means—let walls and ceilings and columns be made brilliant as in days of yore, and the garish light tempered by stained glass—provided that the clever restorers will at the same time bring back the old life, and all its accessories. If that cannot be done, let not the place be transformed into a great show-house, but left, as now, to sunlight, and moonlight, and flitting birds, and the dimming hand of time.

The objection is sometimes made, by the more than ordinarily acute visitor, that the Alhambra is, and has been, nothing more than a great show-house; for, it is urged, there are no signs of domestic offices or arrangements, while it would have been impossible to sustain—to say nothing of enjoy—life during the rigorous months of winter that some of us know so well here. A little study of the one surviving set of bathing-rooms—so extraordinarily complete and luxurious—should form an answer to the first part of this objection; while it should be noted that in each of the palaces there are rooms, wholly and half discovered, but into which the inquisitive student may penetrate, which have evidently served as offices, so rough is their construction. With regard to the questions of warmth and comfort, we should do well to consider for a moment what a different aspect the apartments would have when they were furnished and adorned with Eastern magnificence and costliness. Furthermore, evidences of some more or less complete system of calefaction are not wanting—*e.g.*, in the little room called the *Tocador de la Reina*, to say nothing of the *Baños*; it is by no means certain that the windows

were not glazed ; and, above all, we must not judge Eastern notions of a supportable temperature by ours. These children of the south, as we see to-day, unaccustomed to our peculiar northern luxury, have a wonderful way of suffering cold, and disregarding the suffering. The English—with the Americans—are probably the most *frileuse* race upon earth.

Passing away from the palaces proper, there are other parts of the Alhambra which hardly yield supremacy in point of delicate loveliness. There is the 'Queen's boudoir' (Tocador de la Reina, or, more appropriately, Torre del Mihrab), the exact connexion of which with the third palace it is impossible to define, looking out over the Albaicin, and away to the north-eastern mountains, where, before the days of its perversion, the watcher waited of a morning to greet the sunrise with prayer and blessing. There is the Torre de las Damas, or del Príncipe, built, with all its bright garden, by the Sultan Ismael for his beloved Olva. It is spoiled now, ruinously defaced by brutal latter-day hands, but it keeps its old *mirador* still intact, with abundance of fine decoration therein. Close at hand nestles the tiny mosque where some say that Jusuf I., the chief founder of the Alhambra palaces, was murdered at his prayers. Here one may find a remarkably perfect Arabic inscription, formerly placed over the entrance of the Mint ; together with two Assyrian lions brought from the same place, and the coat of arms of the first Christian proprietor, Astasio de Bracamonte, shield-bearer of the Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, Count of Tendilla, and brother of the great 'Tertius Rex,' cardinal, whom Ferdinand and Isabella appointed first governor of the Alhambra. Farther on lie the towers of Las Infantas and La Cautiva. Perfect gems of good, careful design are these quaint dwellings, and full of exquisite azulejos and tracery, even while their exteriors are bald

to repulsiveness. All sorts of romantic traditions float about them ;—tales of the princesses who were kept here in ineffectual seclusion from the world of gay deceivers, and of the Christian captive—*La Cautiva*—who flung herself from the window of her prison rather than submit to the gallantry of an amorous sultan. This, by the way, could hardly have been Isabel de Solis, as is commonly reported, for the famous ‘Morning Star’ seems to have been by no means averse to her gilded captivity, but to have made the very best of it, like the able woman she was.

We have spent so long a time, however, in sauntering through the palaces and noticing a few of their points of interest, that over these places of, after all, secondary importance we must not linger, but must hasten on, by the defaced *Puerta de Hierro*, and the *Torre de los Picos*—defaced by the remains of the *Marques de Mondéjar*’s stables, and the ravages of the French, a hundred years ago—to take a peep at the *Generalife*, the ‘House of Recreation,’ which the sultan Omar built upon the opposite hill-slope as a place of extra-secret retirement and pleasure.

The ravine which we have to cross yields a very noteworthy bit of scenery. Worn deep by winter torrents, its overhanging red banks contrast splendidly with their veiling of gnarled tree-roots, and festoons of ivy. At every turn a fresh and beautiful view may be obtained of the rugged walls and towers of the *Alhambra*, and, from the foot of the steep ascent, a grand panorama of the whole northern line of battlement, with its straight-falling skirt of forest, and the rapid, gold-producing *Darro* as foreground. *La Cuesta del Rey Chico*, or *de los Molinos*, this ravine should be called, but it more commonly goes by the name of *Cuesta de los Muertos*, from its forming the line of communication between the



Garzon

A CORNER IN LAS INFANTAS



Albaicin and the new cemetery, which stands at the foot of the mound formerly occupied by the half-fabulous, wholly-magnificent palace of Los Alijares. Up here, nearly every afternoon, come troops of poor folk, carrying their dead, sometimes in coffins, sometimes simply laid out upon stretchers. The little processions do not make so repulsive a sight as might be imagined, especially if it be a young girl or an infant that is being borne to the last resting-place. These are generally dressed in gauzy white and blue—the Virgin's colours—with wreaths upon their brows, and abundance of flower decoration. It must be confessed, however, that the conduct of the bearers is not very decorous, and that, if one cares to go forward with them to the cemetery on the top of the slope, there are scenes of horror to be witnessed over which it is well to draw a veil.

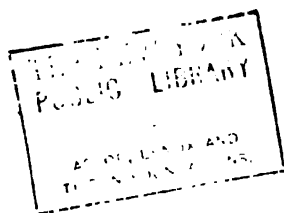
Beyond some fine arabesques and ceilings there is not much good Moorish work in the Generalife, and there is everywhere a most fearsome covering of whitewash. That which is still fairly unspoiled—though they have been making sad havoc among the trees—is the natural beauty of the spot. The cool waters of the Sierra Nevada rush through court and garden with unceasing noise and motion, and leave behind them a delicious greenery, and sense of sweet refreshing. Some of the finest cypresses, myrtles, and cedars in Spain are to be found here, and at all seasons there are bright-hued flowers and bright-voiced birds to make gladness in the midst of desolation. Then the views from every point are splendid:—from the *mirador* wherewith Charles V. replaced the significantly styled 'Sultana's Prison' of the upper floor, from the terraces of the gardens, from the Belvedere, and from the adjacent Silla del Moro, which looks out over all these fortresses and palaces from the crest of the Cerro de Santa Elena. The salas yield an interesting series of portraits

by Bocanegra, Pantoja de la Cruz, Sanchez Coello, and other lesser lights of the Spanish schools. Here is the fair-haired El Chico, handsome enough of face if ugly in heart, and still handsomer in the contrasted yellow and black of his velvet habit. Here is his 'red-blooded' cousin, Cid Hiaya—'red' because he was a renegade to his faith and country, and no longer to be reckoned as of true Moorish, or blue blood. He prospered, nevertheless, receiving from the Reyes Católicos—among other rewards for his treachery—this very manor of the Generalife. As Don Pedro of Granada he was made its first Christian lord, and so he figures here among his Moorish and Spanish sovereigns. Here, too, are many of his descendants, including the great-granddaughter who married into the Genoese family of the Grimaldis, and so eventually, after three or four generations, and as the fine old genealogical tree hard by will show, carried all the property over to the Campotejar branch, its present owners. Ferdinand and Isabella, with their Gran Capitan, stare at us, of course, with eyes of orthodox characterlessness, and near them hang the crazy Joanna—sweet and affectionate, even if a little bit dazed sometimes—and her handsome and good-for-nothing helpmate. It is curious to see that, while Joanna wears the velvet head-dress to which the portraits of her sister, our Katherine of Aragon, have accustomed us, Philip affects the 'beef-eater' cap so beloved of England in the fifteenth century.

Leaving the Generalife by its great gate, the Cancela de Fuente Peña, a few paces down the road bring us to what was once the principal entrance into the Alta Alhambra, the now dismantled tower and *zaguan* of Los Pozos, or Siete Suelos. We shall look vainly now for the missing four stories of the tower. The remains of three only are traceable, and all the outer works and the



GARDEN OF THE GENERALIFE



zaguan are gone. This gate formed the communication with the *pozos*, or granaries, outside, which provided vi-tualling for the Alhambra in time of siege, and from it a subterranean way led down to the lovely Cuarto Real, the gardens of the sultana, and El Bib-Taubin at the foot of the hill. But all certain record of the spot is lost, and so is gone, too, the gateway through which El Chico and his little following passed away, on the morning of the second of January, 1492, to their cage in the Alpujarras, and which Isabella is said to have walled up, in accordance with the desire of the dethroned monarch that it should never again be put to common uses.

El pobre Chico!—El Zogoybi!—We may follow his footsteps for a little way, as he went across by where the Calderon villa now stands, and down the road leading to the Puerta de los Molinos. It was a new way then, made in order that the Christian hosts might pass up from Santa Fé to take possession of the Alhambra without having to face the angry mob in the city lanes. At the foot of the slope—just across the Genil—there stood, and still stands, the little hermitage of San Sebastian, and here the last of the Moors had to make a halt, before setting out finally on his melancholy tramp across the Vega, to perform an act of vassalage to the Reyes Católicos, who were awaiting him here, and to deliver up to them the keys of his beautiful home. But beyond the indulging in what is perhaps morbid sentiment—for the Moslem dominion in Spain richly deserved its fate by the fifteenth century—there is not a shadow of interest or picturesqueness about the little sanctuary, or much about its surroundings, unless we care to study more arabesques in the ancient Alcázar de Said. It will be more profitable, therefore, to make a sharp turn to the right just beyond the Puerta de los Molinos, and come back to the Granada world of to-day, as it struts and plumes itself upon the

Alamedas de Queypos and Invierno. It is perhaps the result of a sharp contrast, but, somehow, there always appears to be a more affected strut, with a more careful pluming, on these Granada promenades than upon any similar Vanity Fairs in Spain. And yet it is a pleasant resort. The walks are admirably laid out and kept—are made beautiful, moreover, by the overshadowing of great elm-trees, and by bright *parterres* of flowering plants; the Bomba fountain is irresistible in its grotesqueness; there is any amount of amusing life to be studied, and, for a wonder, the complimentary epithet of '*Granadinas muy finas*' is something else than mere flattery.

With these gorgeously-dressed Christians upon the parade begins a long array of gorgeously-dressed Christian buildings, with equally great advantages in the way of noble traditions and associations, and equally failing to do, or be, anything particularly good or useful. There is first, right on the winter paseo, the Churrigueresque '*Las Angustias*' church, with its sickly and overwrought *Virgen de las Angustias* over the portal. This is the home of one of the most potent and celebrated of all the Spanish Virgins, and during the processions of Easter week, when, in common with other holy images, her jewelled presentment is carried about the streets, the numerous devotees of our Lady of Sorrows can always give an excellent account of themselves in the free fights which are apt to occur between the rival parties. The devotion of the people—of the women especially—to the *Patrona de Granada* is unbounded, and, upon occasions such as her annual Easter pilgrimage to the cathedral, quite touching to behold. Her sanctuary here on the Alameda, too, is tenanted at all hours of the day by groups of earnest, sable-robed worshippers, with a fair sprinkling even of the stronger sex—the *rare aves* of a Spanish church.

Almost opposite to Nuestra Señora de las Angustias stands the modernized Bib-Taubin, now an artillery barrack, and then a few minutes' plunging through narrow streets leads us to the once great San Gerónimo, a type of Granada churches. It is the oldest purely Catholic foundation in the city, having been begun four years after the conquest, from the designs of Diego de Siloé, one of the apostles of the transition work of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and son of the Gil de Siloé who has left specimens of his delicate Renaissance hand-work in so many corners of the great Spanish churches. When the famous Gran Capitan, Gonsalvo Fernandez de Córdoba, King Ferdinand's noble and vilely used servant, died, in the year 1515, his widow begged Charles V. to grant her the Capilla Mayor of the still unfinished church as a burial-place, binding herself in return to complete the building. How the work was then carried out it is impossible to say. The present interior is a brilliant effort of modern restoration, and one does not know which is the worse—its tawdriness or its dishonesty.

A great many interesting mementoes of the Great Siege hang about this place. There are admirably executed kneeling figures of Gonsalvo and his wife on either side of the high altar, and in front is their tombstone, with its simple and eloquent tribute to greatness. Doña Maria Manrique has lain here undisturbed, but there are only one or two bones of her husband, the rest of his remains having been carried away to Madrid twelve years ago. There is a monument here, too, of his nephew, the oddly named Veintecuatro de Granada, and over the altars of the transepts are huge shields bearing the Great Captain's coat of arms, and upheld by the figures of four of his companions, Garcilaso de Vega, Ponce de Leon, Hernan Perez del Pulgar and the indomitable Mendoza.

There was another famous man, too, who had to do with this old Christian temple, greater than all the rest of them in his gentleness, endurance and self-restraint—Fray Fernando de Talavera, first Archbishop of Granada, and sometime Bishop of Avila. It was to Talavera and the noble Tendilla that the conquered city owed the years of peace and prospering which ushered in the new domination. For they held the passionate and discontented Moors by the silken cords of kindness, and while the count secured for them, as long as in him lay, all their chiefest and most cherished privileges, his ecclesiastical coadjutor won them over to the faith of the Crucified by those powers of moral persuasion and pure living to which the Church of the Middle Ages was so loath to resort.

Close by San Gerónimo one meets with the best of all the memorials of that saintly Juan de Robles, or Juan de Dios, whom the Spanish painters have so loved to take as a subject—an admirably arranged hospital, founded by the saint himself, early in the sixteenth century. He may be regarded as the father of the system of hospital management which has ever since been so well carried out in Spain, and which to-day forms one of the pleasantest features of the nation's life. Honoured abundantly after death, Juan de Dios was accounted a madman while he lived, like so many other reformers, and was shut up in the iron cage which the curious may still see in the neighbouring Hospicio Real. Over the entrance of his hospital is a statue, by Mora, representing the saint as he died, kneeling in prayer; and upon one of the arches of the chapel is the not very laudable injunction with which he was wont to ask for aid, 'Haced bien para vosostros mismos' (Do good for yourselves). The present buildings are not the work of the saint, as is usually stated. He died in 1550, and they

were not begun till 1552. The church is still later ; and is chiefly remarkable for the immense sums of money which have been spent over it—more than upon any similar edifice in the city.

Alas that one cannot point to the amount of gorgeousness here as something unique ! All the round of these places may be made—San Pedro y San Pablo, Santo Domingo, the abominable and art-forsaken Cartuja, San Juan de los Reyes, and all the rest of them—and but little met with save tawdry display enthroned amidst glorious memories. Here and there, of course, there are pleasant oases, such as some of the detail of Queen Isabella's great Hospicio, or the fine Renaissance façade with which Diego de Siloé endowed Santo Domingo, but with the exception of a few green spots such as these, the public buildings of Granada are a veritable desert land.

Perhaps the cathedral should be singled out, however, for more favourable consideration, and all the more readily because it is too often accounted a type of everything that is bad in ecclesiastical architecture. It is a mixed Gothic and Græco-Roman building, designed by its creator (the already-noticed Diego de Siloé) to be 'second to no church in the world except perhaps St. Peter's.' Vast in size and conception, bad, certainly, in most of the detail, it nevertheless possesses some excellent salient features. Such are, the fineness of its general proportions, the grand spaciousness of the people's nave, the clever expansion of the Capilla Mayor into a huge segment of a circle—73 feet in diameter—and the admirably calculated vistas to be obtained westwards from the open ambulatory round the chevet.

The church is rich, too, in works of art of high merit :—carvings and paintings by Alonso Cano, two or three really praiseworthy pictures by Juan de Sevilla and

Atanasio Bocanegra, a few Riberas, and some fine stained glass by Palomino.

Alonso Cano is one of the phalanx of unrecognized Spanish artists. He was a pupil of Juan de Castillo at Sevilla, with Murillo, and was the friend of Velasquez, who was working at the same time in Pacheco's studio. A man of acknowledged talent, his violent and eccentric character made him more or less an outcast during the whole of his long life. Even putting aside most of the absurd tales related of him,* and rejecting the libel about the murder of his wife at Valladolid, there is abundant evidence that he must have made matters uncomfortable for all around him. After leading a wandering life for nearly fifty years, he obtained from the Crown a minor Canon's stall in the cathedral of Granada, as some recognition of his artistic merits, and settled down in the Albaicin for the sixteen years yet left to him. Not in peace, however; for he made himself so obnoxious to the Chapter that they availed themselves of his neglect to qualify by taking Orders, and kept him for two years out of his preferment. Palomino relates that the cabal formed against him was owing to his having insulted one of the chancery judges, who had given him a commission. The unfortunate *oidor* had objected to pay what he considered an exorbitant price for a small figure of St. Anthony, basing his remonstrance upon the ground that the artist seemed to value himself above his patron, and to rate his time accordingly. Cano thereupon flew into a great fury, dashed the image to pieces upon the floor, and drove his employer out of the house, crying that, while the king could make judges out of the dust of the earth, only God could make an Alonso Cano. His works are very

* The idea of his throwing an ill-carved crucifix at the head of the priest who came to absolve him on his death-bed is, for example, far too '*ben trovata*' to be '*vera*.'

widely scattered. Some fine isolated examples may be met with in the Sevillian and Madrid churches, and in several other points where fancy, or necessity, led him to pitch his tent for a while. He can, however, be studied to the best advantage in this cathedral of Granada—in the *Virgen de la Soledad*, which hangs in the chapel of San Miguel, in the *Annunciacion*, etc., series of the Capilla Mayor, and in the noble heads of Saints Peter and Paul in the Capilla de la Virgen del Carmen. With all the faults of exaggeration into which his wayward character led him, he was a great artist, a good colourist and draughtsman, and full of expression—often carried away by it. In the comparatively untrodden path of wood-carving he shone even more than in his painting, far surpassing his master, the famous Montañés. The St. Francis in the sacristy of Toledo Cathedral, the St. Anthony in the church of San Nicolas at Murcia, and the Virgin and Child in the sacristy at Granada, are models of delicate and skilful workmanship and grasp of subject. His somewhat over-rated heads of Adam and Eve at the entrance of the Capilla Mayor were bequeathed to his servant, who presently sold them to the Chapter. This, one would think, must have been the same man who made a gain out of his master's extraordinary aversion to Judaism, which he carried so far as to discard any article of clothing which had been defiled—or alleged to have been defiled—by contact with any of the hated race. The *Virgen de la Soledad* underwent, a few years ago, an experience similar to that which overtook Murillo's St. Anthony in the cathedral of Sevilla, being stolen from its frame by an enterprising manufacturer of holy images. It was discovered, however, after the lapse of two months, stowed away in a dismantled house in the Carrera del Darro, and carefully restored.

Through a fine late Gothic portal in the south aisle

access is gained to the Capilla Real, built for King Ferdinand in the degenerate early days of the sixteenth century, as a mausoleum for Isabella and himself, the architect being the same Philippe Vigarni, or Felipe de Borgoña, who designed the central lantern of Burgos cathedral, and carved the stalls at Toledo. The 'queen of earthly queens,' and the 'wisest king that ever ruled in Spain,' could not bear to be disassociated even by death from their cherished Granada, and no care or money seems to have been spared to make their final resting-place a world's marvel. It is only a pity that the huge marble tombs to which all the rest leads up—Peralta's celebrated masterpieces—should be so unworthy of their noble position. Even as Renaissance works they are only notable for beauty of material, for elaboration, and for failure in artistic grasp.

Far more powerful, and more really artful, are Vigarni's old bas-reliefs upon the retablo just behind—the fanciful representation of the surrender of Granada to the left, and of the enforced baptism of the Moriscoes on the right. The distinctness and force of these are simply splendid. The Christians are trooping up in all full-blown pride to take possession of their hardly-won spoils, while the Moors, with Boabdil at their head, come creeping out of the Alhambra in the sorest hurt and dejection. The smug complacency of Cardinal Mendoza's aquiline features is a perfect character-study, and is reflected upon the faces of the monks who, in the opposite relief, are administering wholesale baptism to a drove of reluctant and disgusted Moors. One may be sure that these converts are the fruit of Cisnero's intimidation and terror-dealing, when he came to hasten the work of proselytism, and not of the gentle suasion of the good Talavera. It is really a marvel how so vigorous and sarcastic a setting forth of the Church's ways has been

permitted all these generations to edify and instruct beholders.

And then there is the palace of Death itself—the little vault beneath those mighty catafalques where lie the remains of Ferdinand and Isabella, of Juana ‘la Loca’ and her husband,* and of their little son, the prince Miguel. We may go down and see them, and handle them—these plain, iron-bound leaden caskets—as they lie upon their narrow shelves, and may be quite sure, too, that it is the veritable royal dust which is here, and which has never been disturbed. ‘F’—just an initial letter—that is all the record.

A dark passage leads from the royal chapel to the adjoining sagrario, which occupies the site of the chief Moorish mosque of Granada. Here rests the good Tala-vera, and close by, in his own little chapel, the valiant Pulgar, who is credited upon his tombstone with having ‘taken possession’ of the sanctuary for the Virgin, when, in the year 1490, he entered the city by night, and stuck an ‘Ave Maria’ into the door of the mosque, upon his dagger’s point. A pleasanter exit, however, may be made by the south door, near which, in the ancient bishop’s palace, there may be traced a fine loggia—formerly open and double-staged—of round arches, with ball ornament and twisted columns. In conjunction with the adjoining south façade of the Capilla Real, a curious mixture of late Gothic, Plateresque and Renaissance work, this loggia forms a thoroughly quaint corner; while just across the narrow street there is the old Churrigueresque Casa de Ayuntamiento, very sham, but very effective withal, in general effect of line and colouring.

* The story of Juana carrying Philip’s coffin about with her for forty-seven years is a pretty fabrication. For the greater part of her half-century of widowhood she was little else than a State prisoner, shut up in the convent of Santa Clara, near Tordesillas, and rarely paying a visit to her husband’s mausoleum.

The city has another section of Christian work, by no means so profitless as its churches and public buildings. Indeed, to some minds, the pseudo-classical Churrigueresque and Renaissance houses of the early Spanish settlers here, with the story-telling escutcheons and other emblazonments wherewith they were wont to be decorated, will prove of even greater interest than the older forms. These are to be met with in nearly every street, and the façades and portals at least are generally in excellent preservation. There is the house where El Gran Capitán lived and died, the quaint Casa de Tiros hard by, the group of old mansions in the Calle de las Tablas, and a host of others. Most notable of all, perhaps, is the sixteenth-century Casa de Castril in the Darro *carretera*, where the detail is so good that the work is commonly ascribed to Siloé himself. 'Esperándola del Cielo' the house is called also, from the legend inscribed over an angle window. The proprietor was one Hernando de Zafra, who, in his younger days, had been an honoured servant of the Reyes Católicos. Suspecting that his daughter had formed an unworthy attachment for a favourite page, the old man set a careful watch, and rushed up one evening into her boudoir when he had reason to believe that he should find the youthful pair in amorous colloquy. The page was there, sure enough, but his only fault had been to assist the real lover to effect his escape by this angle window which juts out over the Carretera. The irate father was not in a mood, however, to listen to any excuse. 'Mercy!' cried the poor lad, shrinking back to the window, and loudly protesting his innocence. 'Look for it in heaven,' replied his master, plunging his dagger into his victim, and then, lifting him up by main force, casting him down upon the pavement below. Ever since that hour the window has been kept closed up, and the place has been known by

the words which were forthwith written over it, '*Esperándola del cielo*' ('*Looking for it from heaven*').

But even middle-aged Granada is fast passing away. The Bibarrambla, the Zacatin, the Pescaderia, the Alcaiceria, have all put on new faces during the last ten or twelve years, and are not only 'minding their *p*'s and *q*'s'—as folk say—in an objectionably modern style, but are busily intent upon turning them into entirely uninteresting *abc*'s. And how changed must it all be since the days when the shred of Moorish arch which had been thrust into a corner beyond the Calle de los Reyes Católicos was the lordly entrance into the Alhambra; when the baths just on the other side of the road were a favourite afternoon lounge for luxurious citizens, and when the now dusty, dye-coloured, gipsy-ridden quarter of the Albaicin was almost a city in itself, with its mosque of San Salvador—or what is now known as San Salvador—its royal house of Albaida, and a host of dependent and independent palaces!

XIV

JÁTIVA AND VALENCIA

SOME of these days—we have been awaiting it over twenty years—when it has seemed to be in some one's interest to complete the bit of line from Guadix to Baza, we shall be able easily to travel northwards from Granada viâ Murcia and Alicante, and take a leisurely walk through the noble palm forests at Elche. But there is not much of interest or beauty in this south-eastern corner of Spain, *pace* the guide-books. 'Climate most delicious,' 'Sierras and valleys which abound in beautiful scenery,' 'Truly a favoured land,' 'Ever-increasing delight in enchanting walks,' 'The drive from Alicante to Elche is most beautiful,' 'A paradise of flowers and fruit'—let us try to picture it all, at a distance. The process of verification would be a cruel one, even when we can be carried by steam wings over the brown wastes lying between Murcia and Játiva, and so preserved from the never-to-be-forgotten horrors of the old diligence or driving routes. It might be said of all this district, as Gautier wrote—somewhat carelessly—of Felipe Segundo's convent-palace, that whatever other ills have to be faced in life, there is always the consolation of thinking that one might be at the Escorial, and is not.

We will prefer, then, still to take the roundabout way by Espeluy and Alcázar, and journeying—unless we are bent upon making for the *tren de lujo* at Córdoba—viâ picturesque old Jaen, with its splendid gorge and sentinel-



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IN THE PALM FOREST, ELCHE

like Pandera and Jabalcuz, concerning which they say irreverently,—

‘ Cuando Jabalcuz tiene capuz,
Y la Pandera montera,
Llovera aunque Dios no quiera.’

But a halt must be made for one night at Játiva, which is not only pretty in itself, but profoundly interesting in its associations. It was the home of the great Borja—or Borgia—family, so distinguished alike by infamous and noble records, a family to which belonged the unique honour of producing three archbishops, two popes, and a saint within a century.

San Francisco de Borja was born at the family seat of Gandia, lying some twelve miles away, upon the coast ; and here the great-grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic, a man of splendid gifts, and surrounded by every temptation which fortune, position, and example could bring into the field, spent the greater part of his self-denying life, in works of humblest and purest piety. How his ascetic tendencies—his distrusting of all things temporal—were fixed by the appalling sight of the change which death had wrought in the features of his great mistress, the empress Isabella, is an oft-told tale, and one which we may have recalled to mind when standing at the foot of the marble cross behind the Hospicio Real in Granada, which marks the spot where the incident took place. But an undue *éclat* is often given to the scene, as being a sudden conversion of the saint from vicious courses, and, moreover, as being the result of an idle curiosity on his part. Borja had not at any time been the careless man of the world that his great leader Loyola was ; and the uncovering of the corpse in his presence was a simple and necessary act, before proving to the magistrates of Granada that it was indeed the body of the empress which

he delivered to them, and which he had been commissioned by Carlos Quinto to bear from Toledo.

Játiva has had other famous sons than the Borjas, in one of whom, Ribera the painter—that most sombre of colourists, that master of contrasted realism, whose conceptions seem to be rather carved out in wood than painted on canvas—we have already been more or less interested. It is a place, too, full of all ancient record—record of every race that in historic times has invaded or dwelt in the land, from the Phœnicians downwards. And, finally, there may be seen here, and seen under much pleasanter auspices, those special forms of Nature, and Nature's cultivation, for which the unwary traveller is so often relegated to Murcia. There are groves of date-palms, orange, pomegranate, and mulberry trees, as fine as those of the region lying to the south, and far more beautiful to look at, because free from the taint and blighting of a poor type of Eastern life. Huge *garrofa* trees there are too, and fields of melons, hemp, and flax, with, of course, the unfailing rice plantations. It is a district intersected by canals and *acequias*, owing its very existence as a prosperous country to that wonderful system of irrigation organized and handed down by the Moors, whereby, in a land apparently without water, every one receives his due supply—and that however fierce or prolonged the summer heat may be—while no one is inundated.* It is quite impossible to picture the green loveliness of the

* In order to understand the value placed upon this water-supply, and the intricacy of its application, one should attend a sitting of the 'Tribunal,' on Thursday, at noon, under the north-eastern porch of the cathedral in Valencia, at which every case coming under its jurisdiction is summarily settled, verbally, and without power of appeal. The Tribunal is composed of seven members—*síndicos*—elected by the peasant-proprietors themselves, with one Government representative. This curious court dates from the Moorish occupation; its methods of procedure, and even its day of meeting, having remained unchanged.

scene between Játiva and Manuel, where the road seems literally to push its way for miles through the boughs of the most gloriously-hued orange-trees, and where the pretty, whitewashed houses are overshadowed by groups of stately palms. One usually thinks of these last as fringing the desert, and struggling hard in their beauty against weary, dust-coloured surroundings—as, for example, at Elche. They are infinitely more lovely here, where they have an even deeper blue for background, where there is no glare, or dirt, or weariness, to blur them, and where there is a carpeting of rich, contrasting colours. The female tree alone bears fruit, and these, from November to February—when the dates are gathered—are the most beautiful. The males bear a white flower in May and June, and during the rest of the year are liable to be shorn of all prettiness by being tied up, in order to blanch the leaves against Palm Sunday. It is curious to note, as a sign of the revival of Palm Sunday ceremonial in the Anglican Church, that quite a large trade in these leaves is now carried on with London.

Valencia del Cid—El Campeador ! How changed she is since the days when she was his capital and court ! How unweariedly has she striven to rid herself of the very traditions which she claims ! The Cid's own palace, the Torre Bab-el-Schadchar, has been destroyed. And with it has gone, too, the adjoining gate of the same name—but more commonly known as the Puerta del Cid—through which he entered in triumph in 1094, when he had wrested the city from the Moors ; through which again, five years later, his own ghastly funeral *cortège* passed away, amidst the awe-stricken ranks of the besiegers, to the far-off San Pedro de Cardeña. True, there is a record of these places—a shield, a cross, and an inscription upon a great blank church wall in the Plaza

de Trinitarios—but no shadow of reference is made therein to the Cid :—

*'Sitio de la torre y puerta Bab-el-Schadchar
Llamada despues Del Templo
Donde tremoló el pendon Real en la conquista
El 9 de Octubre de 1238
Concedida por el invicto Rey D. Jaime I.
a los Templarios
Conservada por el orden militar de Montesa
Y demolida para ensanche de la Ciudad en 1865.'*

This commemorates only the retaking of the city, by Don Jaime El Conquistador. After that memorable passage of the Cid to Cardena the great-hearted Jimena managed to hold his capital for two years ; but then the Moors re-entered (in 1101), to retain possession for a short twenty-seven years, and to be finally thrust away by the general tide of reconquest.

It is perhaps as well that one's sentimental notions concerning the old hero receive a little shock when his haunts are sought out. For all the record of the later years of Don Rodrigo Ruy Diaz, with his lording it over Valencia, and indeed his very title, go to prove that he was by no means so 'true to his God and his country' as his chroniclers have tried to make us believe, but that he was pretty much an ambitious free-lance in his own service. El Campeador, the Champion, means nothing—or, at any rate, nothing more than all other similar and arrogant titles, from lawn-tennis upwards or downwards ; but El Cid, or *Sid*, means a good deal. It is an Arabic word signifying 'lord,' and was conferred upon Don Rodrigo by the Moors of Zaragoza when he was fighting for them against the Christians. There was some excuse for his desertion of the Cross, no doubt, for his patron Sancho had been killed by Alonso VI. ; and when, as we reminded ourselves at Burgos, Don



VALENCIA'S MASSIVE GATEWAYS

Roderick made the murderer swear in Santa Agueda that he had had no participation in the crime, he had to flee hard from the royal vengeance. Still, there is a strange significance in the fact that it is only as the Moslem Sid that the boasted Christian champion has come down to us.

As in these, so in all other directions, Valencia has made haste, like Valladolid, to adapt herself to quickly succeeding times and fashions, and has swept away an untold amount of precious relics. Her old churches and palaces, her *tapia* walls and massive gates, with most of her ancient monuments, are gone, and such things as are left have a grievously 'got-up' appearance about them. We may speak quite confidently about the 'massive' gateways, for two of them are still to be seen, and are very magnificent specimens of solid and artful work. They are both of the same description, the double archway being recessed between two noble polygonal towers, which are taken up to a remarkable height, and carry a huge, corbelled-out platform. Over the entrance archway runs a line of slender arcading, with very delicate head tracery, which gives just a fine relief to the whole structure without in any degree interfering with its chiefest attribute of solidity.

There are a few other very satisfactory bits, too, in the old city—the wonderfully beautiful late Gothic Lonja, the octagonal 'Miguelete' belfry-tower, some portions of the cathedral, with, every here and there, good specimens of fifteenth and sixteenth century domestic architecture. And there is hardly a trace of the dreariness which hangs about most of the modernized Spanish cities. There is a vast amount of bright life and gorgeous colouring in the streets and market-places, with a quite Catalan forcefulness of character. The Valenciano is, moreover, a very excitable individual, eager for any scrimmage or spectacle which may end in a little blood-letting, and so

he imports a special charm of fervour into all his feasts and sports. There may be seen on these occasions, and in perfection, the varied costumes of the lower orders—especially that of the Huerta man, or peasant from the Garden. With his brilliantly-coloured *manta* thrown loosely over a white linen nether man and black velvet jacket, and with a bright kerchief knotted round his head, he is perhaps the best dressed individual in the whole Peninsula, and looks as if he thought so, into the bargain.

The well-arranged Museo of Valencia is the second best point for studying the Spanish schools of painting, and though it is perhaps a piece of over-refinement to carve out a separate Valencian section, there are yet some men—Ribera, Juan de Juanes, Ribalta, Espinosa, and Orrente, for example—who have here found distinct and characteristic ways of expression, and whose works are fairly represented only here and in the churches. Ribera, indeed, is not properly represented. His greatest work, as we have seen, is the wonderful *Concepcion* in the Agustinas Recoletas in Salamanca; and he appears to great advantage in the Madrid Museo, and in his native Játiva. Of the productions of Juan Juanes, too, the Madrid gallery has a considerable number—eighteen or nineteen; but, with the exception, perhaps, of the fine *Visitation*, none of them are comparable with the Valencian array—say, the *Last Supper* and the *Descent from the Cross* in San Nicolas, the splendid, purple-robed *Christ*, in the cathedral, the *Holy Family* in the sacristy, or the *Ecce Homo* and *Purísima* of the Museo. There is a correctness of handling and power of conception (almost amounting to inspiration*) in these pictures with which

* Inspiration which one is tempted to put down to the religious preparation wherewith we know that Juanes was accustomed to approach his work. He carried out literally the old injunction that 'when an ymage-maker shall kerve, caste in molde or peynte any ymage, he shall go to a prieste and shryve him as clene as if he sholde then dye.'

one would never have credited the somewhat weak-kneed Juanes to be met with out of Valencia. In the San Nicolas *Cenáculo*, the most famous, perhaps, of all Juanes' works, the two central figures are somewhat disappointing. The Christ is too human, and St. John is overwrought in sentiment. It would be difficult, however, to find any but the most trifling fault with the neighbouring *Descendimiento*. The depicting here of an indubitable human death upon the cross, of not only mental but *bodily* abandonment to anguish on the part of the Virgin—Our Lady of Sorrows—and the expression of sympathetic helpfulness in the countenances and attitudes of the attendants, would alone entitle Juanes to the highest consideration.

Espinosa and Orrente are seen to the greatest advantage here, too, the latter being chiefly notable as one of the very few Spanish painters who have cared to portray animal life with any degree of study or appreciation. Espinosa seems to have been a most uncertain painter, unless many of the works attributed to him are by an inferior hand—perhaps his son, Juan de Espinosa. His *Santa Magdalena* in the Museo is as vigorous in conception and drawing, and as broad and rich in colouring, as most of the other works shown as his are deficient in every artistic attribute. There are some dozen really praiseworthy paintings by him scattered over Valencia, but the *Magdalena*, and the *Cristo a la Columna* of the Madrid gallery, are probably his masterpieces.

Then there is Francisco Ribalta—the father of Juan de Ribalta—who is comparatively unrepresented elsewhere, but who here, and with all his surroundings, claims a special notice. He has two or three very excellent things in the Museo, especially a *Concepcion* and a rather dark *San Bruno*; but his finest paintings are to be found in the Patriarca church. Here there is a whole series, the

best being the *Last Supper* over the high altar, a *Holy Family*, and *San Vicente visited on his Death-bed by Christ and attendant Saints*. Unfortunately, one can only understand that these are noble works in every way—in conception, grouping, and colouring—for the light is vexatiously bad, even for Spanish carelessness in such matters. Though, from his Italian training, Ribalta was in some sort an imitator of the Bolognese school, he was, withal, thoroughly—that is to say, essentially—original, and may be ranked, upon the whole, as the greatest of the Valencian painters. He died in 1628, when Murillo was just beginning to make his first essays, and young Velasquez had already won a name and fine position at Madrid.

This Patriarca church—more properly the Colegio de Corpus—is to be carefully looked at for its own sake. If, as they say, it was Herrera's, it was a most marvellous effort on the part of that apostle of clumsiness. It is one of the finest examples of severe Corinthian to be met with, and is useful, moreover, in dispossessing one's mind of the notion that the Good only makes its home in some particular and pet style. The church consists of a single nave, with slightly recessed chapels under round-arched, shallow transepts, and a square-ended apse, with a lofty *cimborio* over the Crossing. A plainly-vaulted ceiling rises from a cornice supported upon engaged Corinthian columns, and the strictest unity of style, together with a sparing use of ornamentation, is shown throughout—even to the retablos of the Capilla Mayor and side chapels. A fine, tiled dado—of the *azulejos* for which Valencia is still famous—about eight feet high, runs all round the church, and is continued round the cloisters on the south side. These cloisters are not so good as the church—are much more Herrera-like. They are double-staged, in mixed Doric and Ionic

orders, and can only boast in the way of attraction of a very pure series of Carrara marble columns, set upon square stone plinths.

The ordinary sight-seer may, however, find something in the Patriarca much more to his mind than either Ribalta or Herrera. There is a very wonderful crucifix, kept behind the *Last Supper*, by whom carved, or at what date, no one knows. It is worth climbing up to make a close inspection of this image, for it is really a beautiful piece of workmanship—probably Italian. It is miraculous, of course, and as such, apart from its intrinsic worth, forms an object of deepest veneration. Every Friday morning, at ten o'clock, a penitential service takes place in the church, which is darkened as for some great mass for the dead. As the *Miserere* is being sung, Ribalta's picture is lowered, three veils—first lilac, then grey, finally black—are slowly and noiselessly withdrawn, and a ray of light cunningly thrown upon the bent head of the suddenly-revealed figure of our Saviour. The admirable machinery of the whole thing—machinery in the widest sense of the term—and the intensely devotional attitude of the sable-robed congregation, preserve the scene from any objectionably theatrical effect, and the agony is not too long drawn out, for in a few moments the curtains close up, and a joyous chant gives relief to all pent-up feeling. The service has of late years, unfortunately, been shorn of many of its impressive adjuncts, but it still possesses a powerful attraction.

There is another miraculous Christ in San Salvador, with exactly the same parentage and history as the Burgos image. El Cristo de Beyrut, as it is called, was carved—*se dice*—by Nicodemus, and came sailing over the seas to Valencia like its Burgos counterpart, and St. Jago. San Salvador itself presents the ordinary type of Valencian ecclesiastical architecture—debased Corin-

thian—and, in common with nearly all the sacred edifices here, need not be looked at twice.

Not so La Seo, however,—the Cathedral. There is a vast amount of poor Italian work about it, certainly, and the whole place has been wretchedly modernized, but still, after conquering some natural first emotions of disappointment, there are to be found here and there such altogether good bits of work as positively endear the church to one after a while. Such is the nobly treated octagonal *cimborio*, of rich Gothic; such again are the north and south transept façades, of Early and Middle Pointed styles respectively, and most satisfactory alike in composition and detail. The view of the former, from the fountain in the centre of the Audiencia plaza (where, by the way, is held the weekly Tribunal de Aguas, described at p. 258), is one of those delights to which we may return day after day with ever-increasing pleasure and profit—whether taken as a whole, or searched into with an opera-glass. Every portion is taken up with moulding, sculpturing, panelling, or tracery, so exquisite in design and execution that there is no nauseating through over-richness; while the whole façade—the great doorway ‘*de los Apostoles*’ below, the delicate rose window above, with its crown of crocketed arch and panelling, and the double-staged *cimborio* set back behind the rest—is so harmonious in all its parts that it would be quite spoiled by the elimination of any one.

Then, at the south-west angle of the church, there is a very lovely fourteenth-century *Sala Capitular*, with a delicately-groined stone roof, and a portion of the old cathedral *trascoro* which makes one more bitter than ever against the meddling Antonio Gilabert and those who aided and abetted him in his work of renovation a hundred and eighty years ago. Close at hand, in the adjoining sacristy, there are a couple of wonderful altar

frontals to be seen, brought here from London when Henry VIII. despoiled St. Paul's, and sold its choicest furnishings. The field is of gold thread, and the subjects, taken from the Crucifixion and Resurrection, are embroidered upon it in silk and silver.

'Rich' the Valencian clergy love to call their mother-church, and point with pride, as they speak, to the fifty chapels, gorgeous in their marble dressing and stucco ornamentation. But rich she really is in some of her records, in the unhurt old work, or in such art treasures as these *ternos*, or the masterly paintings of Juanes and Ribalta.

Some of these records commence hard by, in the Calle del Mar, where, in the *Casa Natalicia*, the patron of Valencia, San Vicente Ferrer, was born. To others of her saintly sons—certain of the Borjas, Tomas de Villanueva, or Luis Beltran, the self-denying, toiling missionary—one can pay a ready homage; but no problem in Saint-lore is more difficult of solution, by those who are not just of his persuasions, than what to think of San Vicente Ferrer. And one is obliged to think about him in Spain, because memorials of his doings crop up all over the country. A man of blameless private life, modest and self-denying, entirely devout and sincere in his religion, beautiful and eloquent in his moral suasion. And then, judged by all broad canons of human life and polity, without rational defence in his not only cruel, not only vindictive, but utterly unscrupulous persecution of those who ventured to appeal from Vicente Ferrer to Vicente Ferrer's God.

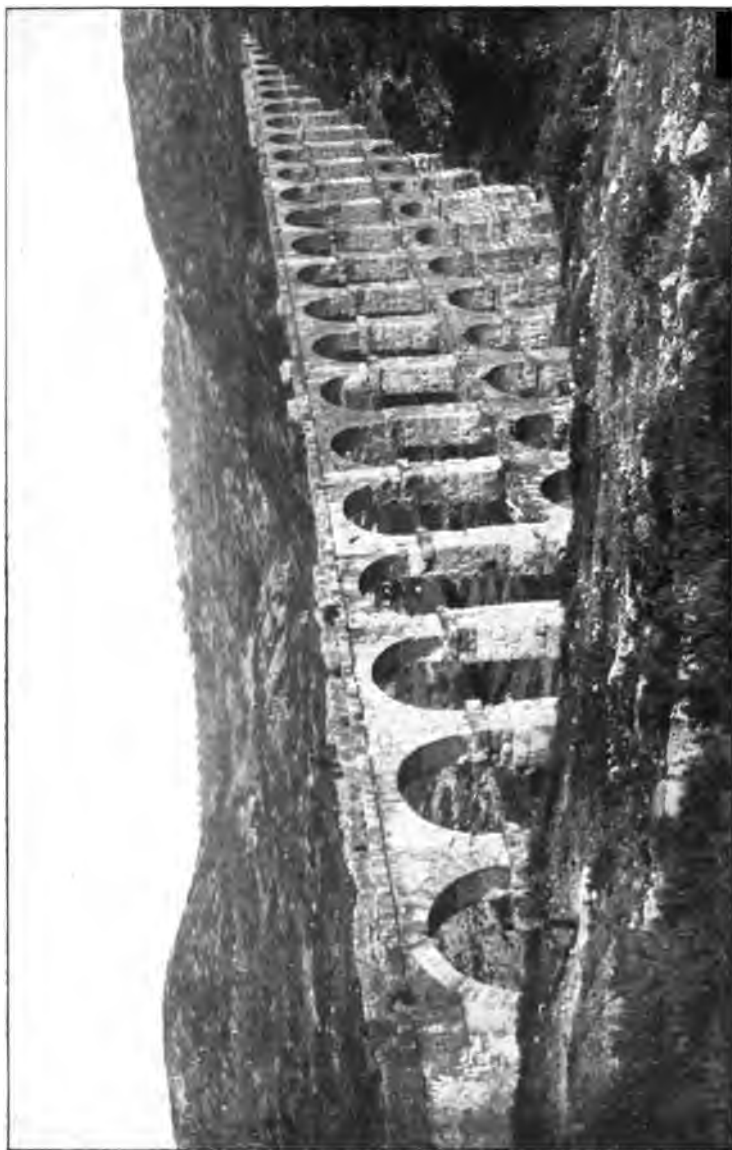
Not quite accountable for his actions, we will hope, through the very fervour of his religious convictions.

XV

TARRAGONA

IF one could but make Tarragona beloved as she deserves ! Not under false pretences. Not for those pretty things of Nature which a too exuberant imagination has sometimes planted here—oak forests, soft verdure, park-like land, and so forth. Not even for anything that the city is in herself—unless one could return to childish appreciation of dust and mud-pies. But for all that she can yield in the way of antiquarian record and interest ; for her treasures of infinitely beautiful architectural work ; for her simple kindness, and good fellowship ; for her glorious colouring, her brilliant sky, her gorgeous sunsets, her outlook over the long sweep of rich country, rock-bound coast, and glittering sea.

The traveller has often reason to groan over the wild and desolate places of the Peninsula, and here, at first sight, it would seem as if one had come upon yet another abode of dreariness. But let us tarry for a while, and walk leisurely, and heedfully, over cultivated plain and waste upland, from—say—Cape Salou, crossing the Reus and Lérida high roads, past the Roman aqueduct, so away to the sea and along the coast to Altafulla, with its overhanging castle and cliffs of Tamarit. And then let us note how it will all dwell thenceforward in our minds. This far-reaching plain, with its villages and homesteads,



Torres

TARRAGONA'S ROMAN AQUEDUCT

its brightly-coloured *torres* and gardens, its orange-groves and vineyards, its patches of olive and fig trees, is the rich fringe—so to speak—of the dark brown hills which rise away to the north-west. It is an obedient, ungrudging Mother-earth. For her no perceptible winter rest, no interval of luxuriant carelessness, no grateful forest shade, no satisfying rain from summer clouds. She is a very beast of burden, with every movement concentrated to the service of her master Man.

Until the waves come into view. Then, just where the long slope, weary of the tale of its own fruitfulness, turns resolutely—half-impatiently—to bury itself in the ocean, there is a broad strip of disputed territory, held by Nature, claimed by man. Here the ancient pine-wood still holds its ground against the encroachings of cultivation, and a variegated carpeting of lavender, rosemary, thyme and palmito encircles and makes bright the irregular patches of vine, maize, and corn, or the dark earth freshly turned up by the spade.

A coyly obstinate resistance at the last. An upturned bulwarking of broken cliff, with indented coves where the seaweed floats lazily in rocky cradles brimming over with darkly green water. Beyond, a fringing of yellow sand—and then the blue wavelets of the Mediterranean dancing merrily over their willing prey.*

But we must not press on too eagerly towards Tarragona, not even if basely tempted by the prospective comforts of the pleasantly-ordered Fonda de Paris, or by a desire to enjoy the real welcome with which our friendly

* The array of wild flowers, sweet-scented herbs and heaths in spring and autumn here is something quite marvellous; and, cold as Tarragona is supposed to be, I have met with a great variety of insect life as early as the beginning of March and as late as November—locusts in abundance, and such heat-lovers as *P. Daphidice*, *G. Cleopatra*, and *T. Rumina*.—J. L.

hosts will meet us. There is beautiful scenery to be noted nearly all the way from Valencia—this same fruitful plain on the left, backed by great brown hills, and the lovely sea upon the right. In the Tortosa region, indeed, the country is so green and pretty that one might fancy oneself in Devonshire, or Sussex, if only the olives and *algarrobas* would change into oaks and elms.

And there is one point of such interest that a halt must be made at it. 'Murviedro' the place is styled now, but if we give these *muri veteres* their old name of Saguntum, what records are thereby evoked! 'Saguntum' stands, oddly enough, upon our railway tickets—the last place where one would expect to find antiquated things preserved—and it has very much the same sort of appearance that 'Sodom' or 'Gomorrhah' would have. It is a wild spot—a great bare hill, with white houses, long lines of wall, and, finally, an old castle by way of crown. In its palmy days, when it was so magnificent a seaport city, so rich, so powerful, as to be for long a bone of contention between the two most self-assertive powers the world has, perhaps, ever seen, Saguntum must have been an altogether desirable place. But for 2,000 years it has been not much else than a heap of ruins, and has, moreover, been so given up to its grief and dolefulness that even the faithful sea has turned from it at last, and gone three or four miles away. Still, it is a spot to be seen, and to be tenderly walked over—if only to form an idea of the fate which will come in its day, and in their turn, upon all great and proud cities—and to do homage to one of the most wonderful acts of self-sacrifice and dogged heroism in history. For it was not only the city that was destroyed 2,000 years ago. Its inhabitants shared the same fate, rather than bow their necks to any foreign ruler. They had held their place for nearly a year against the flower of the Carthaginian army, led by

Hannibal himself, and now, when there were only three alternatives—death by starvation, death by violence, or submission—the election was made for heroism. They brought all their household gods and valuables into the great square, and then, while the men sallied forth from the gates to meet and avenge their fate, the women lighted their own funeral pile within the city, and cast themselves, with their children, into the flames.

Tarragona has her ancient records too—as ancient as those of Greek Saguntum. She has her grand Cyclopean walls and gateways, her Phœnician well, her so-called ‘tomb’ of the Scipios, her amphitheatre, her Capitol, and her Roman aqueduct striding across the valley, and seemingly defying Time to destroy it. These, and a long series of less important remains, which are only revealed to those who are willing to wait, and watch, and care for such things, speak, with an eloquence unsurpassed by any other city of the Peninsula, of the days when there was here a *Colonia togata*, with perhaps a million inhabitants, and stately in every investiture of government, art and luxury.

Unlike the large Spanish family of Saguntums, however, Tarragona has no intention of resting satisfied with a great yesterday, but is intent upon making a future for herself. Between visit and visit the place grows almost out of recognition. Twenty years ago it was just a dull, dry, sleepy old town, wherein what was new reminded one strongly of the inadvisable tailoring denounced in Scripture; where the very food was flavoured with the dust of the no doubt estimable, but not over-nice, dead, while the wine was soured by its reflections upon a perchance glorious past, and by a persistent uncaring for a wholesome present—a place to be invaded for purposes of observation and study, held for as long as was possible against countless foes of one’s peace of mind, and hastily abandoned as soon as one’s reconnoitring was done.

But now the new has overgrown the old, has put away its look of despairing incongruity and uselessness, and may fairly be held to confer that 'handsomeness' of cityhood of which so much is thought nowadays. For anyone in search of rest, and the invigoration of a pure and bracing air, who is not quite dependent upon society for his thoughts and aspirations, and who has some measure of sympathy with bygone creeds upon all subjects, it would be difficult to find a more fitting spot wherein to sojourn than the crest of this sea-riven limestone rock.

But let us hasten up some one of the winding and picturesque streets opposite the hotel, to the top of the hill, in quest of the cathedral. For the far more devotional builders of the days when religious ordinances had not to be carefully sugared and spiced before the guests could partake thereof, always loved to crown their dwelling-places with the great Mother church, whenever there was vantage-ground obtainable. The people did not mind the little climb, and here, at Tarragona, there is a striking instance of the effect to be gained by a well-calculated position.

If the city could not yield another shred of beauty or interest than this glorious medieval cathedral, one would be amply repaid—ay, for a journey from a distant land. It is a perfect example of the true art that may reside in simplicity, and, at the same time, the essential simplicity—the directness of purpose which, unadorned in all essential parts, comes to simplicity—that underlies all real artistic work. 'Medieval' is an ambiguous term to use, but the church is so catholic in character that it is difficult to assign it to any exact style of period. It is grandly Romanesque, and yet there is unsparing employment of the Early Pointed arch and profuse stiff-leaf decoration. It was, probably, being slowly built and perfected from about A.D. 1100 to A.D. 1300; but then alterations and



Lacoste

THE CYCLOPEAN WALL

additions were made—notably the Chapter-house, the *cimborio*, the belfry-tower, the clerestory windows, and two or three of the Gothic chapels—up to perhaps the year 1500, or so. Some comparatively modern ‘improvements,’ such as the gaudy, red marble chapel of Santa Tecla, opening out of the south aisle, and one or two other chapels on the north side, are grievous blemishes in an otherwise well-nigh irreproachable interior, but these will come to be almost ignored in the loving study of exquisite detail into which one is insensibly drawn, or in an ever fresh delight in the general vistas down the nave or side aisles, across the transepts, or from whatever point one takes a stand. There is not much special interest attaching to furniture, relics, or ritual arrangements,* and it is a positive relief for once to have little to do but simply sit at the feet of a noble and, so to speak, unattended piece of architectural work. Even the tombs are of comparatively slight interest, and this is a strange point about an archiepiscopal see so ancient and great that it actually disputes the primacy with Toledo.

[But even finer, in their way, than the cathedral are the sunny, flower-brightened Romanesque cloisters, entered from the eastern corner of the north aisle by a round-headed doorway, of most exquisite design and sculpturing. Here is a spot, indeed, wherein to while away an afternoon ! The sunshine will fall gently through the delicate, round-headed lights and Moorish tracery of the arcading ; there will be a song of birds and the hum of insects among the flowers and shrubs, with, ever and anon, a snatch of chanting, or the roll of the organ, from within the church ; and, if one takes to studying all the lovely work and enrichment, sketching the quaint and vigorous carving of

* But there is a very elaborate high altar, carved in silver, some fair tapestries, admirably carved *silleria* and throne, and a Roman bath, carved out of one piece of stone, and used as a font.

the capitals and *abaci*, or poking about all the old chapels and altars, there is only too great store of interest and beauty.

These *abaci* and capitals are particularly strong and good. The example which is offered, with strange unanimity, by the chance writers upon the work here, is the comical illustration of the story of the rats and their captive cat ; but there are some others very much finer, and not of so pagan—therefore, perhaps,* unbecoming—a sort. There is a most wonderful gladiatorial scene, upon the north side, and a *Deposition*, in which the varying characters and minds of the chief personages represented are set forth to the life, even while only indicated by a few strokes of the chisel. There is Arimathæan Joseph, in all his eagerness and self-importance, with just a delicious *souçon* of busyboddiness ; there is the professional non-chalance of the man who has been called in to draw out the nails ; there is the overwhelming, disfiguring grief of the Blessed Virgin, and then the perfected death that there has been upon the Cross. It is all work such as we met with conspicuously upon the martyr's tomb in San Vicente at Avila, and is quite an instruction in these academical times.

The best plan at Tarragona, as indeed elsewhere, is to strike up a friendship with the architect of the *Ayuntamiento*, and secure either his guidance or, at any rate, his keys. Admittance may be readily gained in this way not only into the Romanesque churches of San Pablo and Santa Tecla—the latter one of the oldest

* Only *perhaps* ; for, after all, there is no didactic purpose to be looked for in such work. The artist may give a fairly free scope to any exuberance of fancy. And scenes of this fable character are not so much out of place in sacred precincts as the Cupids and other mythological subjects which a later style could import even into churches.



THE SUNNY ROMANESQUE CLOISTERS

Christian temples in Spain, *restored*, it is said, by San Olegarius at the commencement of the twelfth century—but to a series of highly-important remains which are only known to such residents in the place as happen to be in some way interested in antiquarian research. Perhaps the finest of these forms almost a part of the cathedral itself. The Capilla del Sacramento is usually represented to have been built by Bishop Agustin in 1561, and to be possessed of a very noble classical or Corinthian portal. A more careless or unfortunate statement could not be made. There were alterations and adaptations made here, sure enough, by the good coin-collecting bishop, and towards the close of the sixteenth century, but they were chiefly execrable and obtrusive. The chapel is really a piece cut off from a still perfect Roman vault, of great length, the arched *bóveda* springing direct from the ground. The blocks of stone, of which it is constructed throughout, are of large size, carefully faced, finely jointed, and set without line or cement. From its design and solidity the building was originally, one would say, a granary; while in the earlier Christian days, before Bishop Agustin meddled with it, the canons used it as their refectory, when they lived in common. Some idea of the solidness of the edifice may be gathered from noticing the enormous weight that has been superimposed upon the vault of the chapel, without any additional support; while, by gaining admittance into the cut-off, northern portion—now used as a lumber room—the work may be examined in its naked and original state.

If we care for surpassingly beautiful detail in chisel-work, we must not fail to visit the tiny Museo Provincial, situated at the far end of the square through which we shall probably pass backwards and forwards to the cathedral. The Roman fragments and tessellated pavements here are fine, but the chief point of interest is the

wonderful collection of sculptures brought here from Poblet—of which place more anon—when the monastery was destroyed. The tracery, the foliage, the life of the figures, the expression and the expressiveness that lies sometimes in suggestion, are perfectly marvellous, and make us realize once more that, after its pre-eminently worthy architecture, the most noteworthy feature in Spanish art is its *realism*. Realism naturally finds its best mediums in stone and wood—as we must have seen, over and over again, in the Valladolid Museo, at Sevilla, at Salamanca, and here, at Tarragona, in the handiwork of the Romanesque church-builders, and in the records of Alonso Cano, Berruguete, Montañes, and others their pupils and imitators; and it is this natural tendency of the Spaniard towards realism that makes the work of Ribera and Ribalta, Zúbaran and El Greco, so abhorrent to the ordinary *connoisseur*.

It is remarkable, however, that in so ecclesiastical a city as Tarragona, with the exception of the cathedral, the Roman aqueduct, and the Cyclopean walls, there is so little of interest for the ecclesiologist and student. Upon the Lérida line of railway, however, there are two or three places over which a couple of days should be spent. There is, first, Reus, the birthplace of Spain's last great general, Prim, and her last great painter of modern times, Fortuny; worth seeing, too, as a type of a busy, flourishing Catalan town. And some fifteen or twenty miles farther off—a short walking distance from the Esplugas station—there is a little group of ancient ecclesiastical buildings, Poblet, Santa Creus, and Vallbona, each fine in its way, and that a very distinct way.

Of these three, Poblet—founded by Ramon Berenguer IV., after the reconquest (A.D. 1140), upon the spot where the body of the venerated hermit Poblet was miraculously discovered—is by far the most noteworthy.



IN THE CLOISTER GARDEN (*page 273*)

Not, perhaps, from an architectural point of view ; for, like most places that grew sometime too rich and too powerful, it carelessly lost much of its artistic worth in magnificence, over-elaboration, and a confusion of styles. Nevertheless, in the long series of chapel, church, cloister, palace and conventual buildings, now of pure Romanesque workmanship, now early, now late Gothic, there are stretches of detail—as, for instance, in the Coro and Capilla Mayor of the great church, and in the grandly sculptured capitals of the cloister columns—which fairly root one to the ground with the desire to linger over their beauty of design and handiwork. In some ways, too, now that fifty years have softened the sharpness of its desolation, the place is perhaps more lovely than it was when all bright and clean, and readily comparable in all its parts.

But it is the sad history that is everywhere written on these rent and blackened walls which invests the monastery with its greatest fascination. Only yesterday it was one of the most magnificent religious houses in Europe. And no mushroom ; for throughout ages—as far back as the thirteenth century—it had been a great autocracy, so successful in its career that its material, literary and regal wealth and rights came to be untold—unbounded. It was for centuries the absolute lord of the province. The monarchs of Aragon, from Alonso II. down to ‘El Infante de Antequera,’ and great Ferdinand’s immediate successor, esteemed it an honour, not only to lie in the choir of Poblet after death, but to rest there under the shadow of the monkish cowl ; while after these a long list of famous warriors, dukes, counts and bishops attests the lasting glory and exaltation of the place. And then the end came, in the savagest wickedness on the part of both the destroyers and destroyed—quick and sudden on the one side, of long, subtle growth of corruption on the other. There

is no doubt about it that princely Poblet had come to be a perfect sink of iniquity, of the most hideous debauchery and cruelty, and one feels inclined to forgive the band of ignorant country folk who rose against their oppressors, and utterly destroyed their habitation and their works.

In one of the cells here died that strangest meteor of the eighteenth century, Philip, Duke of Wharton, a foremost peer of England in his day, and then impotently wreaking his vengeance for deserved castigation by fighting against us at Gibraltar in 1727. He was the Wharton whom Pope described as being endowed

‘ With every gift of Nature and of Art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
His passion still to covet general praise,
His life to forfeit it a thousand ways ’—

words which might not inaptly be placed as an epitaph upon beautiful Poblet.

XVI

BARCELONA

THE fine, undulating scenery of the Tortosa and Tarragona country accompanies the road for yet another fifty miles northwards, culminating at Martorell, where the Noya marries the Llobregat amidst surroundings that are almost grand. Just at the juncture of the two rivers there is a Puente del Diablo which is picturesque enough to decide one to make a few hours' halt here, leaving Tarragona early in the morning and resuming the onward journey by the evening train. The Moorish arches, very acutely pointed—the middle one no less than 130 feet span—rest upon Roman foundations of massive bossaged work, 2,300 years old, and the ascent is so steep that a vehicle can only be got over with great difficulty. Leaving Martorell, all beauty of scenery is speedily hidden behind the sombre colour and ordering of a huge manufacturing district, and Barcelona reveals herself in a squalor and dreariness that sit but ill upon the would-be First City of Spain.

The boast is justified, however, in so far at least as the concerns of everyday life, polity and progress are engaged. Like most great cities, Barcelona presents first her ill-favoured features to the visitor. When once within the charmed circle of her brighter ways, we shall not notice any of the smudginess whose kingdom and

oncoming have been heralded. To realize the fact that there is rolling by us here a greater volume of trade than in all the other great centres of Spanish commercial life put together, we should have to go down to the eastern side of the port, across to Barceloneta, or to such outlying districts as Badalona, San Martin de Provensals, San Andrés, or Sans.

And yet there is everywhere apparent the gay animation bred of a prosperous and forceful existence, and it is this which constitutes one of the great charms of the place. In no townways of Spain—not even in those of Sevilla—is the saunterer so well rewarded as in Barcelona. One need never weary of pacing along the really brilliant Calle Fernando, down the glittering Plateria—quaint, narrow, tortuous, as all honest old Platerias ought to be—or up the noble *paseos* of the Rambla, the Paseo de Gracia, the Calle Córtes, and the Parque de la Ciudadela. There is continual occupation for both eye and mind in the ever-shifting and gorgeous colouring, and in all the movements of a colossal game of life. The hour does not much signify—early or late, morning, afternoon, or night, it is all one; for Barcelona-folk seem able to do without sleep, and at all times the air is soft and delicious, and yet so fresh from the sea, or from the hill country which backs up the city, that one is ever impelled onwards.

This line of promenade, or road, formed by the Ramblas of Santa Mónica, del Centro, de San José, de Estudios, de Canaletas, and the Paseo de Gracia, is a veritable triumph of boulevarding. Europe may be challenged to produce anything finer. It runs from the port right through the heart of the town, and out into the country, a practically uninterrupted series of carriage-drive and public promenade, shaded nearly all the way by overarching plane-trees. The lower portions are lined with handsome shops and cafés, with the best hotels and



THE RAMBLA DE LAS FLORES

theatres ; and all the upper-reach—the Gracia paseo—by the imposing blocks of houses of the whilom Ensanche, the residential region *par excellence* of the city. The little Rambla de San José, too, may justly be accorded its more popular name of ‘de las Flores,’ for here, each morning, is held the flower market, when both sides of the broad central walk are lined with stalls heaped up in dazzling profusion with all the floral wealth which southern sunlight, nature and art can produce.

So far so well. It is a tribute of admiration which thousands of casual visitors will pay to the Mistress of the Mediterranean. And in some sort it is a pity, for they are thereby held back from caring for the better beauty of some of the fine buildings here, or for that best ornament of all—although it must be confessed that the last twenty years’ enterprise has grievously tarnished it—a magnificent setting of mountain scenery.

Truth to say, Barcelona does hide away her worthy bits in a most vexatious manner. Her great cathedral, her churches of Santa Maria del Mar, Santa Ana, Santa Maria del Pino, her old Benedictine monastery of San Pablo del Campo, her Roman remains, her fine Renaissance houses—everything, in fact, save the Lonja and the Casas Consistorial and Diputacion—have to be sought up and down the narrowest and least inviting of ways. We shall only have time to look at the salient features of one or two of these ; and first, passing by the Casa de la Diputacion, let us make our way up the Calle del Obispo, and turn into what looks like a quaint garden, girt round with grimly fragmentary architectural remains.

This, the cloister way, is not the principal entrance into the cathedral. There are the great western doors ; but the new Italian façade is too poor a thing to be looked at oftener than one can help. There is a very noble north entrance, too, the Puerta de San Ivo, at which nobody

ever looks, but which is well worth studying, for its contour and moulded doorway, niched arcading, lovely rose window, and elegant octagonal clock-tower to crown all. But this north side of the cathedral is dark and dismal, and so one always seeks out the cloister entrance, and unfailingly revels in the contrast between the inner and the outer worlds. Is it blazing hot without, a torrid sun pouring down on the whitened walls and pavements ? Is it dull and cold, with gusts of rain, perhaps, sweeping up the narrow street ? Is there the din of some high festival, or other special excitement fulfilling the air with unrest ? Then within it is cool and shady, with the sleepy murmuring of fountains ; or it is bright with sunlight and flowers ; or it is peace-bestowing in its stillness and purity. The architectural features of the little court, too, are not so very fragmentary when one comes to look more carefully at them. There is a regular Gothic peristyle all round, with delicately-clustered columns, and panelled buttresses. There is a particularly interesting series of chapels, too, beginning in the south-west corner with the ancient Santa Lucia, which perhaps—certainly its round-headed doorway—formed part of the old cathedral buildings. Within these chapels are the remains of some fine, painted retablos, apparently of Flemish work ; while the iron *grilles*, the curiously-carved tombstones which form a great part of the pavement, the fresh greenery of the centre garden, and the studies of costume and character here to be obtained, all go to make up an ample excuse for our lingering, and oft returning.

The north-eastern angle of the cloister is enriched by a projecting bay, or pavilion, which must not be passed without a careful glance at its graceful little bronze figure of St. George and the Dragon, forming the centre-piece of a fountain. And then, through a very lovely round-headed portal—a portal which, like that of the Santa Lucia chapel,

formed part of the old eleventh-century cathedral of Don Ramon Berenguer, El Viejo—an entrance is gained into one of the most impressive of all Spain's noble cathedrals.

The term must be guarded from exaggeration, or misconception. The place is impressive in the same sense as is Sevilla Cathedral, and from similar attributes of fine proportion and carefully-arranged lighting. It will not, of course, bear the analysis, or confer the teaching, that Tarragona will—or Salamanca *Vieja*, Toledo, Burgos, Leon, or Santiago. And yet there is more good work to be studied here than the church usually gets credit for. Because it cannot be assigned to any one of the ordinarily recognized and accepted styles, folk say of Barcelona Cathedral—of this newer, fourteenth-century building at which we are looking—that it is 'a poor attempt at Gothic,' or words to that effect. But it may reasonably be doubted if the making of a poor attempt at anything under the face of the sun was ever a feature of the Catalan character. He is far too powerfully willed an individual for that—or *was*, at any rate, before he got bitten by a modern love of display. And it is hardly fanciful to see here, as in some of the stern, solid, domestic architecture of the province, quite a distinct school, and one which is entitled to very high praise, even while the work is, of necessity, somewhat archaic. The Catalan architect was given two problems to solve, without, perhaps, much aid in the way of studying other models; he had to devise means of defence against a relentless sun, and he had to provide for the requirements of a very exacting ritual—a ritual which exacted, really, three churches in one; two for the clergy and a third for the people. These problems were, of course, being solved elsewhere, but it may be questioned if it was ever so cleverly done as here—with the same directness of purpose, and, withal, gracefulness. The simple expedient was adopted of putting one church

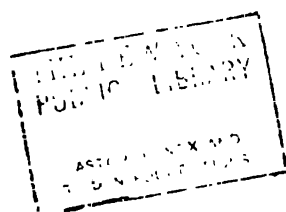
wholly and bodily within another, and then endowing the outer one with a great series of chapels, which could be used even while the services were proceeding in the inner sanctuary, and so the people left free to assist at whatever service they desired, without let or hindrance. Then the light was admitted through small windows in these side chapels, and in a very far-off clerestory ; it was further governed and utilized by rich stained glass, and was finally thrown in fuller and altogether effective fashion upon the eastern end, through the larger windows of the chevet. All this was carried out with great ideas upon the subject of scale, and with a fine grasp, and then all the rest became a matter of detail—and the selection of models.

In this last it must be confessed there was occasionally a breakdown. Still, far more good than bad work was imported ; and it speaks volumes for churches such as this now under consideration that they can contend successfully and easily, in their awful solemnity and impressiveness, against faults—little faults on the part of the old workers, and big, glaring faults on the part of their successors—which would quite take away the character of intrinsically poorer buildings. There are blemishes here at every corner, but yet one hardly notices them. On the other hand, there are splendid vistas everywhere to arrest the eye—eastwards, from out of the gloom of the people's nave, away to the rich and gloriously-lit chevet, or westwards from the high altar, across the dark Coro to the delicately-arcaded lantern, and the dim old green and ochre window beyond. Or—perhaps especially—from the south-west and north-west angles, when one catches the wonderful interlacing and intersecting of dark arch and column, reaching with ever-varied form and effect away into the shadowy recesses above the aisle chapels. Then there are numerous fine bits of detail—such as the simple and pretty arcading which, by way of



J. E. Puig

BARCELONA CATHEDRAL



triforium, runs below the clerestory windows, and is carried round the (western) *cimborio* upon a slightly higher level, and with more enriched work. Finally the stained glass is most glorious, repeating itself in the afternoon sunlight upon floor, column and triforium, in colours as vivid as those of the actual windows.

There are two tutelar saints whose remains are preserved and venerated here ;—Santa Eulalia, the events of whose martyrdom by the Emperor Dacian figure in bas-relief upon the *trascoro*, and the San Olegario, who was sometime Bishop of Barcelona, and finally Archbishop of Tarragona. The former lies in a great chapel-crypt below the high altar,—a very favourite and effective position with Catalan architects—and the details of her resting-chamber, with its splendid tapestries, and alabaster urn, will repay the most careful study. The Bishop reposes in an ornate *camarin* behind the altar of the Gothic Capilla del Sacramento, formerly the Sala Capitular. His body, presumedly undecomposed after 800 years, except at the tip of the nose, may be seen by the curious, dressed in full pontifical robes and preserved within a glass case. With the exception of these, however, and the tombs of Don Ramon Berenguer and his wife, and Bishop Novales, the cathedral has but slight monumental interest.

Nor, with the exception of the splendid fifteenth-century choir-stalls, commemorative of a general Chapter of the Order of the Golden Fleece, held here in 1519 under Charles V., and a notable set of choir books, are the fittings and reliquaries of the cathedral remarkable. One of the treasures to be found in the ambulatory, just behind the high altar, is the miraculous crucifix which Juan of Austria, Felipe Segundo's half-brother, is supposed to have borne with him in the battle of Lepanto. The body is slightly bent to one side, having twisted itself thus out of the way of infidel bullets,—quite an unneces-

sary precaution, one would have thought, for Omnipotence to stoop to ! The organ is fair, dating, in some of its best parts, from the year 1546. And below it hangs one of the huge, staring Saracen's heads,—vulgarly called *La Carassa*,—which, in some such position as this, or introduced into architectural decoration, figure in so many old Catalan churches. These simply commemorate the reconquest from the Moors, and the triumph of Christianity over Mahomedanism, but they also occasionally form—as here—a part of the organ itself, made to work and speak by means of a pedal.

Grouped closely around the cathedral there is a long series of noticeable remains and buildings. Exactly opposite the north transept door stands the Benedictine convent of Santa Clara, founded A.D. 1233 by two of the Saint's nieces. Then come the old palace and *archivo* of the Aragon kings—showing some good fifteenth-century Gothic detail in parts, but, like Santa Clara, hopelessly spoiled by modernization and adaptation—and the desecrated but still very beautiful and pure thirteenth-century Gothic chapel of Santa Agueda, or Agata. These old palatial buildings, together with some portions of the neighbouring Casa Consistorial, are chiefly interesting now from an historical point of view, taking one back to the days when Barcelona was ruled by her own counts, and when, a little later, she was the brightest jewel in the crown of Aragon. Here, in 1479, died the last and greatest monarch of Aragon, the lion-hearted Juan II. Here, eleven years before, he had lost his best friend and his noble wife, Juana Enriquez ; and here his more famous son, Ferdinand El Católico, acquired, in a youth spent amidst the warrings and faction fights of which Barcelona was ever the hot-bed and centre, those qualities, alike worthy and unworthy, which made him presently the most successful ruler Spain ever possessed.

And there is older record here than any of these middle-age memories. Close by, in the corner house of the Calle Paradis, there may be seen some very perfect and beautiful Roman columns, of the Corinthian order, about 40 feet over base, capital and massive architrave. They would seem to have belonged to a temple of Hercules which stood hard by, and they afford striking evidence of the magnificence of the city when she was still a great Roman 'Colonia,' and even then well stricken in years. And then there come the already-glanced-at Casas Consistorial and Diputacion, which have formed for 500 years past the centre of the strong political life of the city. Both these buildings—and especially the intrinsically better of the two, the Diputacion—have been grievously cut about and covered up by latter-day 'improvements,' but they still possess points of rare merit. The finest portion of the Consistorial is the very picturesque Catalan-Gothic façade in the Calle de la Ciudad, declared to belong to the middle of the fourteenth century, but surely somewhat later. The Diputacion is full of splendid old bits—delicate Gothic arcading, picturesque staircases, vigorous carving, and, above all, the exquisite, lace-like front of the little chapel of St. George.* The neighbouring San Jorge Salon, and Secretaria, are enriched by some excellent examples of the undoubtedly great, but just now over-praised, Fortuny;—vigorous and clever like all the productions of the clever Catalan artists, and like these failing simply from lack of patient observation and perfected training on the part of the creator.

But our list of remarkable buildings has already grown portentously long, and we must hasten past all the other

* There may be studied here, in this little chapel, some of the finest specimens of the art of embroidery, in the shape of *capas* and *dalmáticas*, and a magnificent altar frontal.

typical or noteworthy places into which we would wander. There is Santa Maria del Pino, a worthy model of many of the city's churches, with its impressive single nave, and rich Gothic detail, its crypt of Santa Espina, its pictures by Villadomat, its strange Capilla de la Sangre, and its belfry tower—cousin of Valencia's Miguelete. There is the little series—small but valuable—of the very earliest Romanesque, in the churches and cloisterings of San Pablo del Campo and San Pedro de las Puellas. There is the thirteenth-century Colegiata de Santa Ana, spoiled indeed as to its interior, but still preserving its sweet and graceful cloister; and the Belén, imposing in size and proportion, and wonderfully rich in its marble lining. There are the old Renaissance houses in the Calles Moncada and Mercaders, some of them—notably the Casa Dalmasas—quite pictures in their way; and lastly, but worthier than all the rest, there is the great people's church of Santa Maria del Mar, of even more beautiful and characterful Catalan-Gothic than the cathedral itself, and quite glorious in its stained glass, and treasures of delicate tracery work.

And then—we have before now connoted the Spanish love of realism—away in the northern suburb, with its ragged pinnacles rising up before us from whatever point of view we may overlook the city, there is always the Sagrada Familia, that strangest of all daring flights in architecture. Will it ever be finished—costing, as it is bound to cost, a million and a half sterling? That is a curious problem. Planning his church upon late Gothic lines, and of magnificent proportions, the architect resolved to stamp upon the work his own original genius and the impress of a superstitious age, and has tested to breaking-point the capabilities of stone as a medium of realistic legendary representation. Especially noteworthy are the wonderful, overgrown north and south

portals, reaching from ground to roof-line ; the one setting forth the birth of Christ and the legendary life of the Blessed Virgin, the other the Crucifixion.

Not the least interesting feature about a quiet investigation of the older churches is the mass of quaint tradition and custom to be come upon here and there. In Santos Justo y Pastor, for example—perhaps the earliest Christian church in Barcelona—there is a little chapel near the Capilla Mayor, on the Gospel side, before the altar of which the litigants in suits to be decided by single combat took oath to employ none but fair means in the fight ; where Jews were wont to be sworn upon the table of the Ten Commandments, and where, in the case of anyone dying intestate, a disposition of his goods could be established by the making of a solemn declaration that such and such were the last wishes of the defunct. This last privilege still remains unabrogated, but will probably soon go the way of all other forms of pure good faith. There is Santa Maria del Pino, too, with its traditions about the Patrona being found close by, shut up in the trunk of a pine-tree ; or San Pedro de las Puellas (maidens), where the nuns disfigured their faces, at the time of Almanzor's threatening of the city, to avoid being swept off into Moorish harems. These and other similar tales are poured out to one with a simple faith and goodness which quite put to shame a cold-hearted and unbelieving Northerner, and which, together with the popular attributing of special virtues to certain natural objects, make one sorely grieve over the decadence of legendary-lore in England.

But there is something outside of all this for which to care—beyond even the girdle of dreary and dust-laden territory which hugs Barcelona all round, and makes her environs a byword and reproach with indolent or easily-daunted visitors. Not much beyond, however ; for once

past the suburbs of Gracia, San Gervasio, Sarriá, or Pedralbes, and out upon the circle of hills that send back their ramifications inland for many a day's journey, we may find scenery and interest which will quite justify the assertion that the city's best adorning is still her great Nature's setting of hill and pine-wood, however modern enterprise, with its electric trams, funiculars, and fantastic creations in brick and stone may have rendered desolate and hackneyed the first belt.

We must climb Tibidabo, now, by funicular. How lovely these slopes were a quarter of a century ago, before latter-day Barcelona, in its feverish quest of new pleasures, had 'discovered' them; when there was nothing but one tiny wayside inn, on the mountain pathway to San Cugat, set amidst stretches of arbutus and laurestinus, and brilliant yellow broom; when, having forced one's way to the summit, the narrow road to Valldorera—then just a cluster of whitewashed cottages—lay over soft turf, and through sparse pine-wood and ilex coppice; when the only sound was the wind sighing through the trees, and speech was called for only by some passing countryman, taking a short cut down into the city! All that has gone now; and yet when we reach the top, and step out of the car, there is unrolled before and around us a culmination of scenery not unworthy of the mountain which the devil selected as a standpoint from whence to show our Lord all the kingdoms of the earth.*

We need not stay long here, but may take our way towards Valldorera, plunging at haphazard down the slope to our left, in a westerly direction. Right along to the farthest point, upon which stands the *ermita* of San Pedro Mártir, there is an easy road, with a glorious panorama on both hands. All the plain below us seems filled by the whitened city and its belt of suburbs, shut

* Whence its name, 'Tibi-dabo.'

in between the sea and the circling of hills that seem to dip into the blue water, west and east ; while on our right we have, not just a chain of hills, but a series of outposts of a high country all crumpled up and tossed about as far as the eye can reach, dark green with waving pine-woods. Looking out south we have the open sea, with the great plain of the Llobregat, its shining villages, and the silver streak of its tortuous river ; while, if the day be clear, the mountains of Mallorca may be made out, rising violet over the water's horizon. Retracing our steps from San Pedro, we may gain a more perfected knowledge of the greater inland peaks—jagged Montserrat, San Lorenzo del Munt, the hills about San Miguel del Fay, Tagamanent, and triple Monsén dominating all the rest. And then, at Valldrera, instead of returning home by Tibidabo, we may go down into the valley, past the picturesque old church, and climb up the opposite, northern slope, through still beautifully savage, unspoiled scenery. This is not a region to be visited just once, in sight-seeing fashion, but to be wandered over day after day, and wherein to note the varying and always beautifying work of the seasons as they are born, live, and die. There are successions of rich valleys and hill-slopes throughout all this tossed-up country-side, where one may bury oneself the day long, finding grateful shade from the summer's sun, or shelter from the chilling winds that blow up from the sea in winter, and no lack of sympathy at any time for one's changing moods. Wondrous fellow-feeling, too, sometimes, and fine studies of humanity, in the rare cottage, farm, or *hosteria*. The Catalan may be rough, may be impatient, may be headstrong—as he is—and especially in these his wilder haunts ; but he is splendidly kind, and hospitable, and interesting, when he is taken in the right way, and accorded something of the consideration to which he honestly feels himself entitled by his

natural gifts. And his idiom is quite a thing apart from a *patois*. It is a language in itself—one of the old Provençal tongues, and therefore closely allied to some of the dialects of the south of France, the Italian coasts, and inland as far as Milan. Nervous and strong in expression, and full of the sharply-sounding monosyllables which always appear to give such relief and satisfaction to the speaker, it is yet capable of more sweetness than is usually laid to its account, perhaps through its abhorrence of gutturals.

If we have time and strength, after forcing our way up the hill-side, we may go along the high road we shall strike at the crest, until we reach San Cugat, with its lovely old monastery church and cloisters, and its quaint traditions concerning its martyr-saint Cucufate, and then resign ourselves with the best grace possible to the obtrusive if kindly offices of busy twentieth-century life which will take charge of us outside the Tibidabo restaurant.

And so to Montserrat echoing Cervantes' eulogium upon the fair city we leave behind us :—'*Barcelona, archivo de la cortesía, albergue de los extranjeros, patria de los valientes, correspondencia grata de firmes amistades, y en sitio y belleza única*'

XVII

MONTSERRAT TO LÉRIDA

SOMEWHAT over a thousand years ago—towards the commencement of the year 880—the righteous soul of Bishop Gondemar, of Vich, was much troubled by strange reports brought to him from the Jagged Mountain. Some poor shepherds had seen sundry wandering lights appearing and disappearing among the rocks which looked down upon their pasturing-grounds, and had heard strains of music which floated down, unearthly in their softness and yet penetration. Now, the Jagged Mountain—Mons Serratus, as the clerkly folk called it—already bore an uncanny character, from its having been riven at the Crucifixion, and so it was by no means improbable that it should be chosen as the theatre of other and fresh miraculous occurrences. Accompanied by his clergy, the Bishop climbed up to the spot indicated by the shepherds, and there, guided in his final searching by a subtle and fragrant smell, he unearthed an image of the Blessed Virgin, one of St. Luke's masterpieces, which St. Peter had brought to Barcelona about twenty years after the death of our Lord. This holy image had been hidden away up here at the time of the Moorish invasion, and now, either tired of a century and a half of entombment, or desirous of becoming once more one of the great fetiches of the earth, had announced its whereabouts in the manner described. When consulted upon the subject,

the image expressed her warm disapproval of the easeful ways which she foresaw were soon to creep into and enervate the Church, refusing to budge from the inclement mountain-side when the Bishop would have translated her to a spot where she might be more conveniently worshipped. So they had forthwith to build a chapel over her, to which first primitive shrine have been added other chapels and churches, oratories and hermitages, and, finally, a huge Benedictine monastery. So richly endowed is the whole place, and so very sacred a spot, that it would be worth visiting even if there were nothing to be cared for save its superstitions, and the religious associations and ordinances which still bring up here each year some 100,000 of the faithful.

But it is really for its own grand self that Montserrat is to be desired. It is one of the most wonderful, most lovely and most interesting of all Nature's works—a huge grey mass of conglomerate rock, twenty miles, or so, in circumference at the base, and thrown up in sheaves of columns and pinnacles, of all fantastic forms and finish, to a height of close upon 4,000 feet. One tremendous rift—that made at the time of the Crucifixion—1,000 feet deep, divides the mountain peaks into two pretty equal series, and herein are placed the great church and monastic buildings. Nor is the scenery all of the bare description that one might imagine, even viewing it from below. The central gorge, and all the larger of the rifts which run down the mountain's slopes at each successive piling up of rocks, are quite green and shady with a rich clothing of *ilex*, *arbutus*, *box*, and *laurestinus*, while every ledge and plateau are made lovely by masses of flowering shrubs and heaths. So sheltered, too, are these nooks and corners, and so laid out to the sun, that one can enjoy almost a summer's warmth in winter, with a wonderfully early insect and flower life.



ON MONSERRAT



Montserrat may be compassed by returning from Barcelona along the Tarragona line as far as Martorell, and then making straight across country for the south-eastern slope of the mountain. The ascent on this side, however, is very toilsome, and it almost necessitates a night's lodging at Martorell, with many attendant discomforts. The better way is the humdrum, usual one, *vià* Monistrol and its funicular railway to the monastery;—following which plan, the traveller may, if need be, see Montserrat and return to Barcelona within the day. It is a long, long day, however, of fourteen hours, and it is a pity to have only a bowing acquaintance with so unique a set of experiences and surroundings as the mountain will afford. Two days, at least, should be allowed for the visit; and, as we are taking this somewhat slow and roundabout road to Zaragoza for the sake of seeing Lérida, we may very well arrange to leave our *impedimenta* at Monistrol station, and pick them up on the evening of the second day. *En route* we must not fail to note the fine scenery, especially about Tarrasa, and when the line curves round by Olesa, and the great silver-grey mass of Montserrat comes into full view.

There is a wondrous exhilaration about the air and all our surroundings!—an exhilaration so potent that one may decide, at Monistrol, to ignore the new-fangled funicular railway, and, as in the days long past, make straight for the monastery, scaling the rocky face before us. After leaving Monistrol village it is pretty much a case of go-as-you-please, for there is no clearly defined path. It is rather hard work; but it will prove an excellent preparation for all similar toils to come, and there is fresh interest and beguilement at every step.

One need not, fortunately, have any eyes for the work of the human architects that have laboured at Montserrat with such singular ill-success. And it is fortunate, too,

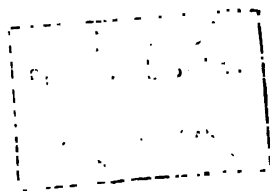
that the humanity about the place will pay us but scant attention during our stay, unless we have been so ill-advised as to come here at some festival time, or unless we desire to pay court to the gorgeously-apparelled doll which sits enthroned in the dreadfully uninteresting church wherewith Philip II. endowed the shrine.

In one way, certainly, the vesper services in this church may be found as 'impressive' as they are commonly reported to be, for anything viler in the direction of musical performance—anything more persistently out of tune and into screech—it would be hard to find, even in Spain. But we shall be stowed away in one of the bare suites of pilgrims' apartments; we shall have to fend for ourselves in delightful camping-out fashion—paying only in the way of a gratuity when leaving—while, in the capitally organized fonda close by, there may be found everything that voracious mountain appetites can reasonably desire.

And then, with the afternoon before us—having left Barcelona by the early morning train—we may have sufficient sight-seeing, just in the corner where we find ourselves, to occupy us until the chill veil of a sudden night falls upon us. First, there is the unexpectedly fine—and so all the more precious—façade of the old, ruined monastery, with its good Romanesque doorway, and its strip of delicate cloistering that stands at right angles to the church of which it formed a part, in the same odd position as the cloister of Santa Ana at Barcelona. Then, beyond the modern ecclesiastical buildings, there is the pretty garden plateau, bright with flowers and endowed with glorious views over the sharply-descending mountain-slope and outlying country; and, a short three-quarters of a mile further on, the curious Degotalls grottoes (degotalls= 'drops'), situated just where the stupendous face of rock bends westwards. Retracing our steps to



A CONTRAST : THE MONASTERY AND ITS SURROUNDINGS



the monastery, and noting the atrocious eastern termination of the church, forming so curious a contrast with the scenery around, the Colbató bridle-path should be taken, as far as the corner where the Capilla de San Miguel commands the most glorious views over the Llobregat valley, and a visit paid to the *Mirador* and the *Cueva de la Virgen*—the chapel-cave where the sacred image was first discovered—which lie just below us. High on the peak above is the Hermitage of San Martin, not quite so inaccessible as most of the hermitages scattered here and there over the face of the mountain, and repaying a short climb, too, by its grand position and outlook. On the way back we may wind up the zigzag path leading off to the left just before reaching the monastery, and peep into the famous cave of San Guarin, or Garí. It is the merest niche in the rock—little more than a shelf—and here, behind an open iron railing, there may be seen a really lifelike figure of the saint, lying upon the rock, as he was always obliged to lie, with his wallet, pitcher, and open book before him, and a skull* in his hand.

It is worth while reproducing some of the tales we may here gather up of this wonderful San Garí. He was the guardian appointed by Bishop Gondemar to watch over the shrine of the Virgin, when she was first found here, and he speedily attained to such celebrity as a holy anchorite that he was resorted to as a curer of those who were possessed of evil spirits. The devil, however, laid siege to the poor old man, and tempted him into ill-treating and murdering a noble maiden who was confided to his care. Then remorse and repentance came to him, and he fled from the scene of his crime to Rome, where he sought absolution from the Pope. He received it, but with this penance attached, that he was to return to Montserrat, and there live and die a hermit,—as we

* The actual skull of the saint.

see him here—never standing upright, never looking up to heaven, and never uttering a word.

But even upon this lower level, and among all these paths and ravines, it is the supreme natural loveliness and grandeur of the spot that constitute its charm. At every turn there are new groupings of rock-masses, riven into a thousand fantastic shapes, now rising sheer into mid-air, like the great solitary needle up which St. Bernard rode on horseback, now overhanging and threatening road and building, like those upon which the almost inaccessible Ermita del Diablo is perched, and now lying prone, and harmless, as they were guided by the merciful interference of the Virgin when they fell. As the sun goes down on the other side of the mountain these jagged peaks are lit up, one after another, by an all-glorious radiance and burnishing, which die out into cold grey as the shadows creep up the mountain-side, and conceal all but the suggestion of rift and rock below. Now the *Angelus* bell tolls from the church, re-echoing from the face of Juan Gari's great tombstone, and we may go in through the evening gloom and chill with a pleasant knowledge that the best of Montserrat yet lies before us, on the morrow, good as all this day has been.

The ascent of the San Gerónimo peak—the highest point of the mountain—may be made easily enough in a couple of hours, but it is so fine that it is well to linger by the way, as much as time and season will allow. Returning, too, we may diversify—and lengthen—the way by taking an indicated path to the right in the Valle Malo, and, passing by the splendid *Trenca Barrals*, come out on the west side of the mountain range, and so home by the picturesquely-situated hermitages of Santiago, San Onofre and Santa Magdalena, and the Colbató road. On leaving the monastery the direct path lies right up

the gorge, the very rift formed at the moment of our Lord's death ;—rugged and steep for the first half-hour, but then, as the ravine widens to its summit, winding pleasantly and easily through a scene almost sylvan in its prettiness, where only the huge boulders that show through the greenery, and the magic circling of glittering, silvered peaks, combine with the rare and buoyant atmosphere in reminding us that we are something more than 3,000 feet above the plain, and buried in an almost appalling cataclysm of Nature. Before plunging, however, into this hidden-away valley, there is a last peep to be taken at the outside world, from the gate-like entrance. Standing here, and looking back down the narrow cleft up which we have crept, we may see the monastery far below, crushed in, apparently, between the two opposing masses of rock that tower far above it and cut clear into the strip of deep blue sky overhead. Below the monastery again there is a glimpse of brown *vega*, and then a background of hills in the near and far distance, fading away into the bluish mist that hangs over them.

What a paradise this is for the botanist, at all seasons of the year ! The sheltered valley and the disintegrated tertiary rocks, overlaid and mixed with a peculiarly rich peaty covering, the product of ages of organic decomposition, seem to make an ideal forcing-ground for vegetation of all descriptions, forming a carpet for one's feet, thrust out from every interstice of the boulders, hanging in festoons from the face of the cliffs, and covering their base with evergreen brightness. Narcissi, flowering heaths, lilies, euphorbias, honeysuckle, the box, the ilex, the laurestinus, the syringa :—their array is as bewildering as it is tempting, and to hurry forward is an insult.

At the head of the ravine one emerges quite suddenly upon the edge of the mountain—and the San Gerónimo hermitage. It is not quite the summit yet, but this may

form an allowable '*Col des Paresseux*' for those whose ambition does not lead them over the stony strip that still separates them from the topmost peak. Now one can form some just conception of the grandeur of Montserrat—of its supreme domination over the surrounding country, and of its wondrous up-building. The earth seems almost to slip away from under our feet, in bottomless rifts down which, when a stone is flung, it may be heard leaping from rock to rock with a fainter and yet fainter resonance that seems never to be quite arrested; while Cataluña and eastern Aragon lie mapped out before us, with their hill-country, their rivers and villages, and their final belting of the snow-clad Pyrenees.

There is yet one more point of interest before we take our way from Montserrat on towards Lérida and Zaragoza. In the early days of the sixteenth century, when the monastery was at the height of its power and reputation, there was living in monastic retirement here a famous French Benedictine, by name Jean Chanoine. To him Ignatius Loyola had recourse for spiritual counsel, after that, as we have heard, he had been visited at Loyola by the Blessed Virgin and St. Peter, and had 'delivered himself to God,' and it was here that he was finally confirmed in the new departure which was destined to have so great an influence in after ages upon the world's ways. In all the zeal of a fresh convert he had formed the resolution, on his journeying hither, to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, but Father Jean wisely dissuaded him from his purpose, and recommended him to seek in solitude, prayer, and penance, some Divine sealing of his dedication of self to the service of the Church. So he hung up his sword before the shrine of the Virgin, in token of his having renounced for ever a soldier's life—the same sword which may be seen in the Belén church at Barcelona—handed over his horse to the

use of the monastery, and set out, in pilgrim's garb, for the Dominican hospital at Manresa.

If the time can be spared, we may very well leave the train at Manresa for a few hours. Not, indeed, for the sake of following up San Ignacio's footsteps during the year of his retreat and penance which he passed here, in hospital, convent and *Cueva*. They are obscured, rather than marked out, by the surroundings which a later-day discipleship has elected to bestow upon them. But the place is a good type of a Catalan provincial town, prosperous in its own purely national ways, and unadulterated by any foreign element. It is picturesque, moreover, in situation and building, and enlivened by brilliant bits of costume and colouring.

From among several remarkable old buildings there is one, the grand church of La Seo, which rises, in several senses of the term, into pre-eminence. It is set upon a rocky projection over the Llobregat, and is one of the most impressive of all the fine fourteenth-century Catalan churches, noble in scale and proportion, and with the same solemn effect of well-managed light and shade and rich stained glass for which Santa Maria del Mar is notable. The nave is of enormous width, so that the Coro, which is placed in the very centre, leaves a passage-way between its *espaldas* and the aisle columns. The detail is mostly poor—poor even for Catalan uncereemonious disregarding of such accessories—and the chief interest attaching to the furniture lies in a most curious and exquisitely wrought altar frontal, with nineteen subjects from New Testament history, partly embroidered in coloured silks and gold thread upon linen cloth, and partly painted in with sepia. The devotional expression upon the faces, and the subdued character of the whole design, remind one strongly of the early Siena and Florentine schools ; while the different styles of work are so delicately executed that it needs a

quite careful examination to say where one ends and the other begins.

All along this railway-line between Barcelona and Zaragoza one is tempted to stay, and admire, and remember. The whole district is one of several in Spain—notably the north-west, and the neighbourhood of the capital—where, the roads being good, distances comparatively small, and railway facilities poor, excellent use may be made of the motor car, or even the humbler bicycle. So may be seen at leisure ancient Cervera, once a busy court residence, whose vast and half-ruined churches, convents and university buildings attest the importance in which the old town was held. Here, upon March 5th, 1469, shrewd Juan II. of Aragon fairly launched the most successful of all his ambitious schemes, by sealing the preliminary marriage-contract between his son and the heiress of the Castilian crown. Fifteen miles westwards, right upon the high road which runs from Martorell and Igualada to Lérida, is the church of Bellpuig, where may be seen one of the half-dozen really magnificent Renaissance tombs of the Peninsula, that of Ramon de Cardoña, some time Charles V.'s viceroy in Sicily. It is very elaborate, of course, and very Italian, and so not to be compared with the beautifully pure Prince Juan sepulchre at Avila, but its design and position are more suitable to its office than most of the too-enriched and flaunting works of the kind, while its sculptured detail is all that masterly chiselling could desire. The road scenery is fine in itself, with undulating and verdant plains, cork or pine plantations, and the Almenar Sierra rising ever in the background. It is all to be looked at twice, too, because it is the last bit of beauty we shall meet with until we reach the far north-west.

Lérida, the Roman Ilerda, closes the series of these quaint old Catalan cities, which are so sternly forbid-

ding at first sight and entrance, and then prove so interesting in record, and so generous towards artistic research, that presently—and especially at a second visit—one comes to love and to linger in them. It is not so pretty as Manresa, but there are here, nevertheless, abundant subjects for pen and pencil—in the huge, castle-crowned rock that rises straight up behind the town, and in the picturesque views which one may get from the very windows of the comfortable Fonda Suiza, over the hump-backed and broken bridge, the sweep of the Segre river, and the stretch of green Alameda on the other side. Pleasanter still is it to wander in and out of the old buildings, the narrow streets, or arcaded market-place, and to note the odd ways and experiences of a busy and exacting twentieth-century life fastened upon the inadequate resources of a worn-out home, and enlivening it with the most brilliant and nondescript costumes, and most profitable of character studies. Such a spot as this in the south would be half asleep, and, whatever its capabilities and furnishing, these would seem abundant for all the day's requirements. But here the rickety houses that line the streets seem worn away as to their basements, with the friction that the narrowness of the road causes, and to be toppling over to meet their fellows over the way; the pavements have swelled up from excitement, and left the heavier door-sills a foot or so below them; all sorts of unsuitable vehicles are pressed into service for the carriage of imperiously demanded material; the insufficient sidewalks are simply despised by the wayfarers, who fight for possession of the roadway with its proper occupiers; while the tiny and dark shops have to receive such large stocks that they disgorge portions of it, in the absurdest fashion, upon the pavement outside. What hubbub and intricate individual arrangements all these things call forth may be imagined.

The inexperienced visitor might easily make here a rather strange mistake, and go away with an unfulfilled mission. Asking for the far-famed cathedral, he will probably be directed to a building which is only to be distinguished from some great secular establishment by its gilt cross ; and, entering, he will find a vast church indeed, but one that in design and execution, furniture and ritual, is alike beneath either praise or blame. Nevertheless, this is the cathedral, and the only cathedral which the Lérida world of to-day cares about, or recognizes. The French, in 1707, turned the grand old church on the summit of the hill into a fortress ; and so it has remained ever since, the Spanish Government committing the twofold sin of desecrating one of the noblest sacred edifices in the land, for the purpose of making barracks which are dark, inconvenient, and unhealthy.

It is chiefly to see this old cathedral that we have halted at Lérida, and, notwithstanding all that is sometimes stated to the contrary, to dissuade travellers from coming here, we shall find no shadow of difficulty in the accomplishment of our purpose. It is necessary to take out a special permit from the Gobernacion Militar, naturally ; but we shall be received, any time between 11 a.m. and 3 p.m., with the greatest politeness, and shall have a soldier told off to open all doors, answer all questions, make himself, generally, as useful as possible—and refuse to take a fee when offered.

But the visit is productive of more pain and disgust than delight. It is a noble, Early Pointed church, of great scale, beautiful in design and proportion, and still more beautiful in exquisitely wrought detail. It is in the form of a shortened Latin cross, with nave, aisles, rather deep transepts, and apsidal choir. The aisles are produced beyond the transepts with apsidal terminations ; the roof is stone, very simply groined, but with bold transverse

ribs, and there is an octagonal *cimborio* over the Crossing. The entrance, now, is by the transept doors, but originally was by the far grander—far more ambitious—porch upon the south side, the Puerta de los Infantes. All these portals are of the most vigorous, and withal delicate, Romanesque work—though the church is distinctly Early Pointed—and are enriched with sculptured mouldings and cornices which are quite marvellous in beauty of design and workmanship. The windows are similar in character to the doors, but simpler in treatment; and all throughout the building there is that sparing use of decoration—lavish, however, where undoubtedly subordinate—combined with bold and severe lines, which formed so distinguishing a feature of good Romanesque and Early Pointed work. Running along the whole western front, and projecting, indeed, a considerable distance beyond on the south side, is a huge cloister, almost dwarfing the church in the vastness of its scale, and yet very satisfying in its carefully wrought detail. And finally, at the north-west angle of this cloister, perched upon the very edge of the cliff, there is an octagonal belfry-tower, 170 feet high, remarkable, apart from any question of intrinsic merit, for its strangely detached position, and the excellent effect produced thereby.

All this :—and then one is faced in every corner by the cruellest desecration. The western entrance of the church is blocked up; the approach is made hideous by a series of badly constructed fortifications, and the cloister is cut up into dormitories for the soldiers. The fine proportions of the interior are concealed—as far as it is possible to conceal them—by a floor, which is carried along half way up the columns, with a second one in some places at the level of the capitals. The choir is boarded up; the nave roughly divided into compartments by planking;

while sanitation is attended to by a lavish use of plaster and whitewash—and in no other way.

There is almost a reproduction of this great southern portal of Los Infantes in the newly-restored church of San Juan, near the market-place. And all the rest of the work in this church is of so conscientious a sort, that it furnishes a remarkable example of the possible reinstallation of the lovely old types which are being so fast improved off the face of the earth. There is a fellow-church, San Lorenzo, just behind the new cathedral, but, unlike San Juan, left still to its original dimness and simply massive work. It is defaced by some vile modern daubing, and by an incongruous addition at the south-west angle, but nevertheless is not to be passed by, as a specimen of thirteenth-century honesty and earnestness. The original plan here seems to have been a simple vaulted nave and apse, with walls no less than 8 feet thick ! Through these there were cut, a century or so later, pointed openings into newly-added side aisles, without any attempt at ornamentation, or relief in the way of capital or impost. The church possesses, too, quite a model fourteenth-century retablo—a model of what an ordinary church retablo should be—sober in colour, restful in design, delicate in execution, and harmonizing with the general lines of the edifice. It is well to look at this, and not just once or twice ; for one may be permitted to hope that, at some not far distant day, the Anglican Church will give due and unprejudiced heed to the utility and fitness of retablos such as these.

XVIII

ZARAGOZA AND TUDELA

It may have escaped the notice of some diligent students of early Church record, that the disciples of our Lord were in the habit of prostrating themselves, before they set out upon their several missions, at the feet of the Virgin, and imploring her benediction and aid. When St. James came to render this homage, upon the eve of his departure for the north-western regions of Spain, he was told that he was to build a special temple for the Queen of Heaven in that city wherein he should find the greatest number of faithful Christians; the assurance being given, moreover, that he should be assisted in his selection by some indubitable Divine manifestation. The Apostle journeyed, then, over Galicia and the Asturias—not even Zaragozan jealousy of Compostela can deny that—but without meeting with either the faith or the indication for which he was to look. Presently, however, he wandered into Aragon, and found himself one evening upon the banks of the Ebro, under the walls of a city which had already a history dating from the time of the Deluge, and had risen to honourable fame, rivalling that of Pallantia, or Numantia, through its valorous partakings in the conflicts of the Romans and Carthaginians. Cæsarea Augusta—a *Colonia immunis*, with perpetual freedom from tribute to Rome—this

ancient Salduba, or Tubal's city, had been allowed to become and to make itself ; and now it was to receive a still greater privilege by being chosen as the special abode of Divinity. For, as St. James was gazing entranced upon the beauties of the scene before him, the Virgin appeared, upon a jasper column, and bade him raise here the sanctuary which she had desired, adding that the pillar upon which she had alighted should remain, to the end of the world, as a token of the unfailing presence of an almighty power which should here preserve alive an undiminished Christian faith, and bestow miraculous gifts of salvation and deliverance upon its followers and upholders.

Such, shortly, was the inauguration of the reign of that wondrous 'Virgen del Pilar' whose court and kingdom have outshone, and outlived, those of any potentate or idol of Christendom ; and, however one may be inclined to smile at the manner of its installation, and at its attributes, there is no denying the fact that the image has worked little short of miracles in the way of keeping alive faith and hope, valour and patriotism. The glorious history of Zaragozaan prowess—of indomitable self-sacrifice in the causes of religion and country—is no matter of mere tradition or ballad-singing, like that of so many of these old cities, but leads up to, and culminates in almost our own days, with well-attested deeds which fill one with half-incredulous wonder as they are conned over.

St. Iago must have viewed his surroundings through some strangely roseate atmosphere, if he found such cause of admiration from where he stood, and if he had indeed come fresh from the far north-west. If, however, he could have crossed the river, and have seen the city as we may do now, on the road from the railway-station, with all its burnished cupolas and stately towers in the middle distance rising up against a background of purplish hills, with the noble Ebro rolling in front, and its humpbacked,

fifteenth-century bridge, he might have been pardoned his enthusiasm. From here the city has a magnificently Oriental appearance, quite unlike anything else in the Peninsula. But when once the river is traversed, and the fine group of buildings which cluster round the southern entrance of the bridge passed—the old archiepiscopal palace, the once splendid Plateresque Lonja, the Casa de Diputacion, and the twin cathedrals—there is little else to be met with but bright, clean streets, tempting promenades, and handsome shops. It is a disappointing city if one is in quest of the beautiful, in either Nature or Art, but forms a pleasant enough resting-place for those who have undergone wearying or rough experiences elsewhere.

Only one of the half-dozen great buildings at the head of the bridge deserves anything like a careful regard. And even at the ambitious façade of La Seo we need not pause, but may pass at once to the interior. Here, with the sober expectations born of the modernized outside, there is quite a treat in store. Nearly all the detail, indeed, is poor—from the Churrigueresque altars up to the little cherubs and coats of arms of the capitals—yet it is a most impressive interior; and impressive by reason of attributes so beyond being cavilled at that it retains its hold upon one as often as it may be faced, and through all its blemishes. It is very dark, but not from rough exclusion of light so much as from that careful management of it which produces good shadow. Then the proportions are fine. The church is of immense width—two great aisles on either side of the nave—an attribute which brings about a happy subordinating of the central Coro, and the magnifying of the people's nave; while a most lovely effect is produced by the delicate engaged shafts of the nave columns travelling up into the dim vault, and then branching like palm-stems into a

groining that is withal inoffensive in its purity and simplicity. The only obtrusively bad feature in the design is the bald effect of a narrow *cimborio*, with an apparently narrower apsidal Capilla Mayor, against the long line of blank transept wall stretching north and south from the recessed chapels which terminate the side aisles. The Capilla Mayor is the most interesting portion of the church, notwithstanding its poverty of design. It has a very fine fifteenth-century Gothic retablo, and, among other notable tombs, that of the Infante Don Baltasar, son of Philip IV., who formed the subject of some of Velasquez's grandest portrait-pictures. And there are famous names emblazoned elsewhere, in chapel and tomb, which evoke reminiscences of deeper import than those of any Infante. The church was the Westminster Abbey of Aragon, the coronation place of her kings, the scene of her great Councils, and, though robbed by Poblet of much of its glory in this respect, the pantheon of many of her greatest men. Perhaps the most noteworthy tomb is the significantly black Churrigueresque erection at the eastern extremity of the southern aisle, in honour of the famous—or infamous—San Pedro Arbues, fiercest of all Torquemada's fierce Inquisitors, who was murdered at the high altar, in 1495, by the people whom he had harried with ten years' persecution.

Notwithstanding the poor character of the exterior, taken as a whole, there are one or two very remarkable and beautiful portions hidden round the north and east sides. There are some interesting remains of an old stone shell—the newer fabric being brick—about the apse, and a still more important piece of work in the shape of a very exquisite specimen of Moorish diapering, in brick and tile, at the extreme north-east. If, as seems ascertainable with fair certainty, this was a fourteenth-century Christian reproduction of Moorish ideas, then it

is indeed a most remarkable example, from the bold way in which such a sober and yet eminently characteristic decoration is thrown over the surface of a wall not less than sixty feet long by twenty feet high—exclusive of the flat lower stage. Remarkable, too, as being a carrying-out of ideas rather than of already existing forms, and remarkable beyond all other considerations from the delicacy and conscientiousness of the workmanship. It is diapering of some such sort as our ecclesiastical decorators of to-day are introducing—in imitation—upon interior surfaces, only more restful in design, and of course infinitely more *real*, if one may be allowed the term, in style and execution. The framework is outlined in brick, projecting about an inch from the wall-surface, and then the patterns are sunk and inlaid with tiles, of various sober but rich colours.

The enormous temple of El Pilar—temple to the three-fold goddesses of Credulity, Stucco, and Exaggeration—must not be quite passed by. It is worth peeping into for the sake of seeing what folk can do and endure who are bent upon possessing the biggest and most self-assertive Hall of Religion in Christendom. One may usefully gauge here, too, in some slight way, from the numbers and attitude and traditions of the devout Mariolaters who all day long throng the eastern sanctuary, to what a lasting and powerful hold the cult of tangible divinity may attain.

Standing before the sacred image, and under the gorgeous elliptical cupola which forms its shrine, there may be noted one or two objects of real interest. First, in order to keep alive the memory of the ancient chapel erected by St. James over the heaven-sent *pilar*, and destroyed in the year 312, there is a silvered balustrading, in front of the three altars which occupy the western end of the sanctuary, enclosing a space some sixteen feet long

by eight feet wide, and said to represent the exact size of the original building. Then there is the splendid marble pavement, of Italian design and workmanship; and, in the little pantheon, the tomb of Felipe Segundo's noble half-brother—and one of Spain's greatest heroes—Don Juan of Austria. The Pilar itself is to be seen—and kissed—at the rear of the shrine, through an oval hole about six inches in diameter. Really, however, it is two yards high, and it is curious that Heaven takes so little care of its wondrous gift that, while no speck of dust has ever been known to alight on the face of the divine image placed upon it, the column itself is quite obscured by dirt.

But it is not all superstition and ginger-bread here. There is a *Capilla Mayor*—though naturally, in such an ultra-sacred place as the Temple del Pilar it is as nearly as possible ignored—and it is enriched by a most exquisite alabaster retablo, of mixed Gothic and Renaissance styles, but so good in design and workmanship that it is hard to find any fault with it. It is in the form of a triptych, with *predella*. The latter forms the reredos proper, and consists of seven small compartments, filled with scenes, in low relief, from New Testament history, terminating on either side with large, full-length figures of Santiago and San Braulio. The pilasters which mark the divisions of the triptych portion are relieved with effigies of the Evangelists, while the three principal panels themselves consist of admirably designed and sculptured representations of the Assumption, the Presentation in the Temple, and the Birth of the Virgin.

Coming out of El Pilar, we shall be pretty sure to stroll down the pleasantly roomy Alfonso I., and then to turn away westwards—away from La Seo district. So doing we may stay for a moment in the Plaza Nueva to see the spot where, until 1893, or thereabouts, there stood the



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famous 'leaning tower,' Zaragoza's Giralda. It is a pity that it has gone. Octagonal, like most Spanish belfry-towers, and presenting large surfaces of the Moorish brick and tile diapering which we have noticed in La Seo—also at Sevilla—it was really beautiful; and then it had played an important part in those annals of Zaragoza's eventful existence which the traveller is insensibly drawn into studying here, especially those of the two great French sieges of 1808 and 1809. Then, just across the big market-place, we come upon the second finest church of Zaragoza, San Pablo. Its brick steeple, placed rather oddly at the north-west angle of the nave, boasts of some more of this Moorish decorative work which came to be so much reproduced here in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and has an added picturesqueness of effect from the busy life immediately around it. The church within is of the heavy, dim type of early Transition, which reminds one very forcibly of some of our English Norman erections. In its essential features it may have belonged to the beginning of the thirteenth century, but it has been terribly disfigured by modern restoration—extending even to the unwonted inscription of flaring texts upon the walls. There may be seen here the enormously thick nave divisions, with archaic openings cut into the aisles, which we met with in San Lorenzo at Lérida, and which serve as another link between this and some of our provincial Norman and Early Pointed examples. As in San Lorenzo, too, there is a particularly effective retablo, sober in colouring and well fitted to its office and surroundings. It belongs to the same period as the grand retablo in El Pilar, and is said—upon very doubtful authority—to be by the same Valencian sculptor, Damian Forment.

Bending now slightly southwards, and always in search of those old records which invest Zaragoza with its chiefest interest, we shall come to El Portillo, the scene

of the exploits of the famous Maid of Zaragoza, and the half-ruined Aljaferia—the residence first of the Moorish kings and then the head-quarters of the Aragonese court—and may re-enter the city by the fine Paseo de Santa Engracia, which forms, with the brilliant Coso, the heart of modern Zaragozan existence. And here a pause should be made, for the gay and fashionable life which throbs along the Glorieta and the Engracia promenade covers up some of the finest of all the city's monuments, the most thrilling of all her heroic records. So completely have the new ways overgrown the old, that one might walk here a dozen times without noting anything more remarkable than the latest fashions, and Morlanes' not very satisfactory marble portal of Santa Engracia. But all this south-eastern corner of the city—from here round to the 'Heroismo' Gate—after the rude fortifications thrown up along the Huerva were destroyed, was the theatre of the saddest and bloodiest scenes of the terrible days and nights a hundred years ago, when the bands of half-frenzied, half-fanatical patriots fought their maddened French hunters from house to house like devils or wild beasts rather than men and women. When one penetrates behind some of these smiling façades and patios some idea can be formed of the ravage and desolation then caused. The convent and church of Santa Engracia, which would seem to have been good specimens of florid Gothic, with a mixture of Moorish reproduction, were then destroyed, nothing being left save the detached outer portal, some ghost-like portions of the cloister, and the crypt. This last was hastily repaired after the siege, and its beauty more effectually destroyed by the operation than by all the ravaging it had undergone. Nevertheless, it is a most interesting old place, and well worth examining, both for the sake of its associations, and for its array of ancient, fourth-century sarcophagi. The church—for



Lacoste

THE LEANING TOWER (*page 312*)

(*Destroyed in 1893*)

the crypt is now a church—goes also by the name of *Las Santas Masas*, from the ashes of a great body of martyrs, Santa Engracia's companions in life and death, which were discovered in the well still to be seen in the centre of the building, and deposited in the urns and sarcophagi ranged round the walls. The stone column to which Santa Engracia was bound stands near the west end; her body lies under the high altar, and her head, with that of San Lamberto, in an urn which stands in the north aisle, and which is opened with great ceremony three times a year.

One may make in Zaragoza a long list of fine old Renaissance houses, such, for example, as the *Casa de la Infanta* in the *Calle San Pedro*. They have, as a rule, rather imposing exteriors, with richly-ornamented cornices, and bold eaves. The patios are well proportioned, and remarkably Italian, both in the general designing of the open arcades, and in the characteristic sculpturings—satyrs, nymphs, foliations, and medallions—wherewith they are profusely adorned. But there is over all a squalor and neglect which are most repellent and obscuring,—worse than any air of simply departed greatness, or even of cruelly-wrought desolation. Upon the whole, one's attentions in Aragon's capital city are occupied chiefly with such pleasant things of to-day as comfort and brightness, the remains of Moorish work in the *Aljaferia*, and the stories clinging to *El Portillo*, the *Torre Nueva*, and Santa Engracia.

The railway journey from *Lérida* will already have afforded a sample of the horrors of a Spanish desert, where the earth is either sand or baked mud, where, for hours, not a vestige of greenery meets the eye, where the houses are mere hovels, and where the few inhabitants appear to be all old men and women, or young children, whose one comfort in life is to flock to the wayside stations, and stare at the travellers from a far-off bright

world of which they know nothing. And much the same sort of scenery—or want of scenery—characterizes all the journey westwards as far as Tudela, where a few hours' halt should be made for the sake of visiting its lovely church-cathedral of Santa Maria. It has already been noted how indifferent one grows in Spain to hours and ways of travelling, and now, by leaving Zaragoza early in the morning, and taking the afternoon train on to Miranda and Bilbao, a little time may be easily secured for the sights and experiences of a typical old Navarrese town. A longer stay need not be contemplated, unless one has some special work of examination or sketching on hand. After the comfortable and well-ordered Fonda de Europa at Zaragoza, such a caravanserai as the 'Union' of Tudela is only to be faced for the purposes of a meal by the way, and as affording excellent evidence of the proverbially hard living of the province. If another couple of days can be spared for the altogether delightful and profitable excursion to Tarazona and Veruela, better head-quarters may be found in the fonda of the former place, only staying at Tudela for a few hours *en route*.

The place loves still to style itself a city, though it has had no bishop for nigh a hundred years. Saving the necessary head, however, it has a complete cathedral staff, and the canons consider themselves rather patrons of, than subordinates to, their diocesan of Tarazona. The great church of Santa Maria is disappointing at first sight ;— it is very heavy in parts, terribly blocked up, moreover, by the central Coro, and defaced by a good deal of modern restoration work. Yet it is a beautiful church, very similar in its essential points to Tarragona Cathedral, though lacking, of course, now, the nobility and purity of the latter. That is to say, it is of the same grandly severe Early Pointed style, with the usual admixture of Romanesque detail, simple and bold in all outlining, and

yet with profuse and delicately wrought ornamentation wherever relief is wanted.

There are three very wonderful portals here—one to each transept, and the great western entrance—enriched with detail such as one rarely meets with, and which tempts one to return, over and over again, for yet another examination. Of the ambitious character of the work it is easy to give some idea, but none whatever of the vigorous and devotional way in which it is executed, and by which it is preserved from any sneers at the expense of the somewhat archaic character. The western doorway is no less than nine feet wide ; it is very deeply recessed, with a multiplicity of arch orders, supported upon alternating round columns and square recesses. The abaci of these shafts are carved with stiff-leaf foliage ; the capitals with subjects taken from the Creation of the world and the early days of mankind ; the archivolt with a series of figures upon its keystones, beginning with the Lamb of God at the top, and going down through the Blessed Virgin and saints to kings and martyrs. On one side of this central row of figures is the resurrection of the just, and upon the other the condemnation of the wicked. El Portal del Juicio this doorway is called,—probably from the proneness of the human mind to dwell upon any depicting of scenes of horror, especially when his Satanic Majesty is well to the front.*

There is a vast amount of similarly excellent work in the cloisters opening out of the centre of the south aisle ;

* Not that there is any direct evidence upon this point, or even of any care on the part of the dwellers here to appreciate the merit of the work. I shall not easily forget the pride and glee of an intelligent priest, attached to the church staff, whose attention I happened once to direct to the beauty of these sculptures, and when, for the first time in his life, he grasped—as he could not fail to grasp at the merest inquiring glance—the force of their interpretation.—J. L.

where, too, there is a very remarkable and effective introduction of a round-headed arcading below Early Pointed spans and groining. A bald filling-in of brickwork—intended, probably, to sustain the weight of a later, second story—destroys much of the beautiful form here, but the carving of all the abaci and capitals, and of some of the arches themselves, is as delicate and artful in execution as it is ambitious in design.

And again, crossing the street which runs across the east end of the cathedral, we may find a great wealth of rich and excellent detail about the church of La Magdalena,—in many portions of the old nave and tower, and in the recessed western portal. This last is similar in design to the Juicio doorway at which we have glanced, and is even more complete, inasmuch as it has upon the tympanum a central gathering-up of everything into a satisfactory representation of our Lord and the four Evangelists. In La Magdalena, however, there has been even more of modern addition and improving than in Santa Maria, together with a grievous amount of modern white-wash. The transepts and side chapels are all much later than the rest of the church, and the Churrigueresque altars are simply appalling.

If there be an hour to spare before we have to leave, we may profitably climb the castle-hill, for the sake of enjoying its outlook over the town and surrounding country. The little compact mass of dark grey buildings in the hollow upon the south, uni-coloured, and with no stain save of Time, is just relieved by the elegant towers of Santa Maria, San Nicolas, and some of the convent churches. Beyond stretches out the green and gently-rising *vega*, bathed in the sunglow ; while the rapid Ebro rushes along upon the east, spanned by the most picturesque and wayward of old bridges, and lined by gardens, and the avenues of the Alameda.

XIX

THE NORTH-WEST—BILBAO TO OVIEDO

It is a source of continual wonderment to the traveller in Spain why her beautiful spots—and the land does possess many beautiful places—are so comparatively unvisited and unknown. There is all this extreme north-west, for example, the Basque provinces, Asturias and Galicia, with portions of Leon, not only endowed with every treasure which an inquiring and cultivated soul can desire—whatever varying predilections may have to be consulted—but pre-eminent among all Europe's as yet unspoiled regions, for natural grandeur and loveliness. We have seen something of it at the outset, journeying up from Zumárraga to Azpeitia, and now once more we may leave behind all of barrenness, or tameness, or desolation, and may travel diligently for weeks through a country rivalling Switzerland in her mountains, forests, streams, and green slopes, and infinitely richer in the possession of a grand sea-coast to boot. The coast-line from Bilbao to Santander ; the road from thence to Llanes and Rivadesella, or inland by Covadonga and Cangas de Onís—with the Picos de Europa—to Oviedo ; from Oviedo to Leon by the Puerto de Pájaros ; or through the Vierzo district, by Cangas de Tineo, to Villafranca, with Vigo's bay and its surroundings, may be safely put forth as unsurpassable masterpieces of Nature. And yet, through all our jour-

neyings here, we shall probably not meet a dozen travellers in quest of fine scenery, or sport, or exciting adventure, or those artful and natural productions of which the country is so rich a museum—so bountiful a treasure-house.

Time was, no doubt, when the lack of creature comforts was an element of one's wanderings here which had to be taken into serious consideration. But with such entirely comfortable head-quarters as may be found at Bilbao, at Santander, at Gijon, Oviedo, Coruña, or Vigo, and with the improved cleanliness and unfailing hospitality of the people, one need not bestow a second thought upon the possible deprivations entailed by a few days' journeyings now and then into the wilder interior.

The new graciousness of the scenery makes itself apparent as soon as Miranda is left behind, and the ascent of the Vizcayan Pyrenees begun. One reason of the evident fertility of even this rocky hill-country is not far to seek, for there may be seen, in fullest preservation and development, that ancient and most perfect form of tilling—hand labour. There are rows of men and women in the fields which stretch away from the line on either side, bending over huge pronged forks, and carrying out their work with most refreshing conscientiousness, and quaint organization in the matter of time and step. The summit is reached near Iñoso and Lezama, and from here the line curves rapidly round the basin of the mountains, with a most tremendous sweep of nine miles, until, two stations farther on, it arrives at a point only a few hundred yards distant from the commencement of its downward career. Then some other works of man, in the shape of clearings and minings and general uprootings of the earth's surface, supervene, and the great iron-producing region of Bilbao declares itself.

Not that there is any evil overshadowing of the town.

Bilbao banishes all smudginess to her dependencies even more successfully than Barcelona does, and is as trim and bright and pure-aired as an enlightened civilization, a fine position, and the neighbourhood of the Atlantic can make her. Two or three days may be very happily spent here—in the excellent Terminus Hotel—before going on, by way of Santander, to Oviedo. There is a pleasant English orderliness in the ways of the place; the scenery of the surrounding hills is most charming; while the narrow old streets—very quaint in their narrowness and oldness, even while beautifully wholesome, bright, and busy—yield no lack of interest and picturesque life. Then, for those who care for the latest developments of technical industry, there is the ship-laden river, with its huge buildings and repairing yards, its ironworks and blast-furnaces; the ingenious *Puente trasbordador*, spanning the river's mouth at Portugalete; or the little honey-combed world of mines, with its network of delicate, aerial tramways spanning the valleys like a multiplied system of telegraph wires.

For a place, too, which makes no claim to architectural distinction, there are many isolated bits and buildings which may legitimately command admiration; and some of which, moreover, establish the fact that Spanish architects of to-day can do really valuable work when they like, or when they are not hindered. The finest of all the greater public buildings is the church of Santiago, originally a fifteenth-century erection, and restored in very pretty, if impure, Gothic. It has nave and side aisles, with recessed chapels, transepts, and a very deep apsidal chancel, the best features being the graceful arrangement of the nave columns, with a simple groining springing out of the small engaged shafts, and the Capilla Mayor, which is set well forward in the apse, with a broad and open ambulatory surrounding it. There is a considerable

amount of poor detail, of course—notably in the side chapels and the weak management of the eastern aisle vaulting ; still, upon the whole, the church is highly effective, and all the more deserving of a word of praise because it is in a land where nearly all the good work belongs to past ages.

It is a pity to rush through all the magnificent coast and inland scenery lying between Bilbao and Oviedo by rail. The old diligence routes, fatiguing as they were, brought better repayment. Other things—say time and money—being equal, it is far better, now, to take a motor-car in Bilbao, or, better still, a carriage, and drive, first to Santander, then to Llanes, and so, a third day, to Oviedo. If a still further *détour* be desirable, in order to explore the Picos de Europa, we must drive to Panes, or Potes, and then ride or walk across country to Cangas de Onís, rejoining the main road at Arriondas, and traversing *en route* the romantically and historically interesting district of Covadonga, the scene of the Rey Pelayo's exploits. This, however, lies outside our present purposes.

For the first ten miles or so out of Bilbao the road lies through the hilly, iron-stained-and-spoiled district of Ortuella and Somorrostro, the scene of continuous skirmishes in the Carlist campaigns of 1833 and 1874. But then come twenty miles of scenery such as one is accustomed only to dream of—mountain slopes, now richly endowed with foliage, now clad only with short-cropped turf and dainty flowers, a grand coast-line split up into rocks, headlands, and coves where white villages lie nestling upon the yellow sands ; over all a deep blue sky, and at one's feet continually the answering blue of the ocean, with its long lines of crested breakers. At Laredo we bid adieu for a while to the coast, and turn inland for twenty-five miles, by Gama, Hoznayo and Solares, to Santander, just getting a last delicious peep at the sea,



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BILBAO: EL PUENTE TRASBORDADOR

with Santofña sleeping at the foot of its Gibraltar-like headland, as we are ferried across the Pasaje de Treto, on a rickety old *lancha* that is a picture in itself.

Santander we may leave to the guide-books : it does not possess the interest or prettiness even of Bilbao. Leaving fairly early in the morning, we may push straight on to Oviedo, but the more leisurely and enjoyable plan is to sleep at Llanes. In any case a halt should be made here, for the sake of a stroll through the winding and so strangely-ordered streets of the little town, to take a look at the picturesque old Parroquia. It would be a very fine Transition church, if only the friable stone of which it is built had not so crumbled away (a rare thing to find in good old Spanish work !) that the delicacy and life of the Romanesque decoration have quite gone. The most remarkable bits are the great round-arched and recessed portals of the south and west entrances,—the latter placed, not in the centre, as usual, but at the south-west angle. The capitals of the engaged jamb shafts are formed, in the case of the western portal, of grotesque heads of kings and warriors, and in that of the south by crouching lions, one figure serving here, with the oddest effect, to crown two shafts.

There is an ancient Latin-Spanish saying, containing a great deal of accurate description, which runs as follows :—

‘Dives Toletana, sancta Ovetensis,
Pulchra Leonina, fortis Salamantina.’

It is chiefly the eloquence of its silence which makes the proverb so admirable. Certainly it would be hard to find much of satisfaction in Oviedo Cathedral save in its holiness. But holy it is, pre-eminently. It was founded by one of the holiest of Spanish monarchs, Alonso El Casto. It shares with Barcelona the patronage of Santa Eulalia, the ‘Well-speaking.’ It was chosen by Heaven as the

final depository of the greatest array of holy relics vouchsafed to any religious community ; while the efficacy of these ' marvels of God ' is so great that a visit to them at a particular season of the year may form the complement of that true faith which without works is dead, and procure immunity from all the pains and penalties which a future state may have in store for one. For when Cosdroes, King of Persia, sacked Jerusalem, there was carried away from the holy city, by miraculous means, an ark, of incorruptible wood, filled with all the sacred relics which had there been preserved. After trying various parts of Africa, Cartagena, Sevilla, and Toledo, in a vain endeavour to discover a worthy resting-place, this chest finally settled down contentedly at Oviedo, and, being opened, was found to contain, besides an innumerable host of such ordinary relics as the bones of prophets, apostles, saints and martyrs, an array of specialities which it is wearying only to think of. There was our Lord's shroud and tunic, a handkerchief stained with His blood, His swaddling-clothes, a large portion of His cross, eight thorns from His crown, the rod which the Jews placed mockingly in His hands, some of the bread of the Last Supper, portions of the manna rained down upon the Israelites, a sample of the milk of the Blessed Virgin, a lock of her hair, various articles of her attire, one of the thirty pieces of money for which Christ was sold, the mantle of the prophet Elias, a knot of Mary Magdalene's hair, the last portion of the earth upon which our Saviour trod, the rod wherewith Moses divided the Red Sea, some pieces of the Table of the Law given upon Mount Sinai—and, in fact, pretty nearly any object signalized in sacred or Church history that might be inquired for. Some of these relics have been lost or stolen, but there is still a most marvellous display, which may be inspected any morning at 9.30 a.m. in the Camera Santa of Alonso El

Casto, after going through various prescribed devotions. And there are real works of art here, too—things not quite so venerable, perhaps, as, say, Saint Peter's slippers, but infinitely more beautiful. There is the silver-plated chest itself ; a portable silver altar ; two ivory diptychs, and the crosses known as La Cruz de Pelayo, with which that hero overcame the Moors, and La Cruz de los Angeles—all most delicately and artfully wrought, and all certainly a thousand years old.

The Angel's Cross—of the Maltese form, covered with finest filigree work, and enriched with precious stones—came into existence on this wise. King Alonso was just about completing his Camera Santa, for the reception of the relics, in the very early days of the ninth century, when, as he was one day returning to his palace, he was accosted by two men, who gave themselves out as goldsmiths, and solicited work. Intent upon the further enrichment of his cathedral, the king caused gold and silver and precious stones to be forthwith given to the strangers, and commanded them to make him a cross. At the expiration of a few hours' time he sent to see if the work was begun, but his messengers found no trace of either labour or labourers, but this jewelled cross, finished as we may behold it now. Then the king knew that he had entertained angels unawares, and blessed God who had vouchsafed thus to set a seal upon his works of devotion.

The relics are worth visiting, not only for their own wondrous selves, but in order to see the very satisfactory old Transitional chapel in which they are preserved. It is a great pity that King Alonso and his immediate successors were not able to impress the value of their pure and beautiful work upon the minds of the later generations, who, five hundred years afterwards, preferred to erect their new cathedral in a foreign style of Gothic

which they were not able to carry out well ; and upon which a still more modern love of display has grafted Churrigueresque and all other manner of poor detail and ornamentation. The cloisters, which open out of the south transept, close by the stairs leading up into the Camera Santa, are much better, though built at the same time as the cathedral. They remind one very strongly of the cloisters of San Juan at Toledo, and are in the best style of late Gothic, with an arcading upon the outer wall matching the elegant, five-light bays opening into the central garden. The quadripartite groining is simple and good, and the capitals of the massive columns are well carved, with an infinity of figures and foliage. There are some interesting old sepulchres and inscriptions under arches in the outer wall, many of them dating from a time prior to the building of the church.

This was when the curious old city—once the capital, be it noted, of the kingdoms of Las Asturias, Leon and Castile—must have been most rich in fine monuments and churches. Most of these, however, have long since been swept away, or impoverished, or hopelessly modernized. Such ancient buildings, for example, as Santullano, San Tirso, and San Pelayo, hardly repay the trouble of an examination, while the elegant and very foreign-Gothic San Francisco, at the edge of the pretty Botanical Gardens, presents only a saddening contrast between its past and its present.*

And yet one may linger on here very happily. The city has fallen, indeed, these seven hundred years or more, from its high political and commercial estate ; but the blight of neglect has not been suffered to stamp itself very visibly upon its clean and bright ways, while the

* This church of San Francisco, by the way, affords one of the few instances in Spain of the inclination of the apsidal Capilla Mayor towards the north.

railways, tramways and diligences innumerable create at any rate the appearance of animation, and creature comforts are exceptionally well catered for. It is a place, too, that may very advantageously be made the centre of a host of excursions—to Covadonga, Rivadesella, Gijon, along the coast by Pravia and Canero to Rivadeo, and inland, through the fine reach of country stretching between Trubia and the Alto Puerto, into all the Vierz district. One can always get sufficiently comfortable quarters for a night or two; while the whole region is rich in spoil for the naturalist, sportsman, ecclesiologist, or the lover of romantic scenery.

There is one other typical bit of Oviedo which must on no account be passed over. The walk up the *Naranco cuesta* is worth taking, even if one cares nothing for the particular type of the ancient art and life of the city here to be encountered,—just for the sake of finding out what pleasant nooks and corners lie hidden away among the seemingly bare and uninviting hills which form the immediate surroundings of the place. And—if one does care for such things—Santa Maria de Naranco presents the very finest example of a great number of most imperfectly known and ancient Christian temples which dot all the face of this north-western country, and which, even after manifold experiences elsewhere, come upon one as a fresh revelation of good and beautiful work. Their name is legion, but these twin churches of San Miguel de Lillo and Santa Maria, upon the Naranco hill, are the two most characteristic specimens. Such Spanish critics as have bestowed any care upon the subject—Parecisa, Jovellanos, and others—give the date of Santa Maria as the ninth century, and assume that it was originally a palace of King Ramiro I., converted into a Christian sanctuary. But both design and detail seem, upon examination, to be too thoroughly ecclesiastical in

character to admit of this conversion theory ; while the real foundation seems thrown very much farther back by a remarkable inscription lately discovered upon the altar *mayor*, from which it appears that the church, '*nimia vetustate consumptum*,' was rebuilt, as a church, in the year 848, by King Ranimirus and his wife.

The exterior is plain and massive, with heavy buttresses and deep eaves. The entrance—the only entrance now—is by a very slightly pointed doorway on the north side, later, apparently, than the rest of the edifice, with round and chamfered mouldings, and rude tooth-ornament. The porch is waggon-vaulted, with a couple of heavy ribs, engaged columns, and Byzantine capitals. The interior also is waggon-vaulted, with very strongly-pronounced ribs resting upon corbels, and consists of a single nave, about 35 feet long and 15 feet wide, with a chamber at each end—the Coro at the west, the Capilla Mayor upon the east. These chambers—or Tribunes—are quite Moorish in character, and are separated from the nave by three round arches. The Coro is raised above the nave flooring by three steps, the Capilla Mayor by one, and the former is lit by a very lovely three-light ajimez window. An engaged, round-arched arcading, of three bays, runs along the north and south walls of the nave with twisted columns, and capitals well carved with animals, figures, and foliage.

And all is in such beautiful order—all so untouched ! It is impossible for anyone who has been accustomed at home to unearth, and gloat over, here a single stone, there a pillar, boasting of some sort of mediæval history, to picture the delight of coming face to face with such a perfect and consistent piece of work as this—in its essential parts over a thousand years old, combining all the highest forms of art known in its day, and still fresh withal, and serviceable.

Below the floor of the nave there is a rude, semicircular stone vault, usually supposed to have been the crypt, and used only as a pantheon. There is really no evidence of such a purpose, however, while, from sundry ancient documents, ordaining masses to be said 'in the lower church,' the place would seem to have been a second and well-recognized sanctuary.

After completing our investigations at Santa Maria, we may get the priest, if we are fortunate enough to find him, to take us to the neighbouring and only slightly less valuable church of San Miguel de Liño. It lies but a few minutes' walk up the glen, and so witnesses to the truth of the assertion that in Don Ramiro's day all the hillside was thickly populated, and did perhaps boast of the kings' palace among its buildings. San Miguel de Liño is equivalent to San Miguel de la Cruz—*liño*, or *leño*, being a recognized synonym for the Cross. And it is, in fact, cruciform, with a lofty central lantern, a single, waggon-vaulted nave, and a Capilla Mayor which is upon a lower level than the rest of the church. Much of both design and ornamentation here is Moorish—the capitals and bases of the columns at the four angles of the Crossing, and the beautiful windows of the transepts and west end. The shafts of the great western portal are covered with quaint and very rude early Christian carvings, consisting apparently of scenes from the lives of the Apostles.

There is another of these ninth-century buildings, Santa Cristina de la Lefia, in the Swiss-like valley of Campomanes, some twenty miles down the line to Leon. It is cruciform, like San Miguel, but in all other respects very closely allied to Santa Maria de Naranco, and no less rich in fine Byzantine detail. All this Campomanes valley, together with much of the preceding country, may form a delightful day's excursion from Oviedo. Or

it may be visited *en route* for Leon, taking the eight o'clock train in the morning, and the four o'clock train onwards from Campomanes.

The journey over the Asturian Mountains, from Oviedo to Leon, only a little more than seventy miles, used to be a most formidable undertaking. And even later, while the tremendous Pájaros peaks still separated the advanced posts of the railway—Puente de los Fierros on the north section, and Busdongo on the south—it constituted a very fair day's work. The mountain is now pierced by a series of tunnels rivalling those of the St. Gothard route in their gradients and corkscrewings, and the journey may be accomplished comfortably in six hours. Yet one misses the never-to-be-forgotten three hours' climb, behind a team of sixteen or eighteen mules, up to La Perucca—over the rent mountain-side, with ranges of snow-capped peaks always above one, and, below, great slopes of timber and grass land dipping down into the far-off valleys. What the passage must have been in winter might be imagined from the twelve-foot-high pillars, set up at intervals to mark the whereabouts of the road. The railway emerges for a few hundred yards at the top—nearly 4,000 feet above the plain—just where a stone marks the division between Las Asturias and Leon. Then it leaves the old coach-road, and sweeps away, by a more gentle gradient, down to Busdongo, and so through the magnificent Puerto de Pájaros, to the green and level plain of Leon.

XX

LEON AND SANTIAGO

Of all Spain's lordly cities Leon is perhaps the least interesting to the ordinary traveller. It seems hard to pass any such verdict upon it, having regard to its great past, to its present possibilities, and to promised rehabilitation. Yet it is the naked truth, and one is all the more inclined to be outspoken because the life of the place to-day is so poor an exposition of its capabilities. It cannot help being set down in the midst of a bare, flat, featureless country, or being called upon to pay for past sins by rebuilding its cathedral ; but it need not have destroyed nearly all its beautiful bits, nor yet wear the dirty, poverty-stricken appearance which it does. And it might possess a decent fonda. As matters stand, each year sees the city a little more dull and stagnant and listless, and the one hotel with a few more paper patches upon its glass doors and windows.

They have been rebuilding their great Santa Maria de Regla for forty-six years past, and even now finishing touches are needed which it will take the few men employed upon the work some time to complete. Then, when all is finished, Leon will, for the space of four, or perhaps five, hundred years, possess one of the most superb pieces of Gothic work in the world. The architects know—are quite free to confess—that they have repeated the

mistakes of too daring lightness, and airiness of construction, first made six hundred years ago ; but where can there be found a Spaniard of the twentieth century who cares particularly about to-morrow, so long as he can produce a grand effect to-day ? And, inasmuch as the new work is manifestly inferior to the former more conscientious and painstaking style of building, it is not at all probable that the life of the resuscitated Santa Maria will stretch to the limits of her late career.

It is a pity, for it is a wonderfully beautiful cathedral. Not solemnizing, perhaps, or impressive, like the other great Spanish churches. It is so exactly French in style and design that one might very easily imagine oneself, at entering, to be in Normandy, Picardy, or Touraine. And, like the French types of which the church is so manifestly a reproduction, it has the appearance of having gone through centuries of eventful life without being either the better or the worse for it. Then, too, the proportions are not all that one could wish ;—the length does not answer to the width and height and fairy-like construction, nor the main arches to the superincumbent surface which they have to sustain. Nevertheless, the lines are all exquisitely graceful and harmonious ; the simplicity of plan is well preserved, and the place is endowed from end to end with fairest and most diverse gems of art work. Such are the inexhaustibly rich and delicate west portals ; such the whole of the south transept façade, the north transept doorway, all the window traceries, the carving of some of the monuments, the *silleria* of the Coro, and the glorious stained glass, surpassed only by that of Sevilla and, perhaps, Segovia.

As an instance of the recklessness with which the original fault of the too great piercing of the walls is being adhered to—an acknowledged error which presently necessitated the building-up of all the outer lights—it is

curious to note that the clerestory and triforium, as they are carried round the choir and chevet, have been restored to their original design of six lights, so leaving actually nothing but a clustered shaft to carry the groining!

The Colegiata of San Isídoro, or Del Doctor de las Españas, dating back a couple of centuries before Bishop Manrique's cathedral, is in some respects the more interesting building of the two. There are most wondrous traditions and associations hanging about its foundation. It owes its rebuilding and rebaptizing, in the eleventh century, to a miracle wrought by the body of San Isídoro, and its title of El Real to its royal patrons, Ferdinand I. and the Doña Sancha—the first wearers of the joint crowns of Castile and Leon. This San Isídoro, be it noted, was not the ploughboy saint who distinguished himself in the Christian cause upon the plains of Las Navas de Tolosa, but an earlier, seventh-century light of the Church, sometime Archbishop of Sevilla. In such high esteem has this royal church been ever held, that it possesses the privilege of a continuous daily exhibition (*manifestacion*) of the Host, which is usually, of course, kept within the tabernacle, save during the Cuarenta Horas.

With anticipations whetted by the exquisite south portal, the no less beautiful façade of the south transept, and the adjoining apsidal chapel—all instinct with finest Romanesque detail—one advances into the church expecting to find here a great treat, and is proportionately disappointed at having to run the gauntlet of all manner of latter-day alterations and defacements. The original chevet, which undoubtedly corresponded in character with the lovely little Romanesque chapel already noticed as terminating the southern aisle, has been replaced by a Gothic chapel, as poor and characterless within as it is

without ; and much of the same sort of alteration has been carried out in patchwork fashion elsewhere. Then the plain waggon-vault of the nave, continued right up to the Capilla Mayor, gives a crushingly heavy appearance to the whole place ; while the hand of the painter has been kept terribly busy in every corner. The most satisfactory portions—and they are thoroughly good—are the single-light, Romanesque, clerestory windows, with their pretty chessboard-like string course and arch decoration, the rich carving of all the capitals, and the small, vaulted chamber of Santa Catalina, which opens out of the church on the west.

This Santa Catalina sanctuary, or pantheon, was perhaps the original chapel built by Ferdinand I. for the reception of San Isidoro's body, and for many ages it was the burial-place of the kings and queens of Leon and Castile. It is very massive in construction, with a good deal of remarkably rude carving upon the capitals of the four cylindrical columns which support the roof, and with a further adornment by some of the earliest frescoes to be met with in Spain. They would seem to belong to the end of the twelfth century, and represent the four Evangelists in symbol, surrounding our Lord, the Slaughter of the Innocents, the Signs of the Zodiac, the months of the year curiously personified, and a variety of Apocalyptic visions.

Treading the drowsy, grass-grown ways of a priest-ridden city such as Leon, where every third passer-by seems to be an ecclesiastic, one conceives a distaste for church or monastery. How all this disproportion between the means and the end, and this great army of idlers, must have ever weighed upon the poorer, hard-working folk, and thrust back all possibility of the community's progress and rise ! Perhaps they effected something by their long prayers, but neither their history nor



CRYPT OF SAN ISIDORO, LEON

their home can show it. Yet there is little else than church or monastery or convent to think about. The streets are devoid of characteristic life and colour; there is little of distinctive costume to be seen—save upon festival occasions, when the *charros* and *charras* throng into the town, with faces and actions at woeful variance with their gaudy attire; the old houses of the mediæval nobility have been allowed to rot into insignificance—even such monuments as the *casa solar* where Guzman El Bueno was born—and the walls and gates are the poorest of their class in all the land.

The lack of reverence for her domestic records which the city has shown is all the more grievous because she can boast of so long a roll of distinguished names. Many of these, besides Guzman El Bueno, we have met with in other parts of the Peninsula. There was the martyred San Marcelo, who went out from here, one of the earliest missionaries of the Church. The great Condestable Alvaro de Luna, and his sometime follower, afterwards relentless foe, Suero de Quinones, who gained his greatest renown at the *Paso Honroso* of the Bridge of Orbigo,* have their earliest memorials in Leon. Following these came the Ponces, who made great names in both Church and State, and one of whom—Ponce de Leon, as he is usually called—was so foremost a figure at the siege of Granada. And then there was the great Arfe family, artists all, whose most distinguished scion, Juan de Arfe, carved the great silver custodias at Valladolid, Avila, Sevilla and Burgos.

But, really, Leon is not a spot to help either one's reverence or enthusiasm. With just a glance, therefore,

* The sword of this hero, wherewith at Orbigo he engaged in single combat with all the knights who passed, during a period of ten days, to the great jubilee at Santiago, is still preserved in the Armeria Real of Madrid.

at the Casa de San Marcos, a wondrous Plateresque masterpiece of Juan de Badajoz, who spoiled the beauty of San Isidoro's church, let us hasten to take the one solitary excursion which the surrounding country affords, and then make our way towards Santiago and the end of our journeyings. We must take the Madrid road—at first the Carretera de Santa Ana—issuing from the south-east corner of the city, cross the river Torio at Castro Puente, and keep straight along the good but terribly dull high road, for seven or eight miles, to Villarente and Villamoros. Hereabouts the scenery is somewhat improved. The villages have a brighter appearance than most of the Leonese *pueblos*; there is greenery—even rushing waters—while the long lines of red-brown hills on the left give just the needed richness of colouring to the landscape. This rising ground must be faced now, at the first cross-road after leaving Villamoros, and Leon compassed again by a circuitous route over the hill-slopes and valleys which trend away to the north-east.

It is not exactly a pleasant excursion, and yet is possessed of not a little beauty, and a peculiar interest in its new types of Spanish scenery and provincial life. Moreover, if Leon city should have left within us any care at all for ecclesiological research, there is to be visited here a group of buildings which set forth, with remarkable clearness, the rise and progress of ecclesiastical work between the tenth—perhaps ninth—and fifteenth centuries. Close by Villamoros, turning down the cross-road to the right before beginning the ascent on the left of the high road, there is the twelfth-century Santa Maria de Sandóval, a Cistercian monastery built by one of the Ponce family in 1167. It was an enormously rich foundation at one time, and had large territorial possessions. The originally Romanesque church has been a good deal spoiled by later Gothic and classical additions, but can still show not a

little fine detail. Another well-known Leon name is written here—that of Don Diego Ramirez de Cifuentes—in the shape of a colossal recumbent statue upon his warriorship's tomb. Then, lying away up among the hills on the other side of the road, there are the churches of Santa Maria de Guadefes, San Miguel de Escalada, and San Pedro de Eslonza, of which San Miguel is by far the finest and best preserved. It is quite Moorish in character, built of mud and bricks, with a portico of twelve horseshoe arches running along the southern exterior, from the tower to the west front, and with similar arches dividing the nave and side aisles. The capitals boast of some good Byzantine carving, and there is an ajimez window in the eleventh-century tower. The greater part of the edifice dates from the commencement of the ninth century, but there was a still older foundation here, handed over by Alonso III. to some monks who had fled from Moorish persecutions in Córdoba, and who endowed their new home with its present Eastern dress.

When one speaks of building with brick and mud it may appear to stamp the edifice as hopelessly poverty-stricken. But we may often have found, in the far south, how very fine and durable—even artistic—such work may become under skilful hands. And all over this country-side, around the hamlets and isolated farm-houses, there may be seen enclosures roughly built up with great solid slabs of mud and pebbles, 6 feet long by 4 feet high, and 14 inches thick, quite admirable in evident serviceableness and in colouring. There is no attempt at anything like formal architecture in the villages, even the churches being, for the most part, mere barns, with an open belfry to which access is gained by a ladder. But there is a most remarkable feature to be met with in some of these, occasionally really ancient, buildings. Running along the southern exterior there is a sort of lean-to shed, with

unglazed window openings, and a mud divan placed against the church-wall. This would seem to have been the origin of the open *corredor*, or cloistering, so often noticed in the churches of Castile—at Valladolid, Avila, Segovia, etc.—and there carried out with such beautiful forms and workmanship. If this be so, it is evident that the design of these quaint additions was not to secure coolness, or yet shelter, but rather to provide a kind of meeting-room for the village folk, or perhaps an ecclesiastical court-house.

But oh! the rudeness, and the barrenness, and the pauper-like appearance of all the region! The inhabitants, too, with all their kindness, and touching good-fellowship, are among the lowest in any scale of civilization. The contrast between this portion of Leon and the rest of the north-western provinces is most striking and painful—full, too, of significant import for those who have the welfare of the country at heart.

There are three routes from Leon to Santiago—by Orense, Redondela and Pontevedra, by Lugo, and by Coruña. It matters little whether we take No. 1 or No. 3. Perhaps the best is to go through to Coruña, and drive, or take the coach—three times daily—in five hours to the old pilgrim city. Returning then by rail southwards, we can, if so inclined, avail ourselves of one of the comfortable 'Hall' Line boats from Vigo to London, and avoid the toilsome railway journey through Spain and France. Doing this we should miss Orense; and Orense is decidedly an interesting spot, most picturesquely placed upon the Miño river, and with some goodly sights that repay a day's halt. Still, what is good in the cathedral here may be seen better at Santiago, and, as at Lugo, the inhabitants have souls above such minor considerations as comfort and cleanliness.

If time or fastidiousness press, Lugo, like Orense, may

be passed by, though there is abundant matter of interest in the old walled town. The originally fine twelfth-century church, indeed, has been terribly spoiled, through modernization, but it has a special interest attaching to it from the fact that it possesses the coveted privilege of having the sacred Host always exposed, day and night, the only place in Spain where the custom is allowed. And there are some interesting remnants of the old Romanesque work in the aisles and north portal. Upon the whole, however, the splendid Roman walls appeal to one more, and are best seen and appreciated by taking a walk right round the city. It is a short hour's saunter, and in the course of it we shall see costumes rivalling in quaintness and colour those we have noted at Avila.

The scenery along the greater part of this north-western line is very noteworthy, especially between Astorga, the head-quarters of the gipsy-like Maragatos—where there are most curious and brilliant costumes to be looked for—and La Rua Petín. The lovely river Sil keeps the railway company for hours—even where, at San Miguel de Monte Furado, it dives 300 yards through the solid rock; while, on both sides of the line, there is a background of the Leon ramifications of the Asturian Pyrenees, the skirt of that Vierzo district into which we may already have wandered from Oviedo.

Upon the whole we shall in no way regret having taken this route by Lugo and Coruña. The 'Groyne' of our British sailors is a place to be visited for itself, gloriously situated, as it is, upon a vast land-locked bay, with sloping hill-sides. It is pleasant and bright, and orderly in all its ways; well provided with comfortable hotels; and it possesses, perhaps, a stronger historical interest for English travellers—an interest reaching back through 500 years—than any other bit of the Peninsula. However little one may incline to sentimentalize, it is difficult

to look with quite careless regard at the spot from whence the great Armada set out to win back England to the True Faith—and for his Majesty Philip II. ; or yet upon the inscription in the Jardin de San Carlos, which marks the last resting-place of ‘Johannes-Moore—Exercitus Britannici Dux.’

The road to Santiago is not interesting until the rim of the basin of hills surrounding the town is reached ; and the Pilgrim city itself is terribly disappointing at a first visit, when one’s anticipations of strange and wonderful experiences are at once keen and shadowy. The place is oddly like a north of England manufacturing town, stone-built and grey, busy and yet dull, with narrow streets leading away up hill and down hill without any apparent sequence, or distinct notion of the direction they intend taking. The ardently-desired encounter with a pilgrim of orthodox behaviour and dress may be waited for in vain, and all that odour of special sanctity which ought to envelop the heaven-favoured Campus Stellæ* is shut up within its dark cathedral. When one knows the city, however, and is not always looking for those things which can never more be found, there is within it infinite variety of picturesqueness. Many of the streets, or Ruas, have arcaded side-walks—like the Chester Rows, only upon the level of the roadway, and of much more solid sort—and one of these, the long-drawn-out Calle del Villar, forms the fashionable lounge of the townsfolk. It is a sight both amusing and edifying to watch the crowds of really well-dressed—or rather over-dressed—*flâneurs*, promenading in and out of these ancient and grim colonnades, which hold memories of such utterly different pilgrims and manners. To see these quaint lanes to perfection, however, one must tread them early in the

* So called from the star which stood over the spot where the body of St. James lay, and revealed its whereabouts to Bishop Teodomiro.

morning, when there is but an occasional and solitary passer-by—and he *not* dressed quite to his finger-tips—and when the sun lights up the old granite arches, and throws bands of deep shadow upon the dazzling white of the newly-painted façades.

In these early hours, too, and especially upon Sundays and market-days, there are scenes to be met with here to occupy the artist's mind and palette for a very long time. Let us take a stand, for example, on the steps of the tiny church of San Benito, and look out over the oddly-shaped, triangular Plaza de Cervantes, with the crooked half-length figure of the great man himself upon the fluted column in the centre. In the background on the right there is a bit of arcading, with fine Early Pointed arches, and—as we may see even from this distance—well-sculptured capitals. On the left there runs a series of shops, all, apparently, in the same line of business, with red and yellow and dull-gold *sábanas* fluttering in the breeze. Overhead there is a strip of deep blue sky; while all the pavement is occupied by groups of busy, chattering peasantry, making a perfect Babel with their tongues and their wooden clogs; the women in sombre, woollen skirts, brilliant sashes and kerchiefs, the men in round felt hats, short velveteen jackets, and the whitest of stockings, with a pretty little puffing out of frill at the edge of the dark knickerbocker.

But the glory of Santiago is her cathedral. The history of its foundation is the early history of the place, and has been often told. We have heard already how that St. Iago came first to the north-west of Spain, and journeyed on to Zaragoza before he could find fit company for the Blessed Virgin to dwell amongst. But here we don't hold to that. We are strongly, fiercely, of the opinion that the Apostle preferred Galicia—and, in Galicia, Santiago—to any other spot. Else, why should

he have chosen it for his final resting-place, his body floating here over the ocean ever so many hundred years after death, and because it could abide in no other tomb—no, not even in the holy city of Jerusalem? And not only the world but the Church has accepted the sign of such distinguishing regard on St. Iago's part, by making his shrine the greatest object of pilgrimage the world has seen, save only those of Mecca, Jerusalem, and Rome. Even Zaragoza cannot boast of having had a papal bull directed against her, out of sheer jealousy lest Rome's supremacy should be cast down!

And, true to traditions, the cathedral is pre-eminently—above all the other great cathedrals of the land—the home, and in some sort the goal, of a people's devotion. It is so, not only by reason of its own noble and pure self, but through the ordering of its services, the rigid observance of all ceremonies, the reverential attitude of those who are responsible for them, and the faithful hearts of the people themselves. All this is so pleasant to behold, not just upon high days and feasts, but every day, and at all hours, that one comes not to heed the conspicuous absence of the most interesting personages in the moving scene, or the evident fact that the old picturesque superstitions are *in extremis*. The life upon the Rua promenade, or the brilliant Campo de Santa Susana, may appear to one, in a cynical mood, to afford the accustomed commentary upon a church-ridden city and people's professions; but half an hour in the cathedral inclines one presently to believe that, after all, there is some real religion hidden away in a few Spanish souls and out-of-the-way places.

Indeed, it is a building to foster at any rate religious *sentiment*. Of no imposing vastness, and yet great from perfection of proportion and well-judged distribution of light and shadows; severe and bold in outline, yet just

sufficiently relieved 'by the most exquisite ornamentation ; with no obtrusive straying from a direct purpose through any of the excrescences, the exaggerations, or the style variations which so often overlies noble work, and make it comparatively valueless—thus may we once more sum up, in the last of these great buildings which we shall visit, nearly all those endowments of true Art for which we have looked throughout our journeying. We miss here the added elegance and delicacy of Toledo, Tarragona, or the Catedrales Viejas of Salamanca and Lérida ; but Santiago may nevertheless rank with these among the noblest legacies of the Golden Age of Church architecture.

Both the edifice and its surroundings have been made so well and widely known that no fresh or completed sketch of them is necessary. The exterior has been a good deal injured by modern ideas of taste and the Chapter's possession of unlimited wealth. Only two portions retain any very great merit—the lovely façade of the south transept, endowed with a marvellous amount of vigorous Romanesque sculpturing upon its twin portals and windows, and the small 'Iglesia Baja' beneath the western Pórtico de la Gloria. What the exact purpose and origin of this lower church was, it is difficult now to say, or to discover. From its construction it must have been always a church, and must have formed, too, from the outset, a part of the upper sanctuary. The treatment of this diminutive chapel is beyond praise. The almost insurmountable difficulties attendant upon rendering a crypt—and a crypt necessarily almost filled with the foundations of the upper church—fit for ritual purposes are not only triumphantly grappled with, but actually rendered subservient to the securing of fine vistas, and the setting forth of delicate Romanesque enrichment.

The general plan of the cathedral interior is the simplest possible form of Latin cross—nave and side aisles, very

deep transepts, and a well-proportioned apsidal Capilla Mayor, round which the side aisles are produced. There is no clerestory, the plain barrel vault of the nave and transepts springing from a narrow cornice running immediately above the semicircular arches which enclose the twin lights of the triforium. The columns consist of very massive piers, with engaged shafts to carry the arches, the transverse vaulting ribs of the nave and the quadripartite vaults of the side aisles. The triforium galleries are continued round the transepts and apse; the arching throughout is of a somewhat stilted Romanesque—round-headed—form, with square soffits, while the capitals are enriched with stiff-leaf and figure decoration.

One other portion, only, calls for any special notice. The whole of the west end is occupied by a porch—the already mentioned Pórtico de la Gloria—of very remarkable dimensions and position, opening into the aisles by round arches, and into the nave by a divided square doorway. The whole surface of these portals is covered with the most ambitious and gloriously-sculptured representation of the Last Judgment, leading up through an immense range of scene and personage—with an accenting of the principal characters of Old and New Testament, and attending angels—to the figure of our Lord, seated upon the tympanum of the central doorway, and shown as proceeding forth from the Root of Jesse. Of the detail of this work, of its power, grasp of conception, its devotion, or the delicacy and beauty of the subordinate and merely decorative parts, it is impossible to convey any just idea by description or sketch. Twenty years—from 1168 to 1188—did ‘Magister Matheus’ labour at his great Pórtico; and when he had finished it, he set an effigy of himself upon the inside of the central shaft, turning his back upon his handiwork, and kneeling in humble prayer towards the altar.

Like Master Matteo and his fellow-pilgrims we have come to *El fin del Romaje*. So, as true *romeros*, by the old pilgrim-path of El Padron and its Sacred Mountain, we may take our journey homewards ; with Vigo's glorious bay and headlands, and her bright and hospitable self to give us a last pleasant reminiscence of Spanish ways, and a friend's farewell.

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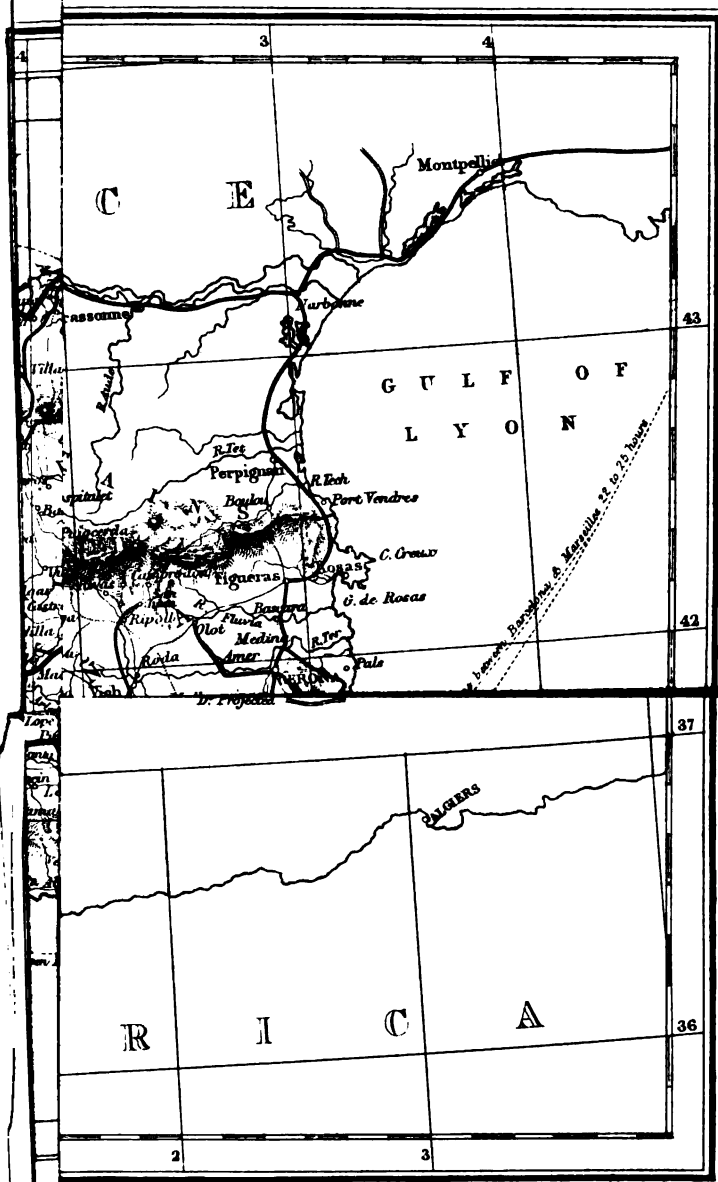
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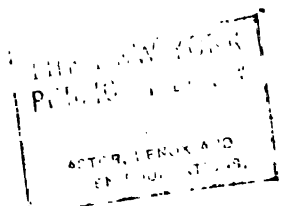
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